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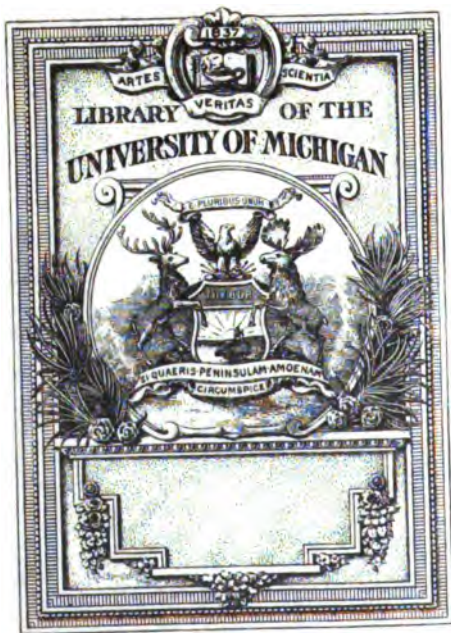
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82

W.

SPECIMENS OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

FROM LYLY TO SHIRLEY

A.D. 1580—A.D. 1642

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY
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PREFACE

IN selecting these specimens of the Elizabethan Drama the editor has been guided, as far as possible, by the following principles. He has endeavoured to choose typical and representative scenes, illustrating the various kinds of work done by each dramatist, such scenes being complete in themselves, containing as many as possible of the chief characters, and forming episodes of the main plot. It seemed unnecessary to include Shakespeare or extracts contained in Lamb's *Specimens*. With these limitations the pieces have been chosen for their literary merit, and if in any case the editor seems to have failed in this respect, he can only plead the difficulty of gleaning after Lamb, and the impossibility of pleasing all tastes. His aim has been to convey to the reader who, for one reason or another, is unable to study the collected works of the Elizabethan dramatists, a fair general impression of their average style and spirit. In the short appreciations prefixed to each section, while carefully considering and giving full weight to the opinions of recognized critics, he has tried to form an independent and moderate judgement of his own. The notes, without pretending to be exhaustive, will, it is hoped, be found to provide a satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. The *New English Dictionary* has been used as far as it is available; elsewhere definitions have frequently been taken from *Bailey's Dictionary* in preference to more modern works, as giving more precisely the exact shade of meaning which the words connoted to contemporary readers.

Among many standard books of reference found useful, the editor desires to acknowledge an especial obligation to Dr. A. W. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*. The chronological arrangement of authors adopted by Dr. Ward has been followed in the present edition.

W. H. W.

THE UNIVERSITY,
HOBART.

Mr. Percy Simpson, joint editor of the edition of Ben Jonson now in active preparation for the Clarendon Press, has, in the editor's absence from England, revised the text. The scenes selected from Lyly and Kyd have been taken directly from the Clarendon Press editions by Mr. Warwick Bond and Professor F. S. Boas. In all other cases the original Quartos and Folios have been used. Mr. Simpson has also contributed additional notes.

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I

JOHN LYLY

1553(4)—1606.

JOHN LYLY was born in the Weald of Kent in 1553 or 1554, entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, matriculated in 1571, and graduated as B.A. in 1573 and as M.A. in 1575. In 1574 he had applied in vain to Lord Burleigh for letters of recommendation from the Queen to a fellowship. In 1579 he was incorporated M.A. of the University of Cambridge, but there is no proof of his residence. In 1577, or before, he had been living in the Savoy, where he became acquainted with Gabriel Harvey. *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wyt* was published at the end of 1578, and was rapidly followed by three new editions in the course of the next two years. *Euphues and his England* appeared in 1580, dedicated to the Earl of Oxford, to whom he was acting as private secretary. In 1582 he wrote a letter to the author, prefixed to Thomas Watson's *Ἑκατομυθία* or *Passionate Centurie of Love*. In the same year *Campaspe* and *Sappho* and *Phao* were probably performed at court, though not published till 1584. *Gallathea* was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1585, in which year he was probably appointed vice-master of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. *Endimion*, published in 1591, was performed in 1586, the first draught of *Love's Metamorphosis* being probably performed about the same time. From 1588 to 1601 he appears to have been elected four times as member of Parliament. In 1589 he began to take part with Nash in the Martin Marprelate controversy on the side of the bishops against the Martinists, *Pappe with an Hatchett* appearing in that year. *Midas* and *Mother Bombie* were probably performed in 1590, the former being published in 1592, the latter in 1594. *The Woman in the Moone* was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1595, and published in 1597. Lyly was buried November 30, 1606, at the church of St. Bartholomew the Less.

The first decisive appearance of that great wave of dramatic enthusiasm, popularly called the Elizabethan drama, which, rising with Lyly, reached its glorious height in Shakespeare, and exhausted itself in Shirley, may fairly be associated with the production of *Campaspe* in the year 1580. Single plays there had been before that time, serving to break the monotony of the

Moralities and to indicate the current of tendency, but no dramatist had arisen strong enough to establish a type or found a school. Nicholas Udall in 1552 had made the successful experiment of combining semi-allegorical types from the Moralities with the more highly individualized characters of the Interludes, and constructing a simple plot on the lines of Latin comedy; but *Ralph Roister Doister* apparently produced no immediate effect on the development of the drama. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (printed 1575), was merely the farcical presentation of a single episode, without plot or characterization, showing no marked advance on John Heywood's interludes. *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy (acted 1562), was an imitation of the Senecan drama, consisting of 'dissertations, reflective diatribes, and lengthy choruses.'—(*Symonds*.)

The *Damon and Pithias* of Richard Edwardes, a 'tragical comedy' (licensed 1566), partially anticipates Lyly's court comedies, but is 'one of the clumsiest of our early plays, in both action and language, and above all in the management of the metre.'—(*Ward*.)

Of Lyly's undoubted plays, there are comedies of court life, allegorizing under mythological names contemporary personages and incidents; three are pastoral comedies, approximating rather to masques; while *Campaspe* has been called 'the first English historical play,' and *Mother Bombe* 'the first pure farce.'

One of the most important services rendered by Lyly to the Elizabethan drama was the determination of prose as the proper form of expression in comedy. Before him the usual medium had been rhyming couplets of varying accent and irregular length, though prose was gradually finding its way into the comic passages of the Moralities. But to the formless prose of the Moralities he imparted such balance, point, and finish, he used it in his plays with such persistence and success, that it became henceforth the recognized vehicle for comic expression. Nor should it be forgotten that in *The Woman in the Moone* he used blank verse of considerable merit.

Lyly's comedies, though in many respects offending the taste of the modern reader, were skilfully adapted to please the audience for whom they were originally intended. They were essentially Court Comedies. Their euphuistic style, with its classical learning, its fanciful science, its rhetorical tricks; its conventionalities, platitudes, and truisms, embellished with antithesis and alliteration, and enforced by imaginary analogies with the physical universe; its wit, ingenuity, and elaborate compliments, would directly appeal to the queen, who prided herself on being able to read Latin and Greek, to speak French and Italian fluently, and to appreciate the graces of literature, ancient and modern. The philandering, the sentimentalities, the toying and trifling with the tender passion, the absence of all deep feeling, were in perfect keeping with the gay circle

of courtiers and maids of honour, too young, light-hearted, and frivolous to appreciate any profounder philosophy of life.

Lyly's plots, like his language, are euphuistic in construction. The arrangement of the incidents is symmetrical, balanced, and antithetical; the distribution of the characters mathematically regular. His characterization is better in the case of types than of individuals. The latter lack idiosyncrasy and distinctness. Many of his satirical transcripts from contemporary manners anticipate Ben Jonson. His lyrics are dainty and musical. His influence on the early comedies of Shakespeare is no less marked than that of Marlowe on the tragedies.

The text of the following extracts is taken from the Clarendon Press edition by Mr. R. Warwick Bond (1902), modernized.

A. CAMPASPE

ACT IV, SC. II.

Alexander having commissioned Apelles to paint Campaspe, of whom he is enamoured, Apelles and Campaspe fall in love with one another.

Campaspe sola. Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or the chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wag, than thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind than a prince? Apelles than Alexander? Fond wench! the baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth. But alas! affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft 10 in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not blown 15 up till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care, as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Enter Apelles.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture, will put you to some pains to sit again to be 20 painted.

Camp. It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

Apel. No, madam, to paint Venus was a pleasure, but to
25 shadow the sweet face of Campaspe it is a heaven!

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are: but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful whom
30 you know black.

Apel. What might men do to be believed?

Camp. Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apel. So they do, and speak as they think.

Camp. I would they did!

35 *Apel.* I would they did not!

Camp. Why, would you have them dissemble?

Apel. Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you will answer me another without excuse.

40 *Apel.* Whom do you love best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

Camp. I had thought it had been a man. But whom do you honour most, Apelles?

45 *Apel.* The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in: for Alexander will think it long till we return.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, Sc. IV.

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

50 *Camp.* You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love: for it shall be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not mistrust.

55 *Camp.* What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

60 *Camp.* That will not feed thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye: besides the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.

Camp. Well, I must be gone: but this assure yourself, 65 that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, than in Alexander's court, following higher fortunes.

Campaspe alone.

Foolish wench, what hast thou done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, 70 thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near-hand; or the sea, which maketh 75 men hoise their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who dares call them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them un- 80 faithful? In kings there can be no love, but to queens: for as near must they meet in majesty, as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from kings' love, Jove, and lightning. [Exit.]

B. GALLATHEA

ACT IV, Sc. II.

Cupid, having been caught wounding the nymphs of Diana with the arrows of love, has been delivered to them by the goddess for punishment.

Cupid; Telusa, Eurota, Larissa, singing; Ramia.

Tel. O yes, O yes, if any maid,
Whom leering Cupid has betrayed
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces,—

All three. Let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

- Eur.* O yes, O yes, has any lost
A heart, which many a sigh hath cost;
Is any cozened of a tear,
- 10 Which, as a pearl, disdain does wear?
All three. Here stands the thief, let her but come
Hiher, and lay on him her doom.
Lar. Is any one undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire?
- 15 Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
Stol'n by sick thoughts?
All three. The pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drowned.
Read his indictment, let him hear
- 20 What he's to trust to. Boy, give ear!
Tel. Come, Cupid, to your task. First you must undo
all these lovers' knots, because you tied them.
Cup. If they be true love knots, 'tis impossible to unknit
them; if false, I never tied them.
- 25 *Eur.* Make no excuse, but to it.
Cup. Love knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be undone
with hands; made fast with thoughts, and cannot be unloosed
with fingers: had Diana no task to set Cupid to but things
impossible? (*They threaten him.*) I will to it.
- 30 *Ram.* Why how now? you tie the knots faster.
Cup. I cannot choose; it goeth against my mind to
make them loose.
Eur. Let me see, now 'tis impossible to be un-
done.
- 35 *Cup.* It is the true love knot of a woman's heart, there-
fore cannot be undone.
Ram. That falls in sunder of itself.
Cup. It was made of a man's thought, which will never
hang together.
- 40 *Lar.* You have undone that well.
Cup. Ay, because it was never tied well.
Tel. To the rest, for she will give you no rest. These
two knots are finely untied.
Cup. It was because I never tied them; the one was knit
- 45 by Pluto, not Cupid, by money, not love; the other by force,
not faith, by appointment, not affection.
Ram. Why do you lay that knot aside?
Cup. For death.

Tel. Why?

Cup. Because the knot was knit by faith, and must only 50
be unknit of death.

Eur. Why laugh you?

Cup. Because it is the fairest and the falsest, done with
greatest art and least truth, with best colours and worst
conceits. 55

Tel. Who tied it?

Cup. A man's tongue.

Lar. Why do you put that in my bosom?

Cup. Because it is only for a woman's bosom.

Lar. Why, what is it? 60

Cup. A woman's heart.

Tel. Come, let us go in and tell that Cupid hath done
his task; stay you behind, Larissa, and see he sleep not, for
Love will be idle; and take heed you surfeit not, for Love
will be wanton. [Exeunt Telusa, Ramia, Eurota.] 65

Lar. Let me alone, I will find him somewhat to do.

Cup. Lady, can you for pity see Cupid thus punished?

Lar. Why did Cupid punish us without pity?

Cup. Is love a punishment?

Lar. It is no pastime. 70

Cup. O Venus, if thou sawest Cupid as a captive, bound
to obey, that was wont to command, fearing ladies' threats,
that once pierced their hearts, I cannot tell whether thou
wouldest revenge it for despite, or laugh at it for disport.
The time may come, Diana, and the time shall come, that 75
thou that settest Cupid to undo knots shalt entreat Cupid to
tie knots, and you ladies, that with solace have beheld my
pains, shall with sighs entreat my pity.

He offereth to sleep.

Lar. How now, Cupid, begin you to nod?

Re-enter Ramia and Telusa.

Ram. Come, Cupid, Diana hath devised new labours for 80
you that are god of loves: you shall weave samplers all
night, and lackey after Diana all day. You shall shortly
shoot at beasts for men, because you have made beasts of
men, and wait on ladies' trains, because thou entrappest
ladies by trains. All the stories that are in Diana's arras, 85
which are of love, you must pick out with your needle, and

in that place sew Vesta with her nuns, and Diana with her nymphs. How like you this, Cupid?

Cup. I say I will prick as well with my needle, as ever
90 I did with mine arrows.

Tel. Diana cannot yield, she conquers affection.

Cup. Diana shall yield, she cannot conquer destiny.

Lar. Come, Cupid, you must to your business.

Cup. You shall find me so busy in your heads, that you
95 shall wish I had been idle with your hearts. [*Exeunt.*]

C. MIDAS

ACT III, SC. II.

Petulus and Licio are pages, the former of whom is suffering from tooth-ache, which he attributes to having cheated Motto, the barber, of Midas' golden beard. Dello is the barber's boy.

Mot. Dello, thou knowest Midas touched his beard, and
'twas gold.

Del. Well.

Mot. That the pages cozened me of it.

5 *Del.* No lie.

Mot. That I must be revenged.

Del. In good time.

Mot. Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of
the hands, the tickling on a man's hairs, like the tuning of
10 a cittern.

Del. True.

Mot. Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our
eloquent occupation, as 'How, sir, will you be trimmed? will
you have your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? a penthouse
15 on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? a low curl on
your head like a bull, or dangling lock like a spaniel? your
mustachoes sharp at the ends, like shoemakers' awls, or
hanging down to your mouth, like goats' flakes? your love-
locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggy to fall on your
20 shoulders?'

Del. I confess you have taught me *Tullie de oratore*, the
very art of trimming.

Mot. Well, for all this I desire no more at thy hands,
than to keep secret the revenge I have prepared for the
25 pages.

Del. O sir, you know I am a barber, and cannot tittle-tattle; I am one of those whose tongues are swelled with silence.

Mot. Indeed thou shouldst be no blab, because a barber; therefore be secret.—Was it not a good cure, Dello, to ease the tooth-ache, and never touch the tooth? 30

Del. O master, he that is your patient for the tooth-ache, I warrant is patient of all aches.

Mot. I did but rub his gums, and presently the rheum evaporated. 35

Lic. *Deus bone*, is that word come into the barber's bason?

Del. Ay, sir, and why not? My master is a barber and a surgeon.

Lic. In good time. 40

Pet. O Motto, I am almost dead with the tooth-ache, all my gums are swollen, and my teeth stand in my head like thorns.

Mot. It may be that it is only the breeding of a beard, and being the first beard, you shall have a hard travail.

Pet. Old fool, dost thou think hairs will breed in my teeth? 45

Mot. As likely, sir, for anything I know, as on your chin.

Pet. O teeth! O torments!—O torments! O teeth!

Mot. [*aside.*] May I but touch them, Dello, I'll teach his tongue to tell a tale, what villainy it is to cozen one of a beard. But stand not thou nigh, for it is odds, when he spits, but that all his teeth fly in thy face. 50

Lic. Good Motto, give some ease, for at thy coming in I overheard of a cure thou hadst done.

Pet. My teeth! I will not have this pain, that's certain! 55

Mot. Ay, so did you overhear me, when you cozened me of a beard: but I forget all.

Del. My master is mild and merciful; and merciful, because a barber: for when he hath the throat at command, you know he taketh revenge but on a silly hair. 60

Mot. How now, Petulus, do they still ache?

Pet. Ay, Motto.

Mot. Let me rub your gums with this leaf.

Pet. Do, Motto, and for thy labour I will requite thee.—Out, rascal! what hast thou done? all my nether teeth are loose, and wag like the keys of a pair of virginals. 65

Del. O sir, if you will, I will sing to them, your mouth being the instrument.

Pet. Do, Dello.

70 *Del.* Out, villain! thou bitest. I cannot tune these virginal keys.

Pet. They were the jacks above: the keys beneath were easy.

Del. A bots on your jacks and jaws too!

75 *Lic.* They were virginals of your master's making.

Pet. O my teeth! good Motto, what will ease my pain?

Mot. Nothing in the world, but to let me lay a golden beard to your chin.

Pet. It is at pawn.

80 *Mot.* You are like to fetch it out with your teeth, or go without your teeth.

Pet. Motto, withdraw thyself; it may be thou shalt draw my teeth: attend my resolution.—A doubtful dispute, whether I were best to lose my golden beard, or my bone tooth!

85 *Help me, Licio, to determine.*

Lic. Your teeth ache, Petulus, your beard doth not.

Pet. Ay but, Licio, if I part from my beard, my heart will ache.

Lic. If your tooth be hollow, it must be stopped, or pulled
90 out; and stop it the barber will not, without the beard.

Pet. My heart is hollow too, and nothing can stop it but gold.

Lic. Thou canst not eat meat without teeth.

Pet. Nor buy it without money.

95 *Lic.* Thou mayst get more gold; if thou lose these, more teeth thou canst not.

Pet. Ay but the golden beard will last me ten years in porridge, and then to what use are teeth?

Lic. If thou want teeth, thy tongue will catch cold.

100 *Pet.* 'Tis true; and if I lack money my whole body may go naked. But, Licio, let the barber have his beard: I will have a device, by thy help, to get it again, and a cozenage beyond that, maugre his beard.

Lic. That's the best way, both to ease thy pains, and try
105 our wits.

Pet. Barber, eleven of my teeth have gone on a jury, to try whether the beard be thine; they have chosen my tongue for the foreman, which crieth, Guilty.

Mot. Gilded? nay, boy, all my beard was gold. It was
110 not gilt, I will not be so overmatched.

Del. You cannot pose my master in a beard. Come to

his house, you shall sit upon twenty; all his cushions are stuffed with beards.

Lic. Let him go home with thee; ease him, and thou shalt have thy beard.

Mot. I am content; but I will have the beard in my hand to be sure. 115

Pet. And I thy finger in my mouth to be sure of ease.

Mot. Agreed.

D. MOTHER BOMBIE

ACT II, Sc. V.

Memphio, an avaricious old man, has a (supposed) son, and Stellio, a wealthy husbandman, a (supposed) daughter, both mentally deficient. Each parent is ignorant of the failing in the other's child, and secretly schemes to make a match for his own. Another pair, Prisius and Sperantus, wish to prevent the marriage of their children, Livia and Candius, Prisius by marrying Livia to Memphio's son, and Sperantus by securing Stellio's daughter for Candius. Each of the four takes his page into his counsel; but the four pages conspire to outwit their masters, and have just had a carouse together at a tavern.

Enter Memphio, Stellio, Prisius, Sperantus.

Mem. How luckily we met on a sudden in a tavern, that drunk not together almost these thirty years.

Stel. A tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple for good fellows: I have heard my great-grandfather tell how his great-grandfather should say, that it was an old proverb, 5 when his great-grandfather was a child, that it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.

Pris. The old time was a good time! Ale was an ancient drink, and accounted of our ancestors authentical; Gascon wine was liquor for a lord, sack a medicine for 10 the sick; and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters, was hoisted in the queen's subsidy book.

Spe. Ay, but now you see to what looseness this age is grown; our boys carouse sack like double beer, and saith, 15 That which doth an old man good, can do a young man no harm: 'old men,' say they, 'eat pap; why should not children drink sack?' their white heads have co'z'ned time out of mind our young years.'

Mem. Well! the world is wanton since I knew it first; our boys put as much now in their bellies in an hour, as would clothe their whole bodies in a year: we have paid for their tippling eight shillings, and as I have heard, it was as much as bought Rufus, sometime king of this land, a pair of hose.

25 *Pris.* Is 't possible?

Stel. Nay, 'tis true; they say, Ale is out of request, 'tis hogs' porridge, broth for beggars, a caudle for constables, watchmen's mouth-glue; the better it is, the more like bird-lime it is, and never makes one staid but in the stocks.

30 *Mem.* I'll teach my wag-halter to know grapes from barley.

Pris. And I mine to discern a spigot from a faucet.

Spe. And I mine to judge the difference between a black bowl and a silver goblet.

35 *Stel.* And mine shall learn the odds between a stand and a hogshead; yet I cannot choose but laugh to see how my wag answered me, when I stroke him for drinking sack.

Pris. Why what said he?

Stel. 'Master, it is the sovereignest drink in the world, 40 and the safest for all times and weathers; if it thunder, though all the ale and beer in the town turn, it will be constant; if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it 'is the aptest wine to burn, and the most wholesomest when it is burnt. So much for summer. If it freeze, why it 45 is so hot in operation, that no ice can congeal it; if it rain, why then he that cannot abide the heat of it, may put in water. So much for winter.' And so ran his way, but I'll overtake him.

Spe. Who would think that my hop-on-my-thumb, Half- 50 penny, scarce so high as a pint pot, would reason the matter? but he learned his lere of my son, his young master, whom I have brought up at Oxford, and I think must learn here in Kent at Ashford.

Mem. Why what said he?

55 *Spe.* He boldly rapped it out, *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*, without wine and sugar his veins would wax cold.

Mem. They were all in a pleasant vein! But I must be gone, and take account of my boy's business; farewell, neighbours, God knows when we shall meet again! — [*Aside.*]

60 Yet I have discovered nothing: my wine hath been my wit's friend. I long to hear what Dromio hath done. [*Exit.*]

Stel. I cannot stay, but this good fellowship shall cost me the setting on at our next meeting.—[*Aside*] I am glad I blabbed nothing of the marriage; now I hope to compass it. I know my boy hath bin bungling about it. [*Exit.*] 65

Pris. Let us all go, for I must to my clothes that hang on the tenters.—[*Aside*] My boy shall hang with them, if he answer me not his day's work. [*Exit.*]

Spe. If all be gone, I'll not stay. Halfpenny I am sure hath done me a pennyworth of good, else I'll spend his body 70 in buying a rod. [*Exit.*]

E. THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

ACT III, Sc. I.

The shepherds of Utopia having petitioned Nature to grant them a woman, she makes Pandora, and endows her with the qualities of the seven Planets; but they, being jealous, conspire to revenge themselves by dominating her in turn. Under the influence of Mars she has wounded Stesias, one of the shepherds, and her servant, Gunophilus; but now, Sol being in the ascendant, she repents of her fury and becomes tender-hearted. Learchus, Melos, and Iphicles are shepherds.

Enter Sol and take his seat.

Sol. In looking down upon this baser world,
I long have seen and rued Pandora's harms;
But as myself by nature am inclined,
So shall she now become, gentle and kind,
Abandoning all rancour, pride, and rage, 5
And changing from a lion to a lamb;
She shall be loving, liberal, and chaste,
Discreet and patient, merciful and mild,
Inspired with poetry and prophecy,
And virtues appertaining womanhood. 10

Enter Pandora with Gunophilus.

Pan. Tell me, Gunophilus, how doth Stesias now?
How fares he with his wound? Unhappy me,
That so unkindly hurt so kind a friend!
But, Stesias, if thou pardon what is past,
I'll reward thy sufferance with love: 15
These eyes, that were like two malignant stars,

Shall yield thee comfort with their sweet aspect;
 And these my lips, that did blaspheme thy love,
 Shall speak thee fair and bless thee with a kiss;
 20 And this my hand, that hurt thy tender side,
 Shall first with herbs recure the wound it made,
 Then plight my faith to thee in recompense.
 And thou, Gunophilus, I pray thee pardon me,
 That I misdid thee in my witless rage;
 25 As time shall yield occasion, be thou sure
 I will not fail to make thee some amends.
Gun. I so content me in this pleasant calm,
 That former storms are utterly forgot.

Enter the four Shepherds.

Lear. We follow still in hope of grace to come.
 30 *Iph.* O sweet Pandora! deign our humble suits.
Mel. Oh, grant me love or wound me to the death!
Pan. Stand up: Pandora is no longer proud,
 But shames at folly of her former deeds.
 But why stands Stesias like a man dismayed?
 35 Draw near, I say, and thou, with all the rest,
 Forgive the rigour of Pandora's hand,
 And quite forget the faults of my disdain.
 Now is the time, if you consent all four,
 Wherein I'll make amends for old offence.
 40 One of you four shall be my wedlock mate,
 And all the rest my well-beloved friends:
 But vow you here in presence of the gods,
 That when I choose, my choice shall please you all.
St. Then make I vow, by Pales, shepherds' queen,
 45 That Stesias will allow Pandora's choice.
 But if he speed, that less deserves than I,
 I'll rather die, than grudge or make complaint.
Mel. I swear the like by all our country gods.
Iph. And I by our Diana's holy head.
 50 *Lear.* And I by Ceres and her sacred nymphs.
Pan. Then love and Hymen bless me in my choice.
 You all are young and all are lovely fair,
 All kind and courteous, and of sweet demean,
 All right and valiant, all in flowering prime;
 55 But since you grant my will his liberty,
 Come, Stesias, take Pandora by the hand,
 And with my hand I plight my spotless faith.

St. The word hath almost slain me with delight.

Lear. The word with sorrow killeth me outright.

Mel. O happy Stesias, but unhappy me! 60

Iph. Come let us go, and weep our want elsewhere :

Stesias hath got Pandora from us all.

[*Exeunt* Learchus, Melos, and Iphicles.]

Pan. Their sad depart would make my heart to earn,

Were not the joys that I conceive in thee.

Go, go, Gunophilus, without delay, 65

Gather me balm and cooling violets,

And of our holy herb nicotian,

And bring withal pure honey from the hive,

That I may here compound a wholesome salve,

To heal the wound of my unhappy hand. 70

Gun. I go. [*Exit.*] 70

St. Blest be the hand that made so happy wound,

For in my sufferance have I won thy love ;

And blessed thou, that having tried my faith,

Hast given admittance to my heart's desert : 75

Now all is well, and all my hurt is whole,

And I in paradise of my delight.

Come, lovely spouse, let us go walk the woods,

Where warbling birds record our happiness,

And whistling leaves make music to our mirth, 80

And Flora strews her bower to welcome thee.

Pan. But first, sweet husband, be thou ruled by me :

Go make provision for some holy rites,

That zeal may prosper our new-joinèd love,

And by and by myself will follow thee. 85

St. Stay not, my dear, for in thy looks I live. [*Exit.*] 85

II

THOMAS KYD

1558—1594.

THOMAS KYD, son of Francis Kyd, scrivener, was baptized at the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, London, on November 6, 1558. On October 26, 1565, he was entered on the books of The Merchant Taylors' School under Richard Mulcaster, the first head master. The *Spanish Tragedy* was published in quarto in 1594 and 1599, and in an undated quarto probably

earlier. From allusions in Henslowe, Nash, and Ben Jonson, it may be inferred that it was written between 1585 and 1587. Kyd probably wrote a lost play on the story of Hamlet, which was subsequently revised by Shakespeare, and has been preserved in a garbled form in the first quarto of *Hamlet*. In 1588 appeared *The Householder's Philosophie*, a translation of Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia*, by T. K., probably Kyd. *Soliman and Perseda*, registered by the Stationers' Company in 1592, has survived in two anonymous quartos printed in 1599, and in an undated copy perhaps earlier. Internal evidence points to the conclusion that it is an expansion by Kyd of the play which brings about the catastrophe in *The Spanish Tragedy*. In 1592 he wrote a pamphlet on *The Murder of John Brewen*, and in 1593 he was apprehended on the charge of being concerned in libels against the state, and perhaps tortured at Bridewell. He was also involved with Marlowe in a charge of atheism. His translation of Garnier's *Cornelia* was licensed in 1594. He must have died in the same year, as on December 30, Anna Kyd, in the name of her husband, Francis Kyd, renounced administration of the goods of their deceased son, Thomas.

Kyd shares with Lyly, Marlowe, and Peele the honour of being one of the pioneers of the Elizabethan drama, who prepared the way for Shakespeare and made his paths straight. With Marlowe, Peele, and Shakespeare he is mentioned by Meres in the *Palladis Tamia* (1598), as among 'our best for tragedy'; and Ben Jonson in his verses to the memory of Shakespeare, prefixed to the first Folio, tells

'how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,

Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.'

He has been called the founder of the *Tragedy of Blood*, and of introspective tragedy in England, as well as the connecting link between *Gorboduc* and *Hamlet*.

No early Elizabethan play was more popular, or more frequently acted, quoted, and parodied, than *The Spanish Tragedy*. It has been pointed out that it left its mark on the form of the drama in the induction, the chorus, the play within the play, the disregard of the unities, the mixture of tragic and comic, and the combination of blank verse with rhyme and prose. Some of these were innovations; others he borrowed from Seneca, together with the ghost, the messenger, and the *στυχομυθία*, as well as *verbatim* quotations.

Judged absolutely, Kyd has great merits, though not without serious defects. Schlegel, while comparing *The Spanish Tragedy* to 'the drawings of children, without observance of proportion, and without steadiness of hand,' allows that the tone of the dialogue has something natural and even familiar, and that there is a light movement in the change of scenes. Collier placed him as a writer of blank verse next to Marlowe. Professor Boas, his latest editor, while praising the passionate

directness and simplicity of his dialogue, his delineation of character, and the organic structure of *The Spanish Tragedy*, justly complains of the crudity of its moral basis in making revenge the dominant motive of the chief characters.

The text of the following extracts is based upon the Clarendon Press edition by Prof. F. S. Boas (1901), compared with Professor Schick's edition of *The Spanish Tragedy* in the Temple Dramatists (1898).

A. THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

ACT II, SC. IV.

Horatio, the son of Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain, and Bel-imperia, daughter of the Duke of Castile, brother of the King of Spain, being lovers, have met in an arbour in Hieronimo's garden by night, where her servant, Pedringano, betrays them to her brother, Lorenzo, and her suitor, Balihazar, the son of the Viceroy of Portugal; who, surprising them, murder Horatio, and leave him hanging in the arbour, where he is found by his father, Hieronimo.

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self.

Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if any make approach.

Ped. [aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

[Exit Pedringano.]

Hor. What means my love?

Bel. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so: fair fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevailed: I'll conquer my misdoubt,

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
 I fear no more: love now is all my thoughts.
 Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leavy bowers,
 25 The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
 Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, Madam, how the birds record by night,
 For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

30 *Bel.* No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
 To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
 Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
 35 And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

Hor. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,
 That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

40 *Bel.* Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.

Bel. Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
 My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

Hor. Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal:
 45 Thus elms by vines are compassed, till they fall.

Bel. Oh, let me go, for in my troubled eyes
 Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor. Oh, stay a while, and I will die with thee;
 So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.

50 *Bel.* Who's there, Pedringano? We are betrayed.

*Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, and Pedringano,
 disguised.*

Lor. [*To Bal.*] My lord, away with her, take her aside.

[*To Hor.*] Oh, sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.

[*To Ser. and Ped.*] Quickly dispatch, my masters.

[*They hang him in the arbour.*]

Hor.

What, will you murder me?

Lor. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love.

[*They stab him.*]

55 *Bel.* Oh, save his life, and let me die for him!

Oh, save him, brother! save him, Balthazar!

I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

60

Bal. Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, Sc. VI.

Lorenzo, suspecting Balthazar's servant, Serberine, of having informed Hieronimo of the murder, suborns Pedringano to assassinate him. He then procures the apprehension and condemnation of Pedringano, who is buoyed up with the promise of a free pardon on the scaffold. Lorenzo sends his page to the execution with an empty box, which Pedringano believes to contain the pardon.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound.

Deputy. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;

For I had written to my lord anew

65

A nearer matter that concerneth him,

For fear his lordship had forgotten me.

But sith he hath rememb'ed me so well,

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

Hieronimo. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men, 70

And here, for satisfaction of the world,

Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;

For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short work: well, to your marshalship

First I confess, nor fear I death therefor,

75

I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.

But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,

Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.

Ped.

Now I think not so.

Hier. Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find it so; 80

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,

Be satisfied, and the law discharged;

And, though myself cannot receive the like,

Yet will I see that others have their right.

[*To the Hangman.*] Dispatch: the fault's approved and con-

fessed,

85

And by our law he is condemned to die.

Hang. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine officious knave?

Hang. To go to this gear.

- 90 *Ped.* Oh, sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change without boot, that's flat.

- 95 *Hang.* Come, sir.

Ped. So then, I must up?

Hang. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

Hang. Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

- 100 *Ped.* How? be turned off?

Hang. Ay, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray, sir, dispatch: the day goes away.

Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

- 105 *Hang.* Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck.

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

Hang. Alas, sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and

- 110 I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.
Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. Ay, that companion.

- 115 *Hang.* I know him not; but what of him?

Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

Hang. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honest man than either thou or he.

- 120 *Ped.* What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor care I not greatly. Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

- Ped.* Why, sirrah hangman, I take it, that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul; and it may be, in
125 that box is balm for both.

Hang. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door!

Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hang. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name. 130

Ped. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hang. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you see here's a good fellow— 135

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven, 140
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages
That intercepts itself of happiness.

Murder? O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should scape unpunished. 145
Dispatch, and see this execution done.

This makes me to remember thee, my son. [*Exit Hier.*]

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay. 150

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.
[*He turns him off.*]

Dep. So, executioner: convey him hence;
But let his body be unburied: 155
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect.
[*Exeunt.*]

B. SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA

ACT I, SC. II.

Enter Erastus and Perseda.

Erast. Why, when, Perseda? wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I, like a mastless ship at sea,
Go every way, and not the way I would?
My love hath lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased as I grew myself. 5
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-eyed her sport?

- When didst thou, with thy sampler in the sun
 Sit sewing with thy feres, but I was by,
 10 Marking thy lily hand's dexterity,
 Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
 When didst thou sing a note that I could hear,
 But I have framed a ditty to the tune,
 Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
 15 When didst thou go to church on holidays,
 But I have waited on thee to and fro,
 Marking my times as falcons watch their flight?
 When I have missed thee, how have I lamented,
 As if my thoughts had been assurèd true!
 20 Thus, in my youth: now, since I grew a man,
 I have persevered to let thee know
 The meaning of my true heart's constancy.
 Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont
 To hasty lovers whose fancy soon is fled:
 25 My love is of a long continuance,
 And merits not a stranger's recompense.

Per. Enough, Erastus, thy Perseda knows:

She whom thou wouldst have thine, Erastus, knows.

Erast. Nay, my Perseda knows, and then 'tis well.

- 30 *Per.* Ay, watch you vantages? Thine be it then—
 I have forgot the rest, but that's the effect.
 Which to effect, accept this carcanet:
 My grandam on her deathbed gave it me,
 And there, even there, I vowed unto myself
 35 To keep the same, until my wand'ring eye
 Should find a harbour for my heart to dwell.
 Even in thy breast do I elect my rest:
 Let in my heart to keep thine company.

Erast. And, sweet Perseda, accept this ring

- 40 To equal it: receive my heart to boot:
 It is no boot, for that was thine before;
 And far more welcome is this change to me
 Than sunny days to naked savages,
 Or news of pardon to a wretch condemned
 45 That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death.
 As careful will I be to keep this chain,
 As doth the mother keep her children
 From water pits, or falling in the fire.
 Over mine armour will I hang this chain;
 50 And, when long combat makes my body faint,

The sight of this shall show Perseda's name,
 And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
 This day the eager Turk of Tripolis,
 The Knight of Malta, honoured for his worth,
 And he that's titled by the golden spur, 55
 The Moor upon his hot Barbarian horse,
 The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face
 The impress of a noble warrior,
 The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
 And English archers, hardy men at arms, 60
 Eclipped lions of the western world,—
 Each one of these approvèd combatants,
 Assembled from several corners of the world,
 Are hither come to try their force in arms,
 In honour of the Prince of Cyprus' nuptials. 65
 Amongst these worthies will Erastus troop,
 Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees.
 Know me by this thy precious carcanet;
 And, if I thrive in valour, as the glass
 That takes the sunbeams burning with his force, 70
 I'll be the glass and thou that heavenly sun,
 From whence I'll borrow what I do achieve;
 And, sweet Perseda, unnoted though I be,
 Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.
Per. Young slips are never graft in windy days: 75
 Young scholars never entered with the rod.
 Ah, my Erastus, there are Europe's knights
 That carry honour graven in their helms,
 And they must win it dear that win it thence.
 Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane: 80
 Better sit still than rise and overta'en.
Erast. Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
 And be my fortune as my love deserves.
Per. So be thy fortune as thy features serves, 85
 And then Erastus lives without compare.

ACT IV, SC. I.

Soliman, emperor of the Turks, has by his general, Brusor, taken Rhodes and captured Perseda.

Enter Brusor, Perseda, and Lucina.

Bru. My gracious lord, rejoice in happiness:
 All Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.

Sol. First, thanks to heaven ; and next to Brusor's valour,
Which I'll not guerdon with large promises,
90 But straight reward thee with a bounteous largess.
But what two Christian virgins have we here?

Bru. Part of the spoil of Rhodes, which were preserved
To be presented to your mightiness.

Sol. This present pleaseth more than all the rest ;
95 And, were their garments turned from black to white,
I should have deemed them Juno's goodly swans,
Or Venus' milk-white doves, so mild they are,
And so adorned with beauty's miracle.
Here, Brusor, this kind turtle shall be thine :

100 Take her, and use her at thy pleasure.
But this kind turtle is for Soliman,
That her captivity may turn to bliss.
Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams ;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove ;
105 Small pencilled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows ;
Quick lamplike eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs ;
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosie ;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat ;
Neck, whiter than the snowy Apennines—
110 A sweeter creature nature never made :
Love never tainted Soliman till now.
Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak.

Per. What can my tongue utter but grief and death?

Sol. The sound is honey, but the sense is gall :

115 Then, sweetening, bless me with a cheerful look.

Per. How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,
When they are stopped with floods of flowing tears?

Sol. If tongue with grief, and eyes with tears be filled,
Say, virgin, how doth thy heart admit

120 The pure affection of great Soliman?

Per. My thoughts are like pillars of adamant,
Too hard to take a new impression.

Sol. [*aside.*] Nay then, I see, my stooping makes her proud :
She is my vassal, and I will command.

125 [*To Per.*] Coy virgin, knowest thou what offence it is
To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?

Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word.

Per. Why, that's the period that my heart desires.

Sol. And die thou shalt, unless thou change thy mind.

130 *Per.* Nay then, Perseda growes resolute :

Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble
Lines parallel, that never can be joined.

Sol. Then kneel thou down,
And at my hands receive the stroke of death,
Doomed to thyself by thine own wilfulness. 135

Per. Strike, strike: thy words pierce deeper than thy
blows.

Sol. Brusor, hide her, for her looks withhold me.
[*Then Brusor hides her with a lawn.*]

O Brusor, thou hast not hid her lips;
For there sits Venus with Cupid on her knee,
And all the Graces smiling round about her, 140
So craving pardon that I cannot strike.

Bru. Her face is covered over quite, my lord.

Sol. Why, so: O Brusor, seest thou not
Her milk-white neck, that alabaster tower?
'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar, 145
And pieces flying back will wound myself.

Bru. Now she is all covered, my lord.

Sol. Why now at last she dies.

Per. O Christ, receive my soul.

Sol. Hark, Brusor, she calls on Christ: 150

I will not send her to him. Her words are music,
The selfsame music that in ancient days
Brought Alexander from war to banqueting,
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
No, my dear, love would not let me kill thee, 155
Though majesty would turn desire to wrath.
There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet;
And I myself, that govern many kings,
Intreat a pardon for my rash misdeed.

III

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564—1593.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, son of John Marlowe, shoemaker, was born at Canterbury in 1564. He was educated at the King's School in that city, and at Benet (now Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, where he matriculated March 17, 1581, graduated as B.A. in 1583, and as M.A. in 1587. About this time he

seems to have gone to London, where he wrote plays and perhaps acted on the stage, leading, according to tradition, a dissolute and immoral life. He was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford in 1593 by one Francis Archer, and buried in the parish church of St. Nicholas. *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts, was acted in 1587 or 1588, and printed in 1590. *Dr. Faustus* was written about 1588 or 1589, but no edition is extant earlier than the quarto of 1604. *The Jew of Malta* seems from internal evidence to have been performed soon after the murder of Henry, Duke of Guise, December 23, 1588. *Edward the Second*, probably written in 1590, was entered in the Stationers' Registers on July 6, 1593, and printed in 1594. *The Massacre at Paris*, written soon after the assassination of Henry III, August 2, 1589, was first acted in 1593. *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, printed 1594, was either written by Marlowe and Nashe in collaboration, or completed and revised by Nashe after the death of Marlowe. Marlowe also translated *Ovid's Elegies*, and paraphrased the *Hero and Leander* attributed to Musaeus, from which Shakespeare (*As You Like It*, iii. 5. 82), quotes the line 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Marlowe has been called 'the father of English dramatic poetry.' But the tendency of recent criticism, having regard to the date of such plays as *The Spanish Tragedy* and *The Arraignment of Paris*, is to allot to Kyd and Peele at least some share if not the whole of the credit hitherto exclusively given to Marlowe for fixing the form and metre of the Elizabethan drama. But, even if he did not actually originate the type, he so stamped it with the impress of his mighty genius, that it was henceforth unquestioningly adopted as the current mode of dramatic expression.

Judged absolutely, without reference to an historical standard, Marlowe was rather a great poet than a great dramatist. Michael Drayton says with fine judgement that he

'Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.'

He was an ardent spirit in revolt against the limitations of humanity, beating his wings against the bars of law. His heroes are personifications of his own inordinate craving after the unattainable, and his own essentially sensuous temperament. *Faustus* personifies the lust of forbidden knowledge as giving power over supernatural agencies and providing the means of sensual gratification, 'letting him live in all voluptuousness.' The power to do good is not with Marlowe, as with Bacon, the true and lawful end of aspiring. In his own words, 'the god thou serv'st is thine own appetite.' He lacked the morality of the great dramatist. His heroes are influenced not by moral

considerations, but by blind desires, emotions, and passions. Beside this want of morality, he was deficient in humour, in knowledge of woman, and in sympathy with human nature under normal conditions. Ulrici justly complains that he treats dramatic poetry too much in the lyrical style, with an undue predominance of the personal element. He has not Shakespeare's wonderful power of merging his own individuality in the character he represents.

These defects are less marked in *Edward the Second*, which some critics consider superior to Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*. The character of a weak, selfish, and unfortunate prince is sketched in firm clear outline, but it is typical rather than individual; whereas Shakespeare depicts a distinctive and complex personality, elaborated with greater subtlety and profounder insight into human nature. But in this play more than any other, in its characterization, in the development of its plot, and in the 'pity and terror' of the closing scenes, Marlowe shows the qualities, not only of the great poet, but of the great dramatist.

The text of the following extracts is taken from the early Quartos, compared with Dyce and Cunningham.

A. THE FIRST PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

ACT V, SC. II.

Tamburlaine, in his irresistible career of conquest, is besieging Damascus. Zenocrate, the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, whom he had previously captured and made his wife, has entreated him to raise the siege and make a truce with her father. Tamburlaine soliloquizes.

Tamb. Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,—
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, that, when Ebena steps to heaven,

5

10

- In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
15 Make in the mantle of the richest night
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
20 His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
25 So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
30 Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
35 If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
40 But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
45 With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both,
50 That which hath stooped the topmost of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
55 That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

B. THE SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

ACT II, SC. IV.

The arras is drawn, and Zenocrate is discovered lying in her bed of state; Tamburlaine sitting by her; three physicians about her bed, tempering potions; her three sons, Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus; Theridamas, Techelles, and Usumcasane.

Tamb. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
 The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
 That danced with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflam'd his beams;
 And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace, 5
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night.
 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory brows,
 And tempered every soul with lively heat, 10
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,
 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
 Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven, 15
 As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:
 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens 20
 To entertain divine Zenocrate:
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
 Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like tried silver runs through Paradise
 To entertain divine Zenocrate: 25
 The cherubins and holy seraphins,
 That sing and play before the King of Kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate;
 And, in this sweet and curious harmony, 30
 The God that tunes this music to our souls
 Holds out His hand in highest majesty

To entertain divine Zenocrate.

Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts

35 Up to the palace of th' empyreal heaven,

That this my life may be as short to me

As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.—

Physicians, will no physic do her good? → *trance*

First Phys. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive,

40 An if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

Tamb. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

Zeno. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,

That, when this frail and transitory flesh

Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air

45 That feeds the body with his dated health,

Wane with enforced and necessary change.

Tamb. May never such a change transform my love,

In whose sweet being I repose my life!

Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,

50 Gives light to Phoebus and the fixèd stars;

Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark

As when, opposed in one diameter,

Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,

Or else descended to his winding train.

55 Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,

Or, dying, be the author of my death.

Zeno. Live still, my lord; O, let my sovereign live!

And sooner let the fiery element

Dissolve, and make your kingdom in the sky,

60 Than this base earth should shroud your majesty;

For, should I but suspect your death by mine,

The comfort of my future happiness,

And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,

Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,

65 And fury would confound my present rest.

✓ But let me die, my love; yes, let me die;

With love and patience let your true love die:

Your grief and fury hurts my second life.

Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,

70 And let me die with kissing of my lord.

But, since my life is lengthened yet a while,

Let me take leave of these my loving sons,

And of my lords, whose true nobility

Have merited my latest memory.

75 Sweet sons, farewell! in death resemble me,

And in your lives your father's excellence.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*]

Tamb. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God! 80
Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven; 85
And, had she lived before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been named in Homer's Iliads,—
Her name had been in every line he wrote; 90
Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was prond, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd,—
Zenocrate had bin the argument
Of every epigram or elegy. 95

[*The music sounds. Zenocrate dies.*]

What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell, 100
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun, 105
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia, 110
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannizing War 115
To march with me under this bloody flag!

And, if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again!

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient! she is dead,

¹²⁰ And all this raging cannot make her live.

If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;

If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;

If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood:

Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

¹²⁵ *Tamb.* For she is dead! thy words do pierce my soul:

Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more!

Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,

And feed my mind that dies for want of her.

Where'er her soul be, thou [*to the body*] shalt stay with me,

¹³⁰ Embalm'd with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,

Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,

And, till I die, thou shalt not be interr'd.

Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'

We both will rest, and have one epitaph

¹³⁵ Writ in as many several languages

As I have conquer'd kingdoms with my sword.

(This cursèd town will I consume with fire,

Because this place bereft me of my love;

The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourn'd;

¹⁴⁰ And here will I set up her statua,

And march about it with my mourning camp,

Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

[*The arras is drawn.*]

C. THE JEW OF MALTA

ACT II, SC. I.

The wealth of Barabas, the Jew of Malta, has been confiscated to defray the arrears of tribute due to the Turks, and his house, in which he had concealed much treasure, turned into a nunnery. In order to recover the treasure, his daughter, Abigail, obtains entrance into the nunnery as a pretended novice.

Enter Barabas, with a light.

Bara. Thus, like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,

Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas 5
 With fatal curses towards these Christians.
 The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
 Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
 And of my former riches rests no more
 But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar, 10
 That has no further comfort for his maim.—
 O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledd'st
 The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
 Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
 Of Abigail this night! or let the day 15
 Turn to eternal darkness after this!—
 No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
 Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
 Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter Abigail above.

Abig. Now have I happily espied a time 20
 To search the plank my father did appoint;
 And here, behold, unseen, where I have found
 The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

Bara. Now I remember those old women's words,
 Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales, 25
 And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
 About the place where treasure hath bin hid:
 And now methinks that I am one of those;
 For, whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
 And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk. 30

Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so good
 As but to be about this happy place!
 'Tis not so happy: yet, when we parted last,
 He said he would attend me in the morn.
 Then, gentle Sleep, where'er his body rests, 35
 Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
 A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
 Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Bara. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era:*
 As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.— 40
 But stay: what star shines yonder in the east?
 The loadstar of my life, if Abigail—
 Who's there?

Abig. Who's that?

Bara. Peace, Abigail! 'tis I.

D

Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

Bara. Hast thou 't?

45 *Abig.* Here. [*Throws down bags.*] Hast thou 't?
There's more, and more, and more.

Bara. O my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity,
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!

50 O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!

Then my desires were fully satisfied.

But I will practise thy enlargement thence:

O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

[*Hugs the bags.*]

Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

55 And, 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;

To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Bara. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

[*Exit Abigail above.*]

Now, Phoebus, ope the eyelids of the day,

60 And, for the raven, wake the morning lark,

That I may hover with her in the air,

Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young,

Hermoso placer de los dineros.

D. EDWARD THE SECOND

ACT IV, SC. VI.

The king, defeated by Isabella and the barons, and pursued by Mortimer, has, with his favourites, Spenser and Baldock, taken refuge at the abbey of Neath.

Enter the Abbot, Monks, King Edward, the younger Spenser, and Baldock (the last three disguised).

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear:

As silent and as careful we will be

To keep your royal person safe with us,

Free from suspect, and fell invasion

5 Of such as have your majesty in chase,

Yourself, and those your chosen company,

As danger of this stormy time requires.

K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.

O, hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
 Pierced deeply with the sense of my distress, 10
 Could not but take compassion of my state!
 Stately and proud in riches and in train
 Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
 But what is he whom rule and empery
 Have not in life or death made miserable?— 15
 Come, Spenser, come, Baldock, come, sit down by me;
 Make trial now of that philosophy
 That in our famous nurseries of arts
 Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
 Father, this life contemplative is heaven: 20
 O, that I might this life in quiet lead!
 But we, alas, are chased!—and you, my friends,
 Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.—
 Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
 Do you betray us and our company. 25

First Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
 Do wot of your abode.

P. Spen. Not one alive: but shrewdly I suspect
 A gloomy fellow in a mead below:
 'A gave a long look after us, my lord; 30
 And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
 Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embarked for Ireland; wretched we,
 With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
 To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35
 Of Mortimer and his confederates!

K. Edw. Mortimer! Who talks of Mortimer?
 Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
 That bloody man?—Good father, on thy lap
 Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40
 O, might I never ope these eyes again,
 Never again lift up this drooping head,
 O, never more lift up this dying heart!

P. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
 Betides no good: here even we are betray'd. 45

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice Ap Howel, a Mower, and
 Leicester.*

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray, be short:
 A fair commission warrants what we do.

- Leices.* The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer :
 50 What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?—
 Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
 T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life!
 Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem.
- 55 But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.—
 Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,
 I arrest you of high treason here.
 Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:
 'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
- 60 My lord, why droop you thus?
K. Edw. O day, the last of all my bliss on earth!
 Centre of all misfortune. O my stars,
 Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
 Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
 65 To take my life, my company from me?
 Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
 And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them!
P. Spen. It may become thee yet
 To let us take our farewell of his grace.
- 70 *Abbot.* My heart with pity earns to see this sight;
 A king to bear these words and proud commands!
[*Aside.*]
- K. Edw.* Spenser, ah, sweet Spenser, thus then must
 we part?
P. Spen. We must, my lord; so will the angry heavens.
K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer:
 75 The gentle heavens have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
 Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves:
 Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.
K. Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we
 meet:—
- 80 And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?
Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
K. Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard when kings
 must go.
Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
 That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
- 85 *Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
K. Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,

And to the gates of hell convey me hence ;
 Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
 And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore ;
 For friends hath Edward none but these, 90
 And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

Rice. My lord, be going : care not for these ;
 For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

K. Edw. Well, that shall be : part we must ;
 Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.— 95
 Hence, feignèd weeds ! unfeignèd are my woes.—

[*Throwing off his disguise.*]

Father, farewell.—Leicester, thou stay'st for me ;
 And go I must.—Life, farewell with my friends !
 [*Exeunt King Edward and Leicester.*]

IV

GEORGE PEELE

1558—1598.

GEORGE PEELE, born about 1558, was educated at Christ's Hospital, where his father, James Peele, was clerk, and at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College) and Christ Church, Oxford, taking the degrees of B.A. in 1577 and M.A. in 1579. He spent nine years at Oxford, where he probably wrote the poem, *The Tale of Troy*, and translated the two Iphigenias of Euripides. In 1581 he went to London, and practised as playwright, actor, and literary factotum. In 1583 he returned to Oxford to superintend the production of a Latin comedy and tragedy at Christ Church to commemorate the visit of a Polish prince. *The Arraignment of Paris* was published anonymously in 1584, and another pastoral, *The Hunting of Cupid*, now lost, was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1591. In 1585, and again in 1591, he composed the Lord Mayor's pageant, and in 1589 wrote a *Farewell* to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake on their expedition to Portugal. The following year he celebrated Sir Henry Lee's resignation of the office of Queen's Champion by a poem called *Polykymnia*. *The Famous Chronicle of King Edward the First* was published in 1593, and in the same year *The Honour of the Garter* was written to commemorate the investiture of the Earl of Northumberland and other noblemen. *The Battle of Alcasar*, probably by Peele, was published anonymously in 1594, and *The Old Wive's Tale* in the following

year. *David and Bethsabe*, and *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, the latter of doubtful authorship, were printed in 1599. We learn from Meres' *Palladis Tamia* that Peele was dead in 1598.

David and Bethsabe, and *The Old Wive's Tale*, represent Peele's original contribution to the English drama. In the former he derived the incidents and much of the language and imagery for a romantic drama from the Old Testament. In the latter he constructed a charming pastoral from fairy tales and folklore, interwoven with realistic scenes from rural England. Both exerted a distinct influence on Milton, the former in *Paradise Lost*, the latter in *Comus*. His other work is less original. *The Arraignment of Paris* is in the direct line of descent from Lyly's court masques, and *Edward I* from the old *Chronicle Histories*. His blank verse is sonorous and musical, especially in *David and Bethsabe*, where the lines often assume an oriental opulence and gorgeousness of colour. His dainty lyrics are famous.

The text of the following selections is based upon the early Quartos, compared with that of Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition (1888).

A. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

ACT I, SC. II.

Enter Paris and Oenone.

Par. Oenone, while we bin disposed to walk,

Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?

Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,

Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more :

5 Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,

In telling them thou hast a special grace.

Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,

Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Oen. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,

10 Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice ;

So shall thy just request not be denied,

And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,

That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,

15 Me list this once, Oenone, for thy sake,

This idle task on me to undertake.

They sit under a tree together.

Oen. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?

For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say ;

How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho
 To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below; 20
 How mighty men made foul successless war
 Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
 How Phorcys' imp, that was so trick and fair,
 That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
 Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,— 25
 A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
 A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
 That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
 How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
 Turns men to women all through wantonness; 30
 How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
 And what did follow of that love-offence;
 Of Daphne turned into the laurel-tree,
 That shows a mirror of virginity;
 How fair Narcissus, tooting on his shade, 35
 Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;
 How cunning Philomela's needle tells
 What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
 What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
 They say, because on earth they lived not well,— 40
 Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
 Prometheus' torment, and a many mo;
 How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
 What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
 All these are old and known, I know, yet if thou wilt 45
 have any,
 Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Oenone hath
 not many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not
 compares with thine,

Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Oen. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it Cupid's
 Curse,

*They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change so
 for worse!*

The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
 Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar tree.

Par. No better thing; begin it then: Oenone, thou
 shalt see

Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee
 and me.

*They sing ; and while Oenone singeth, he pipeth.
Incipit Oenone.*

- 55 *Oen.* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be ;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
- Par.* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
60 As fair as any may be ;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
- Oen.* My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
65 And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse !
- 70 *Ambo simul.* They that do change, &c.
- Oen.* Fair and fair, &c.
- Par.* Fair and fair, &c.
Thy love is fair, &c.
- Oen.* My love can pipe, my love can sing,
75 My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change, &c.
- 80 *Par.* They that do change, &c.
- Ambo.* Fair and fair, &c. [Finis Camenae.]

The song being ended, they rise, and Oenone speaks.

- Oen.* Sweet Shepherd, for Oenone's sake be cunning in
this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost
her wrong.
- Par.* My vow is made and witnessed, the poplar will
not start,
85 Nor shall the nymph Oenone's love from forth my breathing
heart.
I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
And I will have a lover's fee: they say, unkiss'd unkind.
[Exeunt ambo.]

B. DAVID AND BETHSABE

SCENE IV.

Enter Bethsabe with her Handmaid.

Beth. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
 Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
 Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
 And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
 Sadness, with wreathèd arms, hangs her complaint. 5
 No comfort from the ten-stringed instrument,
 The tinkling cymbal, or the ivory lute;
 Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp
 Make glad the broken heart of Bersabe:
 Jerusalem is filled with thy complaint, 10
 And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
 The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
 The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
 Nor may the pot of honey and of oil
 Glad David or his handmaid's countenance. 15
 Urias—woe is me to think hereon!
 For who is it among the sons of men
 That saith not to my soul, 'The king hath sinned;
 David hath done amiss, and Bersabe
 Laid snares of death unto Urias' life'? 20
 My sweet Urias, fall'n into the pit
 Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
 For Bersabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
 O, what is it to serve the lust of kings!
 How lion-like they rage when we resist! 25
 But, Bersabe, in humbleness attend
 The grace that God will to His handmaid send. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

David, in his gown, walking sadly. Servants attending.

David. The babe is sick, and sad is David's heart,
 To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
 David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head; 30
 And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.

- The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
 Rains not on Sion's tops and lofty towers;
 The plains of Gath and Askaron rejoice,
 35 And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
 The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
 With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.

Enter Nathan.

- But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?
Na. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
 40 There were two men both dwellers in one town:
 The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
 In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field:
 The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
 Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
 45 Which he had bought and nourished by the hand;
 And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
 And eat and drank as he and his were wont,
 And in his bosom slept, and was to him
 As was his daughter or his dearest child.
 50 There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
 And he refused and spared to take his own,
 Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
 But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
 And dressed it for this stranger in his house.
 55 What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?
Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
 Is judged and shall become the child of death;
 Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
 That without mercy took his lamb away.
 60 *Na.* Thou art the man; and thou hast judged thyself.
 David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
 'I thee anointed King in Israel,
 And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul:
 Thy master's house I gave thee to possess:
 65 His wives into thy bosom did I give,
 And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
 And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
 Have given thee more:
 Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
 70 And hast done evil, and sinned in My sight?
 Urias thou hast killed with the sword:
 Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised

Thou hast him slain : wherefore, from this day forth,
 The sword shall never go from thee and thine ;
 For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee : 75
 Wherefore, behold, I will,' saith Jacob's God,
 'In thine own house stir evil up to thee :
 Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
 And give them to thy neighbour to possess.'
 This shall be done to David in the day, 80
 That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have, against the Lord I have
 Sinned ; O, sinned grievously ! and, lo,
 From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
 And groan and grovel to the gates of hell ! [*He falls down.*] 85

Na. David, stand up : thus saith the Lord by me :
 'David the king shall live' : for He hath seen
 The true repentant sorrow of thy heart.
 But, for thou hast, in this misdeed of thine,
 Stirred up the enemies of Israel 90
 To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
 And say, He set a wicked man to reign
 Over His loved people and His tribes,—
 The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn. [*Exit Nathan.*] 95

C. THE OLD WIFE'S TALE

SCENE I.

Three serving-men have lost their way in a wood by night. Clunch, a smith, finds them and takes them to his cottage, where his wife, Madge, to entertain them after supper, begins to tell them a fairy-tale. She is interrupted by the entrance of the actors, who take up and complete the story by dramatic representation.

Enter Antic, Frolic, and Fantastic.

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic ! what, all amort ? doth this sadness become thy madness ? What though we have lost our way in the woods ? yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow ; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in 5 the hundred.

Fro. Antic, and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion, never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way

in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable!

10 *O caelum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench,
15 and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of '*O man in desperation*'?

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark: but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb:—

'Three merry men, and three merry men,

20 And three merry men be we:

I in the wood, and thou on the ground,

And Jack sleeps in the tree.'

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of
25 the White Horse had called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

Enter a Smith, with a lantern and candle.

30 In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

Clunch. What am I? why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you in my territories at this time of the night?

35 *Ant.* What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces for fear.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for
40 Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

Clunch. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will
45 go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room, and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Clunch. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it

may, so and so. [*Here a dog bark.*] Hark! This is Ball, 50
my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language:
come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door,
Madge; take in guests.

Enter Old Woman.

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that
come with my goodman: for my goodman's sake, come on, 55
sit down: here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my
own making.

Ant. Thanks, gammer: a good example for the wives of
our town.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy goodman sit lovingly to- 60
gether; we come to chat, and not to eat.

Clunch. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away.
Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the
fire to roast for lamb's-wool. What, shall we have a game
at trump or ruff to drive away the time? how say you? 65

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with
Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not with-
out some round or other: no doubt but Clunch can bear his
part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up: so set to it when 70
you will. [*They sing.*]

Song.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream; 75
Then, O then, O then, O my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer,
a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly: 80
come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fan. I' faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as
good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's
daughter, and I know not what: I have seen the day, when 85
I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after
you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my goodman

shall fill the pot and get him to bed ; they that ply their work
 90 must keep good hours : one of you go lie with him ; he is
 a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or wind-
 gall : so I am content to drive away the time with an old
 wive's winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire ; o' my word, gammer,
 95 I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the goodman.—*Bona nox,*
 gammer.—Good night, Frolic.

Clunch. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural
 100 rest with me. [*Exeunt Antic and the Smith.*]

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the
 morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with
 you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I
 105 know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

SCENE V.

*Eumenides, the Wandering Knight, in quest of Delia who is
 enchanted by the magician, Sacropant, defrays the cost of the
 funeral of Jack, a village roisterer, whom the Sexton and the
 Churchwarden refuse to bury at the expense of the parish.
 The Ghost of Jack afterwards helps Eumenides to recover
 Delia.*

Enter Wiggen, Corebus, Churchwarden and Sexton.

Wig. You may be ashamed, you scald Sexton and
 Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless
 faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground
 110 unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion
 of a good fellow when he is gone !

Church. What, would you have us to bury him, and to
 answer it ourselves to the parish ?

Sex. Parish me no parishes ; pay me my fees, and let
 115 the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down
 for one of your good deeds, o' God's name ! for I am not
 one that curiously stands upon merits.

Cor. You sodden-headed sheep's face, shall a good fellow
 do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you
 120 not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial ?

Wig. Peace, Corebus ! as sure as Jack was Jack, the

frollic'st franion amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou ¹²⁵ darest answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Help, help, help! Wiggen sets upon the parish with a pike-staff! ¹³⁰

[*Eumenides awakes and comes to them.*]

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? who, our Jack, sir? as good ¹³⁵ a fellow as ever trod upon neat's leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish, when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him: was not this good dealing? ¹⁴⁰

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. And we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and ¹⁴⁵ thatch the chancel: he shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the churchyard, for Steeven Loach.

Wig. *Sic argumentaris, Domine* Loach,—‘And we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel:’—in good time, sir, and hang ¹⁵⁰ yourself in the bell-ropes, when you have done. *Domine opponens, praepono tibi hanc quaestionem*, whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb. ¹⁵⁵

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your back; then you are in worse taking than Jack. ¹⁶⁰

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend: how much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will
165 bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then :—[*aside*] and I have left me but
one poor three half-pence : now do I remember the words
the old man spake at the cross, 'Bestow all thou hast,' and
170 this is all, 'till dead men's bones come at thy call : '—here,
hold it [*gives money*]; and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit Eu-*
menides.] Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of Jack
at mine own proper cost and charges.

175 *Cor.* You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-
blade crossed not your coxcombs.—Well, we'll to the church-
stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill. [*Exit with Wiggen.*]

Church. } Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]
Sex. }

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a
180 great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but
a poor man, but very well beloved : you shall see anon what
this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with women in their hands.

Fro. Soft! who have we here? our amorous harvesters.

185 *Fan.* Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,

To reap our harvest-fruit!

And thus we pass the year so long,

And never be we mute. [*Exeunt the Harvest-men.*]

V

ROBERT GREENE

1560(?)—1592.

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich about 1560. He matriculated in 1575, and took the degree of B.A. in 1578, at St. John's College, Cambridge; and that of M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. In 1588 he was incorporated at Oxford. After taking his first degree he travelled in Italy, Spain, and other parts of the continent, where, according to his own confession, he formed

dissolute habits. On the title-page of one of his pamphlets, published in 1585, he styles himself Student in Physic, but there is no evidence that he practised. He married a gentleman's daughter, but, after living with her for some time, left her with one child in Lincolnshire, and went up to London, where he plunged into dissipation in company with Marlowe, Nash, and Peele. He died on September 3, 1592, from a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, in circumstances of great misery and destitution, and was buried the following day in the new churchyard near Bedlam.

Of the five extant plays, certainly written by Greene, *The History of Orlando Furioso*, *A Looking-Glass for London and England* (written with Lodge), and *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, were acted in 1591, and printed in 1594. *The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon* (probably one of the earliest of his plays), was not printed till 1597, and *The Scottish History of James the Fourth* in the following year. *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*, attributed on very slight evidence to Greene, was acted in 1593, and published in 1599. The first part of the *Tragical Reign of Selimus*, sometime Emperor of the Turks, claimed for Greene by Dr. Grosart¹, was published anonymously in 1594. Beside his plays Greene wrote many prose tracts and romances, most of them with a considerable admixture of verse.

Greene was more of a novelist than a dramatist. His chief excellence consists in his idyllic scenes from English country life, and his conception of pure, tender, and devoted womanhood. But in general his characterization is indistinct. He seems rather to stand outside his characters than to identify himself with them. They have little individuality, and represent but slight advance on the personified abstractions of the Moralities. Even his women, it has been said, have a family likeness. He shares with the other 'university wits' an exaggerated fondness for classical allusions, which he uses in season and out of season, making English peasants talk with glib familiarity of Greek mythology and Latin legend. His language is clear and graceful, without strength: the rhythm of his lines smooth, equable, and somewhat monotonous, without the energy and variety of cadence which distinguished Marlowe's 'mighty line.' As Symonds says, when he tries to imitate his great rival, he indulges in extravagant imagery, which, because it lacks the animating fire of Marlowe's rapture, degenerates into mere bombast. Some of his plays seem to have been written in direct competition with Marlowe. *Alphonsus* and *Selimus* may be compared with *Tamburlaine*, *Friar Bacon* with *Doctor Faustus*, and *James the Fourth* with *Edward the Second*. His influence on Shakespeare has been traced in his having first

¹ Mr. J. Churton Collins in his forthcoming edition of Greene decides strongly against Greene's authorship of *Selimus*.

given an organic unity to the comic and the serious elements in his plays; in the development of that species of comedy like *As You Like It*, 'where incident is less important than dialogue and characterization'; in the thoroughly national spirit of his best plays, which are 'instinct with love of English traditions, English virtues, and English familiar scenes.'—(*Boas*.) Nor must it be forgotten that Shakespeare founded *The Winter's Tale* on Greene's *Pandosto*.

The text of the following extracts is based upon the original Quartos, compared with Dyce's edition (1831), and Dr. A. W. Ward's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (Clarendon Press, fourth edition, 1901), and Dr. Grosart's *Selimus* (Temple Dramatists, 1898).

A. SELIMUS

ACT I, SC. II.

Bajazet, Emperor of Turkey, has three sons, Corcut, a philosopher, Acomat, a courtier, and Selim, a warrior. He resolves to leave the crown to his favourite son, Acomat; but Selim, the soldan of Trebizond, who has just allied himself with the king of Tartary, comes at the head of a large army to claim it for himself.

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bassa, Ottrante, Occhiali, and the Soldiers.

- Seli.* Now, Selimus, consider who thou art;
 Long hast thou marched in disguised attire,
 But now unmask thyself, and play thy part,
 And manifest the heat of thy desire;
 5 Nourish the coals of thine ambitious fire;
 And think that then thy empire is most sure,
 When men for fear thy tyranny endure;
 Think that to thee there is no worse reproach
 Than filial duty in so high a place.
 10 Thou ought'st to set barrels of blood abroad,
 And seek with sword whole kingdoms to displace.
 Let Mahound's laws be locked up in their case,
 And meaner men and of a baser spirit,
 In virtuous actions seek for glorious merit.
 15 I count it sacrilege for to be holy,
 Or reverence this threadbare name of good;
 Leave to old men and babes that kind of folly,
 Count it of equal value with the mud:
 Make thou a passage for thy gushing flood
 20 By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can,

And scorn religion; it disgraces man.
 My father Bajazet is weak and old,
 And hath not much above two years to live;
 The Turkish crown of pearl and Ophir gold
 He means to his dear Acomat to give; 25
 But ere his ship can to her haven drive,
 I'll send abroad my tempests in such sort,
 That she shall sink before she get the port.
 Alas, alas, his highness' aged head
 Is not sufficient to support a crown; 30
 Then, Selimus, take thou it in his stead;
 And if at this thy boldness he dare frown,
 Or but resist thy will, then pull him down;
 For since he hath so short a time t' enjoy it,
 I'll make it shorter, or I will destroy it. 35
 Nor pass I what our holy votaries
 Shall here object against my forward mind;
 I reckon not of their foolish ceremonies,
 But mean to take my fortune as I find:
 Wisdom commands to follow tide and wind, 40
 And catch the front of swift Occasion
 Before she be too quickly overgone.
 Some man will say I am too impious,
 Thus to lay siege against my father's life,
 And that I ought to follow virtuous 45
 And godly sons; that virtue is a glass
 Wherein I may my errant life behold,
 And frame myself by it in ancient mould.
 Good sir, your wisdom's overflowing wit
 Digs deep with learning's wonder-working spade; 50
 Perhaps you think that now forsooth you sit
 With some grave wizard in a prattling shade.
 Avaunt such glasses! let them view in me
 The perfect picture of right tyranny,
 Ay, like a lion's look, not worth a leek 55
 When every dog deprives him of his prey.
 These honest terms are far enough to seek
 When angry Fortune menaceth decay;
 My resolution treads a nearer way.
 Give me the heart conspiring with the hand 60
 In such a cause my father to withstand.
 Is he my father? why, I am his son;
 I owe no more to him than he to me.

- If he proceed as he hath now begun,
65 And pass from me the Turkish seigniory
To Acomat, then Selimus is free;
And if he injure me that am his son,
Faith, all the love 'twixt him and me is done.
But for I see the schoolmen are prepared
70 To plant 'gainst me their bookish ordinance,
I mean to stand on a sententious guard,
And, without any far-fetched circumstance,
Quickly unfold mine own opinion,
To arm my heart with irreligion.
75 When first this circled round, this building fair,
Some god took out of the confusèd mass,
(What god I do not know, nor greatly care),
Then every man of his own dition was,
And every one his life in peace did pass.
80 War was not then, and riches were not known,
And no man said, This, or this, is mine own;
The ploughman with a furrow did not mark
How far his great possessions did reach;
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the bark;
85 The soldiers ent'red not the batt'red breach,
Nor trumpets the tantara loud did teach;
There needed then no judge, nor yet no law,
Nor any king of whom to stand in awe.
But after Ninus, warlike Belus' son,
90 The earth with unknown armour did warray,
Then first the sacred name of king begun,
And things that were as common as the day
Did then to set possessors first obey.
Then they established laws and holy rites,
95 To maintain peace, and govern bloody fights.
Then some sage man, above the vulgar wise,
Knowing that laws could not in quiet dwell
Unless they were observed, did first devise
The names of gods, religion, heaven, and hell,
100 And 'gan of pains, and feigned rewards, to tell:
Pains for those men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for those that lived in quiet awe.
Whereas, indeed, they were mere fictions,
And if they were not, Selim thinks they were;
105 And these religious observations
Only bugbears to keep the world in fear,

And make men quietly a yoke to bear;
 So that religion, of itself a bable,
 Was only found to make us peaceable.
 Hence, in especial, come the foolish names 110
 Of father, mother, brother, and such like;
 For whoso well his cogitation frames,
 Shall find they serve but only for to strike
 Into our minds a certain kind of love.
 For these names too are but a policy, 115
 To keep the quiet of society.
 Indeed, I must confess they are not bad,
 Because they keep the baser sort in fear;
 But we, whose mind in heavenly thoughts is clad,
 Whose body doth a glorious spirit bear, 120
 That hath no bounds, but flieth everywhere,
 Why should we seek to make that soul a slave,
 To which dame Nature so large freedom gave?
 Amongst us men there is some difference
 Of actions, termèd by us good or ill: 125
 As he that doth his father recompense,
 Differs from him that doth his father kill.
 And yet I think, think other what they will,
 That parricides, when death hath given them rest,
 Shall have as good a part as the best, 130
 And that's just nothing: for, as I suppose,
 In Death's void kingdom reigns eternal night,
 Secure of evil, and secure of foes,
 Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
 No more than him that dies in doing right. 135
 Then since in death nothing shall to us fall,
 Here, while I live, I'll have a snatch at all;
 And that can never, never be attained,
 Unless old Bajazet do die the death.
 For long enough the graybeard now hath reigned, 140
 And lived at ease, while others lived uneath;
 And now it's time he should resign his breath;
 'Twere good for him if he were pressèd out,
 'Twould bring him rest, and rid him of his gout.
 Resolved to do it, cast to compass it 145
 Without delay or long procrastination.
 It argueth an unmanurèd wit,
 When all is ready for so strong invasion,
 To draw out time; an unlooked-for mutation

150 May soon prevent us if we do delay ;
 Quick speed is good, where wisdom leads the way.
 Occhiali!

Oc. My lord?

Sel. Lo, fly, boy, to my father Bajazet,
 155 And tell him Selim, his obedient son,
 Desires to speak with him and kiss his hands ;
 Tell him I long to see his gracious face,
 And that I come with all my chivalry
 To chase the Christians from his seigniory :
 160 In any wise say I must speak with him.

[*Exit Occhiali.*]

Now, Sinam, if I speed—

Sin.

What then, my lord?

Sel. What then? why, Sinam, thou art nothing worth ;
 I will endeavour to persuade him, man,
 To give the empire over unto me ;
 165 Perhaps I shall attain it at his hands.
 If I can not, this right hand is resolved
 To end the period with a fatal stab.

Sin. My gracious lord, give Sinam leave to speak :
 If you resolve to work your father's death,
 170 You venture life ; think you the Janissaries
 Will suffer you to kill him in their sight,
 And let you pass free without punishment ?

Sel. If I resolve? as sure as heaven is heaven,
 I mean to see him dead, or myself king.
 175 As for the bassas, they are all my friends,
 And I am sure would pawn their dearest blood,
 That Selim might be Emperor of Turks.

Sin. Yet Acomat and Corcut both survive,
 To be revenged for their father's death.

180 *Sel.* Sinam, if they, or twenty such as they,
 Had twenty several armies in the field ;
 If Selimus were once your emperor,
 I'd dart abroad the thunderbolts of war,
 And mow their heartless squadrons to the ground

185 *Sin.* Oh, yet, my lord, after your highness' death
 There is a hell, and a revenging God.

Sel. Tush, Sinam! these are school conditions,
 To fear the devil or his cursed dam :
 Think'st thou I care for apparitions
 190 Of Sisyphus and of his backward stone,

And poor Ixion's lamentable moan?
 No, no, I think the cave of damnèd ghosts
 Is but a tale to terrify young babes,
 Like devils' faces scored on painted posts,
 Or feignèd circles in our astrolabes. 195
 Why, there's no difference when we are dead;
 And, death once come, then all alike are sped.
 Or, if there were, as I can scarce believe,
 A heaven of joy, and hell of endless pain;
 Yet, by my soul, it never should me grieve, 200
 So I might on the Turkish Empire reign,
 To enter hell, and leave fair heaven's gain.
 An empire, Sinam, is so sweet a thing,
 As I could be a devil to be a king.
 But go we, lords, and solace in our camp, 205
 Till the return of young Occhiali;
 And if his answer be to thy desire,
 Selim, thy mind in kingly thoughts attire.
 [Exeunt all.]

B. FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

SCENE VIII.

Edward, Prince of Wales, being enamoured of Margaret, the Keeper's daughter, the Fair Maid of Fressingfield, has sent his friend, Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, disguised as a farmer's son, to Harleston fair to woo her for him; but Lacy and Margaret fall in love one with the other.

*Enter Prince Edward, with his poniard in his hand:
Lacy, and Margaret.*

Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
 Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
 For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
 As Lynceus from the shores of Graecia.
 Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar, 5
 And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
 Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
 Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
 And joining hand in hand had married you,
 If Friar Bacon had not strook him dumb, 10

And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar
Traitor, what answer'st? is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply.

- 15 At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye surveyed her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
20 That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more

- 25 Than Alexander his Hephaestion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
30 And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchained fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corral with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,
35 To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Mar. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:

- For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still wooed for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
40 Pleaded myself with looks as if I loved;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
45 And more I could not cipher out by signs,
But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
50 Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves:

Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.

In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin planks,

Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
 Stemmed and incased with burnished ivory, 55
 And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
 Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
 And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
 To dance lavoltas in the purple streams;
 Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries, 60
 Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
 And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
 England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
 Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
 And do due homage to thine excellence, 65
 If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
 Sent me such presents as to Danae;
 If Phoebus, 'tired in Latona's webs,
 Came courting from the beauty of his lodge; 70
 The dulcet tones of frolic Mercury,
 Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
 Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

Edw. I have learned at Oxford then this point of schools,
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus. 75
 Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love,
 Nor fix her liking on the English prince,
 Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
 Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
 My poniard in the bosom of an earl. 80

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
 Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
 But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal deeds,
 'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood; 85
 Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy:
 Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
 For so both you and he do cease your loves.

Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacy. I have deserved it, Edward; act it well. 90

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.

Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
 Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
 That death shall make a discord of our thoughts? 95
 No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun

Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret,
100 That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth, nor England's monarchy,
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.

Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Mar. Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

105 *Lacy.* Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

Mar. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage:

Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,

110 And in one tomb knit both our carcases,

Whose hearts were linkèd in one perfect love.

Edw. [aside.] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?

115 And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?

Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?

Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,

And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:

120 So in subduing fancy's passion,

Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil.—

Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand:

The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,

And all his loves he yields unto the earl.

125 Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;

Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,

And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,

Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,

130 As if that Edward gave me England's right,

And riched me with the Albion diadem.

Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?

Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,

And yield the title of a country maid

135 Unto Lord Lacy?

Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Caesar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts,

As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self, 140
 Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
 Edward the second secret in her heart.

Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows are past,
 And that your loves are not to be revolt,
 Once, Lacy, friends again: come, we will post 145
 To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
 And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
 Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:
 I pray God I like her as I loved thee.
 Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute 150
 'Twixt Friar Bacon and learn'd Vandermast.
 Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

Mar. As it please Lord Lacy: but love's foolish looks
 Think footsteps miles, and minutes to be hours.

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.— 155
 But please your honour go unto the lodge,
 We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
 And yesterday I brought for Margaret
 A lusty bottle of neat claret wine:
 Thus can we feast and entertain your grace. 160

Edw. 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
 If he respect the person and the place.
 Come, let us in; for I will all this night
 Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [Exeunt.]

C. JAMES THE FOURTH

ACT I, SC. I.

James the Fourth of Scotland has just married Dorothea, daughter of the King of England, but at the wedding has fallen in love with Ida, the daughter of the Countess of Arran, whom Ateukin, a flattering parasite, undertakes to tempt.

Jam. [aside.] So let them triumph, that have cause to joy:
 But, wretched king, thy nuptial knot is death,
 Thy bride the breeder of thy country's ill;
 For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,
 Misled by love, hath made another choice, 5
 Another choice, even when thou vowed'st thy soul
 To Dorothea, England's choicest pride:

- Oh, then thy wandering eyes bewitched thy heart!
 Even in the chapel did thy fancy change,
 10 When, perjured man, though fair Doll had thy hand,
 The Scottish Ida's beauty stale thy heart:
 For fear and love hath tied thy ready tongue
 From blabbing forth the passions of thy mind,
 'Less fearful silence have in subtle looks
 15 Bewrayed the treason of my new-vowed love.
 Be fair and lovely, Doll; but here's the prize,
 That lodgeth here, and ent'red through mine eyes:
 Yet, howsoe'er I love, I must be wise.—
 Now, lovely countess, what reward or grace
 20 May I impose on you for this your zeal,
 And humble honours done us in our court,
 In entertainment of the English king?

- Count.* It was of duty, prince, that I have done;
 And what in favour may content me most,
 25 Is, that it please your grace to give me leave
 For to return unto my country home.

Jam. But, lovely Ida, is your mind the same?

- Ida.* I count of court, my lord, as wise men do,
 'Tis fit for those that know what 'longs thereto:
 30 Each person to his place; the wise to art,
 The cobbler to his clout, the swain to cart.

Jam. But, Ida, you are fair, and beauty shines,
 And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

- Ida.* If beauty, as I know there's none in me,
 35 Were sworn my love, and I his life should be,
 The farther from the court I were removed,
 The more I think of heaven I were beloved.

Jam. And why?

- Ida.* Because the court is counted Venus' net,
 40 Where gifts and vows for stales are often set:
 None, be she chaste as Vesta, but shall meet
 A curious tongue to charm her ears with sweet.

Jam. Why, Ida, then I see you set at naught
 The force of love.

- Ida.* In sooth this is my thought,
 45 Most gracious king: that they that little prove,
 Are mickle blest from bitter sweets of love.
 And weel I wot, I heard a shepherd sing,
 That, like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
 He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,

He on king's pillows bends his pretty knees; 50
 The boy is blind, but when he will not spy;
 He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly:
 Beshrew me yet, for all these strange effects,
 If I would like the lad that so infects.

Jam. [*aside.*] Rare wit, fair face, what heart could more 55
 desire?

But Doll is fair and doth concern thee near:
 Let Doll be fair, she is won; but I must woo,
 And win fair Ida, there's some choice in two.—
 But, Ida, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread king?

Jam. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing 60
 As love. Had I my wish—

Ida. What then?

Jam. Then would I place
 His arrow here, his beauty in that face.

Ida. And were Apollo moved and ruled by me,
 His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

Jam. But here returns our train.

Enter the Queen and Lords.

Welcome, fair Doll: 65
 How fares our father, is he shipped and gone?

Dor. My royal father is both shipped and gone:
 God and fair winds direct him to his home!

Jam. Amen, say I.—[*aside.*] Would thou wert with
 him too!

Then might I have a fitter time to woo.— 70

But, countess, you would be gone, therefore, farewell:

Yet, Ida, if thou wilt, stay thou behind

To accompany my queen:

But if thou like the pleasures of the court,—

Or if she liked me though she left the court, '[*aside*]——' 75

What should I say? I know not what to say.—

You may depart: and you, my courteous queen,

Leave me a space, I have a weighty cause

To think upon.—[*aside.*] Ida, it nips me near;

It came from thence, I feel it burning here. 80

[*Exeunt all saving the King and Ateukin.*]

Now am I free from sight of common eye,

Where to myself I may disclose the grief,

That hath too great a part in mine affects.

Ateu. [*aside.*] And now is my time by wiles and words
to rise,

85 Greater than those that think themselves more wise.

Jam. [*aside.*] And first, fond king, thy honour doth
engrave

Upon thy brows the drift of thy disgrace.

Thy new-vowed love, in sight of God and men,

Links thee to Dorothea, during life:

90 For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?

Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,

Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,

To vow our faiths, and fall to sin again!

But kings stoop not to every common thought:

95 *Ida* is fair and wise, fit for a king;

And for fair *Ida* will I hazard life,

Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:

Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.

Say, Doll dislikes that I estrange my love;

100 Am I obedient to a woman's look?

Nay say, her father frown, when he shall hear

That I do hold fair *Ida's* love so dear;

Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,

Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.

105 Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet,

And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.

Yea, there's the wound, and wounded with that thought,

So let me die, for all my drift is naught.

Ateu. Most gracious and imperial majesty—

110 A little flattery more were but too much. [*Aside.*]

Jam. Villain, what art thou

That thus dar'st interrupt a prince's secrets?

Ateu. Dread king, thy vassal is a man of art,

Who knows by constellation of the stars,

115 By oppositions and by dry aspects,

The things are past, and those that are to come.

Jam. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?

Ateu. My zeal and ruth to see your grace's wrong,

Makes me lament I did detract so long.

120 *Jam.* If thou know'st thoughts, tell me, what mean
I now?

Ateu. I'll calculate the cause

Of these your highness' smiles, and tell your thoughts.

Jam. But lest thou spend thy time in idleness,

And miss the matter that my mind aims at,
 Tell me, 125
 What star was opposite when that was thought?

[He strikes him on the ear.]

Ateu. 'Tis inconvenient, mighty potentate,
 Whose looks resemble Jove in majesty,
 To scorn the sooth of science with contempt:
 I see in those imperial looks of yours 130
 The whole discourse of love. Saturn combust,
 With direful looks at your nativity,
 Beheld fair Venus in her silver orb.
 I know by certain axioms I have read,
 Your grace's griefs, and further can express 135
 Her name, that holds you thus in fancy's bands.

Jam. Thou talkest wonders.

Ateu. Nought but truth, O king.
 'Tis Ida is the mistress of your heart,
 Whose youth must take impression of affects;
 For tender twigs will bow, and milder minds 140
 Will yield to fancy, be they followed well.

Jam. What god art thou, composed in human shape,
 Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
 How know'st thou this?

Ateu. Even as I know the means
 To work your grace's freedom and your love. 145
 Had I the mind, as many courtiers have,
 To creep into your bosom for your coin,
 And beg rewards for every cap and knee,
 I then would say, if that your grace would give
 This lease, this manor, or this patent sealed, 150
 For this or that I would effect your love:
 But Ateukin is no parasite, O prince!
 I know your grace knows scholars are but poor,
 And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
 Your mightiness is so magnificent, 155
 You cannot choose but cast some gift apart,
 To ease my bashful need that cannot beg.
 As for your love, oh, might I be employed,
 How faithfully would Ateukin compass it!
 But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue, 160
 Than men of art that can accept the time.

Jam. Ateukin, if so thy name, for so thou say'st,
 Thine art appears in entrance of my love;

And since I deem thy wisdom matched with truth,
 165 I will exalt thee, and thyself alone

Shall be the agent to dissolve my grief.

Sooth is, I love, and Ida is my love;

But my new marriage nips me near, Ateukin,

For Dorothea may not brook th' abuse.

170 *Ateu.* These lets are but as moths against the sun,

Yet not so great; like dust before the wind,

Yet not so light. Tut, pacify your grace:

You have the sword and sceptre in your hand;

You are the king, the state depends on you;

175 Your will is law. Say that the case were mine:

Were she my sister whom your highness loves,

She should consent, for that our lives, our goods,

Depend on you; and if your queen repine,

Although my nature cannot brook of blood,

180 And scholars grieve to hear of murtherous deeds,

But if the lamb should let the lion's way,

By my advice the lamb should lose her life.

Thus am I bold to speak unto your grace,

Who am too base to kiss your royal feet,

185 For I am poor, nor have I land nor rent,

Nor countenance here in court, but for my love,

Your grace shall find none such within the realm.

Jam. Wilt thou effect my love? shall she be mine?

Ateu. I'll gather moly-rocus, and the herbs

190 That heals the wounds of body and the mind;

I'll set out charms and spells, nought shall be left

To tame the wanton if she shall rebel:

Give me but tokens of your highness' trust.

Jam. Thou shalt have gold, honour, and wealth enough;

195 Win my love, and I will make thee great.

Ateu. These words do make me rich, most noble prince;

I am more proud of them than any wealth.

Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,

Believe me, I would boldly publish this;

200 Was never eye that saw a sweeter face,

Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit:

O God, how I am ravished in your worth!

Jam. Ateukin, follow me; love must have ease.

Ateu. I'll kiss your highness' feet, march when you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

D. GEORGE-A-GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD

SCENE X.

Robin Hood and his merry men, hearing the fame of George-a-Greene, the doughty Pinner [pound-keeper] of Wakefield, go there to try conclusions with him. Jenkin is the under-pinner.

Enter Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Scarlet, and Much the Miller's Son.

Rob. Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheer?
What ails my leman, that she 'gins to lour?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?

Mar. Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart,
But whensoever I do walk abroad,
I hear no songs but all of George-a-Greene;
Bettris his fair leman passeth me:
And this, my Robin, galls my very soul.

Rob. Content;
What wrecks it us, though George-a-Greene be stout,
So long as he doth proffer us no scath?
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself,
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.

Mar. Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,
Nor lie with him under the greenwood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.

Rob. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grief,
My merry men and I will thither stray;
And here I vow, that for the love of thee
I will beat George-a-Greene, or he shall beat me.

Scar. As I am Scarlet, next to little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do.

Much. As I am Much, the miller's son,
That left my mill to go with thee,
And nill repent that I have done,
This pleasant life contenteth me;
In aught I may, to do thee good,
I'll live and die with Robin Hood.

Mar. And, Robin, Marian she will go with thee,
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of blee.

Rob. Marian, thou shalt go with thy Robin.

- 35 Bend up your bows, and see your strings be tight,
The arrows keen, and every thing be ready,
And each of you a good bat on his neck,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

Scar. I will have friar Tuck's.

- 40 *Much.* I will have little John's.

Rob. I will have one made of an ashen plank,
Able to bear a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let us go;

For before the sun doth show the morning day,

- 45 I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George-a-Greene.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the stage at work; Jenkin to him.

Jen. My masters, he that hath neither meat nor money,
and hath lost his credit with the alewife, for anything I know,
may go supperless to bed. But soft, who is here? here is
a shoemaker; he knows where is the best ale. Shoemaker,

- 50 I pray thee tell me, where is the best ale in the town?

Shoe. Afore, afore, follow thy nose; at the sign of the
egg-shell.

Jen. Come, shoemaker, if thou wilt, and take thy part of
a pot.

- 55 *Shoe.* Sirrah, down with your staff, down with your staff.

Jen. Why, how now, is the fellow mad? I pray thee tell
me, why should I hold down my staff?

Shoe. You will down with him, will you not, sir?

Jen. Why, tell me wherefore.

- 60 *Shoe.* My friend, this is the town of merry Wakefield, and
here is a custom held, that none shall pass with his staff on
his shoulders, but he must have a bout with me; and so shall
you, sir.

Jen. And so will not I, sir.

- 65 *Shoe.* That will I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

Jen. I would to God, I were once well rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Shoe. Now, what, will you down with your staff?

Jen. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoe. If I am not, take that.

- 70 *Jen.* You cowardly scab, it is but the part of a clapper-

dudgeon, to strike a man in the street. But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

Shoe. Ay, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go with thee to the town's end presently.

Jen. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow. [*Aside.*] 75

Shoe. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?

Jen. Ay, sir, come. Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

Shoe. Marry come, let us even have a bout.

Jen. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee. 80

Shoe. Why, what's the matter?

Jen. Faith, I am under-pinner of a town, and there is an order, which if I do not keep, I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoe. What is that, sir? 85

Jen. Whensoever I go to fight with any body, I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head before I strike, and then show no favour.

Shoe. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Jen. Well, sir, here is once, twice—here is my hand, I 90 will never do it the third time.

Shoe. Why then, I see, we shall not fight.

Jen. Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots of the best ale, and be friends.

Shoe. Faith, I see, it is as hard to get water out of a flint, 95 as to get him to have a bout with me: therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer. [*Aside.*]—My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow, thou hast no stomach to fight, therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

Jen. Well, content; go thy ways and say thy prayers, 100 thou 'scapest my hands to-day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter George-a-Greene and Bettris.

Geo. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content? What, canst thou brook to live with George-a-Greene?

Bet. Oh, George, how little pleasing are these words! 105
Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I live until my life do end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his train.

Geo. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.
But what are these come tracing here along?

110 *Bel.* Three men come striking through the corn, my love.

Geo. Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Rob. That were great shame. Now by my soul, proud sir,
We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.

115 Come, we will forward in despite of him.

Geo. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But you must make a path over the corn?

Rob. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?

120 We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.

Geo. Sirrah,
The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three merry men,
I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.

125 Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares perform.

Scar. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
130 Thou well might'st be a champion for a king:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

Geo. Sirrah, darest thou try me?

Scar. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.

[*They fight, and George-a-Greene beats him.*]

135 *Much.* How now? what, art thou down?

Come, sir, I am next.

[*They fight, and George-a-Greene beats him.*]

Rob. Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.

Geo. Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.

[*They fight; Robin Hood stays.*]

140 *Rob.* Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.

Geo. Soft, you sir, by your leave, you lie,
You never yet laid hands on me.

145 *Rob.* George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.

Geo. Why, who art thou?

Rob. Why, Robin Hood: 150
 I am come hither with my Marian,
 And these my yeomen, for to visit thee.
Geo. Robin Hood!
 Next to king Edward art thou lief to me.
 Welcome, sweet Robin; welcome, maid Marian; 155
 And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poor house?
 You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
 A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas,
 Mutton and veal: if this like you not,
 Take that you find, or that you bring for me. 160
Rob. Godamercies, good George,
 I'll be thy guest to-day.
Geo. Robin, therein thou honourst me.
 I'll lead the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

VI

THOMAS LODGE

1558—1625.

THOMAS LODGE, son of Sir Thomas Lodge, grocer and Lord Mayor of London, and of Anne, the daughter of Sir William Laxton, twice Lord Mayor, was born about 1558, entered Merchant Taylors' School in 1571, and Trinity College, Oxford, about 1573. He graduated as B.A. in 1577, and the following year was admitted at Lincoln's Inn. About 1580 he published a reply to Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, and in 1584 his *Alarum against Usurers*, and a romance of prose and verse combined, entitled *The Delectable History of Forbonius and Prisceria*. In 1589 appeared his *Scilla's Metamorphosis* (sometimes called *Glaucus and Scilla*), a classico-romantic poem in the same metre as Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. During a voyage to the Azores and the Canaries he composed the prose tale of *Rosalynde*, *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, from which Shakespeare took the plot of *As You Like It*. From 1591 to 1593 he accompanied Thomas Cavendish on his piratical expedition to South America, during which, in the Straits of Magellan, he wrote the romance, *Margarite of America*. *Euphues' Shadow*, another romance, was published for him during his absence by his friend, Robert Greene, in 1592. In the same year was acted *A Looking-Glass for London*, in which Greene had collaborated. *The Wounds of Civil War*, perhaps written as early as 1587, was first printed in 1594. In the following

year appeared *A Fig for Momus*, containing poetical epistles, satires, and eclogues. Beside these works Lodge produced other romances and poems, as well as moral and religious treatises, translations, and medical pamphlets. During the latter part of his life he practised medicine at London and Malines, having taken the degree of Doctor of Physic in the University of Avignon. He died in London in 1625.

Lodge's literary versatility was remarkable. He had 'his oar in every paper boat.' His influence upon the drama was slight, but he supplied the plot for *As You Like It*, led the way for the Roman plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and left his impress on *Venus and Adonis*. He wrote the first satires in the heroic couplet and the first epistles in verse. 'But Lodge's real excellence is as a lyrical poet, and in the richness of his fancy as a prose romancer.'—(*Gosse*.)

The text is modernized from the old Quartos.

A. THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR

ACT V, SC. III.

The plot is laid at Rome during the civil wars between Marius and Sylla. After the death of the elder Marius and his son, the title of perpetual dictator is conferred on Sylla, who thereupon abdicates, and retires into private life. The materials are derived from Plutarch's lives of Marius and Sylla.

Enter Sylla, Valerius Flaccus, Lepidus, Pompey, Citizens' Guard: Sylla, seated in his robes of state, is saluted by the Citizens, &c.

- Flac.* Romans, you know and to your griefs have seen
 A world of troubles hatchèd here at home,
 Which through prevention being wellnigh crossed
 By worthy Sylla and his warlike band,
 5 I, consul, with these fathers think it meet,
 To fortify our peace and city's weal,
 To name some man of worth that may supply
 Dictator's power and place, whose majesty
 Shall cross the courage of rebellious minds.
 10 What think you, Romans, will you condescend?
Syl. Nay, Flaccus, for their profits they must yield;
 For men of mean condition and conceit
 Must humble their opinions to their lords.
 And if my friends and citizens consent,

Since I am born to manage mighty things, 15
 I will, though loth, both rule and govern them.
 I speak not this as though I wish to reign,
 But for to know my friends; and yet again
 I merit, Romans, far more grace than this.

Flac. Ay, countrymen, if Sylla's power and mind, 20
 If Sylla's virtue, courage, and device,
 If Sylla's friends and fortunes merit fame,
 None then but he should bear dictator's name.

Pom. What think you, citizens, why stand ye mute?
 Shall Sylla be dictator here in Rome? 25

Cit. By full consent Sylla shall be dictator.

Flac. Then in the name of Rome I here present
 The rods and axes into Sylla's hand;
 And fortunate prove Sylla, our dictator.

[*Trumpets sound: cry within, Sylla Dictator.*]

Syl. My fortunes, Flaccus, cannot be impeached, 30
 For at my birth the planets passing kind
 Could entertain no retrograde aspects;
 And that I may with kindness quite their love,
 My countrymen, I will prevent the cause
 'Gainst all the false encounters of mishap. 35

You name me your dictator, but prefix
 No time, no course, but give me leave to rule
 And yet exempt me not from your revenge.
 Thus by your pleasures being set aloft,
 Straight by your furies I should quickly fall. 40
 No, citizens, who readeth Sylla's mind,
 Must form my titles in another kind:
 Either let Sylla be dictator ever,
 Or flatter Sylla with these titles never.

Cit. Perpetual be thy glory and renown: 45
 Perpetual lord dictator shalt thou be.

Pom. Hereto the senate frankly doth agree.

Syl. Then so shall Sylla reign, you senators,
 Then so shall Sylla rule, you citizens,
 As senators and citizens that please me 50
 Shall be my friends: the rest cannot disease me.

Enter Lucretius, *with Soldiers.*

But see whereas Lucretius is returned.
 Welcome, brave Roman: where is Marius?
 Are these Praenestians put unto the sword?

- 55 *Luc.* The city, noble Sylla, razèd is,
And Marius dead—not by our swords, my lord,
But with more constancy than Cato died.
- Syl.* What, constancy! and but a very boy?
Why then I see he was his father's son.
- 60 But let us have this constancy described.
Luc. After our fierce assaults and their resist,
Our siege, their sallying out to stop our trench,
Labour and hunger reigning in the town,
The younger Marius on the city's wall
- 65 Vouchsafed an interparley at the last;
Wherein with constancy and courage too
He boldly armed his friends, himself, to death;
And, spreading of his colours on the wall,
For answer said he could not brook to yield,
- 70 Or trust a tyrant such as Sylla was.
Syl. What, did the brainsick boy upbraid me so?
But let me hear the rest, Lucretius.
- Luc.* And, after great persuasions to his friends,
And worthy resolution of them all,
- 75 He first did sheathe his poniard in his breast,
And so in order died all the rest.
- Syl.* Now, by my sword, this was a worthy jest.
Yet, silly boy, I needs must pity thee,
Whose noble mind could never mated be.
- 80 Believe me, countrymen, a sudden thought
A sudden change in Sylla now hath wrought.
Old Marius and his son were men of name,
Nor fortune's laughs nor lours their minds could tame,
And when I count their fortunes that are past,
- 85 I see that death confirmed their fames at last.
Then he that strives to manage mighty things,
Amidst his triumphs gains a troubled mind.
The greater hope, the greatest harm it brings,
And poor men in content their glory find.
- 90 If then content be such a pleasant thing,
Why leave I country life to live a king?
Yet kings are gods, and make the proudest stoop:
Yea, but themselves are still pursued with hate;
And men were made to mount and then to droop. }
- 95 Such chances wait upon incertain fate,
That where she kisseth once, she quelleth twice:
Then whoso lives content is happy, wise.

What motion moveth this philosophy?
 O Sylla, see the ocean ebbs and floats;
 The spring-time wanes, when winter draweth nigh: 100
 Ay, these are true and most assured notes.
 Inconstant chance such tickle turns hath lent,
 As whoso fears no fall, must seek content.

Flac. Whilst graver thoughts of honour should allure thee,
 What maketh Sylla muse and mutter thus? 105

Syl. I, that have passed amidst the mighty troops
 Of armed legions, through a world of war,
 Do now bethink me, Flaccus, on my chance:
 How I alone, where many men were slain,
 In spite of fate am come to Rome again, 110
 And lo I wield the reverend styles of state,
 Yea, Sylla with a beck could break thy neck.
 What lord of Rome hath dared as much as I?
 Yet, Flaccus, know'st thou not that I must die?
 The labouring Sisters on the weary looms 115
 Have drawn my web of life at length, I know;
 And men of wit must think upon their tombs:
 For beasts with careless steps to Lethe go;
 Where men, whose thoughts and honours climb on high,
 Living with fame, must learn with fame to die. 120

Pom. What lets my lord, in governing this state,
 To live in rest, and die with honour too?

Syl. What lets me, Pompey? Why, my courteous friend,
 Can he remain secure that wields a charge,
 Or think of wit when flatterers do commend, 125
 Or be advised that careless runs at large?
 No, Pompey: honey words makes foolish minds,
 And power the greatest wit with error blinds.
 Flaccus, I murd'ered Antony, thy friend;
 Romans, some here have lost at my command 130
 Their fathers, mothers, brothers, and allies;
 And think you Sylla, thinking these misdeeds,
 Bethinks not on your grudges and dislike?
 Yes, countrymen, I bear them still in mind.
 Then, Pompey, were I not a silly man 135
 To leave my rule, and trust these Romans than?

Pom. Your grace hath small occasions of mistrust,
 Nor seek these citizens for your disclaim.

Syl. But, Pompey, now these reaching plumes of pride,
 That mounted up my fortunes to the clouds, 140

- By grave conceits shall straight be laid aside,
 And Sylla thinks of far more simple shrouds,
 For having tried occasion in the throne,
 I'll see if she dare frown when state is gone.
- 145 Lo, senators, the man that sat aloft,
 Now deigns to give inferiors highest place.
 Lo, here the man, whom Rome repined oft,
 A private man content to brook disgrace.
 Romans, lo, here the axes, rods, and all:
- 150 I'll master fortune, lest she make me thrall.
 Now, whoso list, accuse me, tell my wrongs,
 Upbraid me, in the presence of this state.
 Is none these jolly citizens among,
 That will accuse, or say I am ingrate?
- 155 Then will I say, and boldly boast my chances,
 That nought may force the man whom fate advances.
Flac. What meaneth Sylla in this sullen mood
 To leave his titles on the sudden thus?
- Syl.* Consul, I mean with calm and quiet mind
- 160 To pass my days, while happy death I find.
Pom. What greater wrong than leave thy country so?
Syl. Both it and life must Sylla leave in time.
Cii. Yet during life have care of Rome and us.
Syl. O wanton world, that flatter'st in thy prime,
- 165 And breathe'st balm and poison mixed in one!
 See how these wavering Romans wished my reign,
 That whilom fought and sought to have me slain. [*Aside.*]
 My countrymen, this city wants no store
 Of fathers, warriors, to supply my room;
- 170 So grant me peace, and I will die for Rome.

B. A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND

ACT I, SC. III.

Ancient Nineveh is the 'looking-glass' in which Elizabethan London sees reflected its own 'seven deadly sins,' Oseas, the prophet, acting as Chorus to point the moral. The present scene describes the iniquities of the usurer. Thrasybulus is the typical prodigal, and Alcon an honest but unfortunate peasant.

Enter Thrasybulus, Alcon, and the Usurer.

Thras. I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great
 by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of

you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings, which when I came to sell again, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen 5 pounds for my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer.

Us. I answered thee afore, not a minute: what have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand set to my book that thou receivedst forty pounds of me in money. 10

Thras. Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

Alc. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him, when thou talkest to him of conscience; for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an obligation, as my blind mare, God bless 15 her, hath over a manger of oats.

Thras. Then there is no favour, sir?

Us. Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will use thee.

Thras. No, covetous caterpillar, know that I have made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such 20 a ravening panther; and therefore here is thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my lands.

Us. [*aside.*] What a spite is this,—hath sped of his crowns! if he had missed but one half-hour, what a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! well, 'tis my cursed 25 fortune. Oh, have I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance?

Thras. Come, sir, will you dispatch, and tell your money?

[*It strikes four o'clock.*]

Us. [*aside.*] Stay, what is this o'clock? four:—let me see,—'to be paid between the hours of three and four in the 30 afternoon:' this goes right for me.—You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a counterpane of your obligation? The hour is past, it was to be paid between three and four; and now the clock hath strooken four, I will receive none, I'll stand to the forfeit of the recognisance. 35

Thras. Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

Us. Why didst thou not tender thy money, then? If I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the judge; 40 I will receive no money.

Alc. Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you eighteenpence a week, and for her meat you

45 have had her milk, and I tell you, sir, she gives a pretty sop ;
now, sir, here is your money.

Us. Hang, beggarly knave ! comest to me for a cow ? did
I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy
day to have paid yesterday ? Thou get'st no cow at my
50 hand.

Alc. No cow, sir ! alas, that word 'no cow' goes as cold
to my heart as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning !
'No cow,' sir ! why, alas, alas, Master Usurer, what shall
become of me, my wife, and my poor child ?

55 *Us.* Thou get'st no cow of me, knave : I cannot stand
prating with you, I must be gone.

Alc. Nay, but hear you, Master Usurer : 'no cow !' why,
sir, here's your thirty shillings : I have paid you eighteen-
pence a week, and therefore there is reason I should have
60 my cow.

Us. What pratest thou ? have I not answered thee, thy
day is broken ?

Alc. Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth to me !
for, first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son, for to banquet
65 ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, sod-milk,
raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-milk, and butter-milk : besides,
sir, she saved me every year a penny in almanacs, for she
was as good to me as a prognostication ; if she had but set
up her tail, and have galloped about the mead, my little boy
70 was able to say, 'O father, there will be a storm ;' her very
tail was a calendar to me : and now to lose my cow ! alas,
Master Usurer, take pity upon me !

Us. I have other matters to talk on : farewell, fellows.

Thras. Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not
75 receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance ?

Us. I'll deliver thee none ; if I have wronged thee, seek
thy mends at the law. [Exit.]

Thras. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

Alc. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word 'no
80 cow,' I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir,
when the slave uttered this word 'no cow,' it strook to my
heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn
again. Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word 'no cow,' my
wife's gown goes to the lawyer : Why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a
85 word to me as 'no crown' to a king !

Thras. Well, fellow, go with me and I'll help thee to
a lawyer.

Alc. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard. [Exeunt.]

Oseas. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry; 90
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasure is all on pence; 95
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despised, and pity banished,
And mercy indeed utterly vanished;
Where men esteem more of money than of God; 100
Let that land look to feel His wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in His sight
Than where usury defrauds the poor of his right.
London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wrongèd be; 105
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoiled;
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toiled:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

VII

THOMAS NASHE

1567—1601.

THOMAS NASHE, son of William Nashe, minister, of Lowestoft, was baptized there in 1567. In October, 1582, he matriculated as sizar at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was elected Lady Margaret's scholar in 1584, and graduated as B.A. in 1586, remaining at Cambridge nearly seven years. Then he went to London, where in 1589 he wrote the preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, and afterwards took a prominent part in the Martin Marprelate controversy. *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, a satire on the extravagances and vices of the age, was published in 1592, and in the same year *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was privately acted before the Queen at Croydon, though it was not published till 1600. In 1593, Nashe attacked the scurrilous pedant, Gabriel Harvey, who had

vilified the memory of his friend Greene, but in the preface (subsequently withdrawn) to *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, apologized and sought reconciliation. *The Unfortunate Traveller* was printed in 1594. Two years after, he resumed the controversy with Gabriel Harvey and his brother, Richard, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (Harvey's birthplace). In 1597, by order of the Privy Council, he was thrown for some time into the Fleet Prison in connexion with his unpublished play, *The Isle of Dogs*. His last book, *Nashe's Lenten Stuff*, or the *Praise of the Red Herring*, written in honour of Yarmouth, was published in 1599. He died about 1601, a short Latin elegy in his memory by Fitz-Geffry being published in that year.

Nashe's fame among his contemporaries rested upon his satire. To them he was the 'young Juvenal,' the 'Eupolis of Athens,' whose muse was 'armed with a gag-tooth,' and whose pen 'possessed Hercules' furies.' To modern criticism his significance in the history of literature consists rather in his prose style, and in his creation of the 'picaresque' novel, in which he was the forerunner of Defoe and Smollett. In common with the other Elizabethan dramatists he had the gift of writing exquisite and imperishable lyrics.

The text is modernized from the Quarto of 1600.

SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

SCENE I.

Summer's Last Will and Testament, according to the prologue, 'is no play but a show,' i.e. a masque. 'Because the plague reigns in most places in this latter end of summer [1592], Summer must come in sick; he must call his officers to account, yield his throne to Autumn, make Winter his executor.' Will Summer, the famous jester of Henry VIII, acts as Chorus and 'flouts the actors' and the author 'at the end of every scene.'

Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders, and attended on with a train of Satyrs and Wood-nymphs, singing:

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore;
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

- 5 Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?

O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source;
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course. 10
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

*The Satyrs and Wood-nymphs go out singing, and leave
Summer and Winter and Autumn on the stage.*

Will Sum. A couple of pratty boys, if they would wash
their faces, and were well breeched an hour or two. The
rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing 15
catches or the great *Jowben* by the fire's side in a winter's
evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself,
why he should not be hissed at.

Sum. What pleasure always lasts? no joy endures:
Summer I was; I am not as I was; 20
Harvest and age have whit'ned my green head;
On Autumn now and Winter must I lean:
Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold.
Thus must the happiest man have his black day:
Omnibus una manet nox, et calcanda semel via leti. 25
This month have I lain languishing abed,
Looking each hour to yield my life and throne;
And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend, 30
Forbad the execution of my fate,
Until her joyful progress was expired.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content;
But wishes are not had, when they wish well. 35
I must depart, my death-day is set down;
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifths rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labour's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung, 40
O, he is married, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this honourable train,
Who love me, for I patronize their sports,
Mean I to make my final testament. 45
But first I'll call my officers to 'count,
And, of the wealth I gave them to dispose,

- Know what is left, I may know what to give.
 Vertumnus, then, that turn'st the year about,
 50 Summon them one by one to answer me;
 First Ver, the Spring, unto whose custody
 I have committed, more than to the rest,
 The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
 And what delights soe'er nature affords.
 55 *Ver.* I will, my lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of
 lusty Ver, come into the court! lose a mark in issues.

*Enter Ver, with his train, overlaid with suits of green moss,
 representing short grass, singing.*

The Song.

- Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 60 Cuckow, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.
- The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckow, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.
- 65 The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckow, jug, jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.
- Spring, the sweet spring.
- 70 *Will Sum.* By my troth, they have voices as clear as
 crystal: this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but to go
 a-begging with.
- Sum.* Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;
 This humour should import a harmless mind.
- 75 Know'st thou the reason why I sent for thee?
Ver. No, faith, nor care not whether I do or no,
 If you will dance a galliard, so it is: if not—
 Falangtado, Falangtado,
 To wear the black and yellow,
 Falangtado, Falangtado,
 80 My mates are gone, I'll follow.
- Sum.* Nay, stay awhile, we must confer and talk.
 Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign lord,

And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st.
 Unto no other end I sent for thee, 85
 But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,
 How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.

Ver. If that be all, we will not disagree:

A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.

Will Sum. The truth is, this fellow hath bin a tapster in 90
 his days.

*Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the hobby-horse and the morris-
 dance, who dance about.*

Sum. How now? is this the reckoning we shall have?

Win. My lord, he doth abuse you; brook it not.

Aut. Summa totalis, I fear, will prove him but a fool.

Ver. About, about! lively, put your horse to it, rein him 95
 harder; jerk him with your wand: sit fast, sit fast, man!
 fool, hold up your ladle there.

Will Sum. O brave Hall! O, well said, butcher! Now
 for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of morris-
 dancers that is between this and Streatham. Marry, methinks 100
 there is one of them danceth like a clothier's horse, with a
 woolpack on his back. You, friend, with the hobby-horse,
 go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my lord's tile-stones
 with your hobnails.

Ver. So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away. 105
 May it please my lord, this is the grand capital sum; but
 there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.

Sum. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.

Ver. Content yourself; we'll have variety.

*Here enter three Clowns and three Maids, singing
 this song, dancing:—*

Trip and go, heave and ho,	110
Up and down, to and fro;	
From the town to the grove,	
Two and two let us rove,	
A maying, a playing:	
Love hath no gainsaying;	115
So merrily trip and go.	

SCENE VII.

Autumn having vehemently accused Winter and his two sons, Backwinter and Christmas, Winter in defence demands that his sons should answer for themselves.

Sum. To weary out the time until they come,
Sing me some doleful ditty to the lute,
That may complain my near-approaching death.

The Song.

- 120 Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss;
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly:
- 125 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!
- Rich men, trust not in wealth;
 Gold cannot buy you health.
 Physic himself must fade:
- 130 All things to end are made.
 The plague full swift goes by.
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!
- Beauty is but a flower,
135 Which wrinkles will devour:
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair.
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
 I am sick, I must die.
- 140 Lord, have mercy on us!
- Strength stoops unto the grave;
 Worms feed on Hector brave;
 Swords may not fight with fate:
 Earth still holds ope her gate.
- 145 Come, come, the hells do cry.
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
 Tasteth death's bitterness;
 Hell's executioner 150
 Hath no ears for to hear
 What vain art can reply.
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree 155
 To welcome destiny:
 Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage.
 Mount we unto the sky.
 I am sick, I must die. 160
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Sum. Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.

Will Sum. 'Lord, have mercy on us!' how lamentable 'tis!

VIII

HENRY CHETTL

1563(?)—1605(?).

HENRY CHETTL, printer, publisher, and prolific playwright, was born about 1563, apprenticed to a 'stationer' in 1577, and in 1584 admitted to the freedom of the Stationers' Company. In 1592 he edited Greene's posthumous *Groatworth of Wit*, and at the end of the same year or the beginning of the next published a pamphlet entitled *Kind Hartes Dreame*, in which he apologizes for Greene's attack on Shakespeare, speaking of Shakespeare's 'civil demeanour,' excellent acting, uprightness of dealing, and 'facetious grace in writing.' *Patient Grissil*, in which Chettle collaborated with Dekker and Haughton, was written in 1599 and printed in 1603. Fifty plays are attributed in whole or part to his authorship; one ascribed to Chettle alone has survived—*Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father*, acted in 1602—but even this shows traces of a collaborator. Chettle died before 1606.

The text is taken from the Quarto of 1603.

The concluding song is certainly Dekker's, and his poetic touch may be discerned in the dialogue from line 50 onwards.

PATIENT GRISSIL

ACT IV, SC. II.

Gwalter, the Marquess of Saluzzo, has married Grissil, daughter of Janiculo, a poor basket-maker, and, to prove her patience, has subjected her to many trials, the last being to dismiss her father and her brother, Laureo, with indignity from court, and afterwards to 'disrobe her of her rich habiliments' and send her home, with her two babes, in beggary. Laureo is 'a poor scholar,' and Babulo the Clown, servant to Janiculo.

Enter Janiculo and Laureo, with burdens of osiers.

Lau. Father, how fare you?

Jan. Very well, my son.

This labour is a comfort to my age.
The marquess hath to me been merciful,
In sending me from courtly delicates,
5 To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not merciful; his tyranny
Exceeds the most inhuman.

Jan. Peace, my son.

I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise;
But I perceive it puffeth up thy soul:

10 Thou tak'st a pleasure to be counted just,
And kick against the faults of mighty men.
Oh, 'tis in vain! the earth may even as well
Challenge the potter to be partial
For forming it to sundry offices.

15 Alas, the error of ambitious fools!
How frail are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak!
Those that do strive to juggle with the great,
Are certain to be bruised, or soon to break.
Come, come; mell with our osiers; here let's rest;
20 This is old homely home, and that's still best.

Enter Babulo, with a bundle of osiers in one arm, and a child in another; Grissil after him, with another child.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush! and I dance mine own child, and I dance mine own child, &c., ha, ha! whoop, old master! so ho, ho! look here. And I dance mine own child, &c. Here's sixteenpence a week, and sixteenpence a
25 week, eight groats, soap, and candle. I met her in osier grove

crying hush, hush, hush, hush! I thought it had been some beggar woman, because of her pitcher, for you know they bear such household stuff to put drink and porridge together. And I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh, father, now forswear all patience! 30

Grissil comes home to you in poor array;

Grissil is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Jan. Grissil is welcome home to poverty.—

How now, my child, are these thy pretty babes?

Bab. And I dance mine own child. Art thou there? 35
Art thou there?

Jan. Why art thou thus come home? who sent thee hither?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely lord,
Who, taking some offence to me unknown, 40
Hath banished me from care to quietness.

Bab. A fig for care! old master, but now old grandsire,
take this little Pope Innocent: we'll give over basket-making,
and turn nurses. She has uncled Laureo. It's no matter,
you shall go make a fire. Grandsire, you shall dandle them. 45
Grissil shall go make pap, and I'll lick the skillet; but first
I'll fetch a cradle. It's a sign 'tis not a dear year, when they
come by two at once. Here's a couple, quoth jackdaw. Art
thou there? sing, grandsire. [Exit.]

Jan. What said the marquess when he banished thee? 50

Gri. He gave me gentle language, kissed my cheek;
For God's sake, therefore, speak not ill of him.
Tears trickling from his eyes, and sorrow's hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adieu,
Whilst many a deep-fetched sigh from his breast flew: 55
Therefore, for God's sake, speak not ill of him.
Good lord! how many a kiss he gave my babes,
And with wet eyes bade me be patient;
And, by my truth, (if I have any truth,)
I came from court more quiet and content, 60
By many a thousand part, than when I went;
Therefore, for God's love, speak not ill of him.

Lau. Oh, vile dejection of too base a soul!
Hast thou beheld the paradise of court,
Fed of rich several meats, bathed in sweet streams, 65
Slept on the bed of pleasure, sat enthroned,
Whilst troops, as saint-like, have adored thee,
And being now thrown down by violence,

Dost thou not envy those that drive thee thence?

- 70 *Gri.* Far be it from my heart from envying my lord
In thought, much less either in deed or word.

Lau. Then hast thou no true soul; for I would curse,
From the sun's arising to his western fall,
The marquess and his flattering minions.

- 75 *Gri.* By day and night kind Heaven protect them all!
What wrong have they done me? What hate to you?
Have I not fed upon the prince's cost,
Been clothed in rich attires, lived on his charge?
Look here: my russet gown is yet unworn,

- 80 And many a winter more may serve my turn,
By the preserving it so many months.

My pitcher is unhurt: see, it is filled
With crystal water of the crisped spring.

If you remember, on my wedding day,

- 85 You sent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, because I met
The gracious marquess and his company:
Now hath he sent you this cup full of tears.
You'll say the comfort's cold: well, be it so,

- 90 Yet every little comfort helps in woe.

Jan. True model of true virtue! welcome, child.

Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome:
We'll work to find them food. Come, kiss them, son,
And let's forget these wrongs as never done.

Enter Babulo, with a cradle.

- 95 *Bab.* Come, where be these infidels? here's the cradle
of security, and my pillow of idleness for them, and their
grandsire's cloak (not of hypocrisy) but honesty to cover
them.

Jan. Lay them both softly down. Grissil, sit down.

- 100 *Laureo,* fetch you my lute—Rock thou the cradle:
Cover the poor fool's arm. I'll charm their eyes
To take a sleep by sweet-tuned lullabies.

The Song.

- Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
105 Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby:
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

110

IX

ANTHONY MUNDAY

1553—1633.

ANTHONY MUNDAY, 'citizen and draper,' was born at London in 1553. In 1576 he was apprenticed to a stationer, having previously appeared on the stage. In 1578, according to his own account, he was 'the Pope's scholar in the Seminary of Rome,' and in 1582 was engaged in controversy with the Jesuits. He afterwards became messenger of the Queen's chamber and pageant-writer for the city of London. Beside his dramatic works he wrote ballads and prose tracts, and translated romances out of French and Spanish. His comedy *John a Kent and John a Cumber* is dated 1595 in the MS. In 1598 were produced *The Downfall*, and its sequel, *The Death, of Robert Earl of Huntington*, the former written by Munday, but 'mended for the Court' by Chettle, the latter written in collaboration with Chettle. Both plays were printed in 1601. *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, of which two editions appeared in 1600, one with, and the other without, the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, was written by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathwaye. The titles of about a dozen unprinted plays, written by Munday, either alone or with others, are extant. He was buried in 1633 in St. Stephen's Church, Coleman Street.

According to Meres (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598), Anthony Munday is 'our best plotter,' a criticism not borne out by the plot of the two parts of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, which is loosely constructed, and contains at least three distinct episodes. Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Altered*, ridicules him under the transparent pseudonym of Antonio Balladino for his ballads and pageants. *The Death* is a stronger play than *The Downfall*, containing passages of crude but tragic intensity, which may be due to his coadjutor. Dr. Ward is 'convinced that Shakespeare was acquainted with these plays,' and it is not difficult to find many points of resemblance. Ulrici refers both Munday and Chettle to the Greene-Marlowe school.

The text of the following extracts is taken from the original Quartos, with some slight rearrangement in (A.), where there is confusion and repetition, apparently due to the dual authorship.

A. THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTON

Robert Earl of Huntington has been outlawed through the machinations of his enemies, and is living as Robin Hood with his merry men in Sherwood Forest, accompanied by his lady-love Matilda, daughter of Earl Fitzwater, now called Maid Marian, with whom Prince John is enamoured. Fitzwater, banished by John, finds his way to the forest. The Prior of York and Sir Doncaster, two of Robert's bitterest foes, form a plot to capture him by the agency of Friar Tuck and Jenny, the sweetheart of Much, one of the outlaws, disguised as pedlars.

ACT III, SC. II.

Enter Fitzwater, like an old man.

- Fitz.* Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
 That said this world's felicity was woe,
 Which greatest states can hardly undergo.
 Whilom Fitzwater, in fair England's court,
 5 Possessed felicity and happy state,
 And in his hall blithe fortune kept her sport,
 Which glee one hour of woe did ruinate.
 Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers,
 Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers;
 10 But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower,
 Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.
 Only wide walks are left me in the world,
 Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread;
 And when I sleep, heaven's glorious canopy
 15 Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.
 Of this injurious John can not bereave me;
 The air and earth he, while I live, must leave me;
 But from the English air and earth, poor man,
 His tyranny hath ruthless thee exiled.
 20 Yet, ere I leave it, I'll do what I can
 To see Matilda, my fair luckless child.
 [*Curtains open: Robin Hood sleeps on a green bank, and
 Marian strewing flowers on him.*]
 And, in good time, see where my comfort stands,

And by her lies dejected Huntington.
 Look how my flower holds flowers in her hands,
 And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son. 25
 I'll close my eyes as if I wanted sight,
 That I may see the end of their delight.

[*Goes knocking with his staff.*]

Mar. What agèd man art thou? or by what chance
 Cam'st thou thus far into the wayless wood?

Fitz. Widow, or wife, or maiden if thou be, 30
 Lend me thy hand; thou seest I cannot see.
 Blessing betide thee! little feel'st thou want:
 With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.
 These smooth even veins assure me he is kind,
 Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find. 35
 I, poor and old, am rest of all earth's good,
 And desperately am crept into this wood
 To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.

Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome, agèd man,
 Ay, ten times welcome to Maid Marian. 40
 Sit down, old father, sit, and call me daughter,
 O God, how like he looks to old Fitzwater! [*Aside.*]

[*Marian runs in.*]

Fitz. Is my Matilda called Maid Marian?
 I wonder why her name is changed thus.

[*Marian brings wine and meat.*]

Mar. Here's wine to cheer thy heart; drink, agèd man: 45
 There's ven'son and a knife, here's manchet fine:
 Drink, good old man, I pray you, drink more wine.
 My Robin stirs; I must sing him asleep.

Rob. Nay, you have waked me, Marian, with your talk.
 What man is that, is come within our walk? 50

Mar. An agèd man, a silly, sightless man,
 Near pined with hunger: see, how fast he eats.

Rob. Much good may't do him: never is good meat
 Ill spent on such a stomach. Father, proface;
 To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man. 55

Fitz. I thank you, master. Are you Robin Hood?

Rob. Father, I am.

Fitz. God give your soul much good
 For this good meat Maid Marian hath given me.
 But hear you, master; can you tell me news,
 Where fair Matilda is, Fitzwater's daughter? 60

Rob. Why, here she is; this Marian is she.

Fitz. Why did she change her name?

Rob. What's that to thee?

Fitz. Yes, I could weep for grief that it is so,
But that my tears are all dried up with woe.

65 *Rob.* Why, she is called Maid Marian, honest friend,
Because she lives a spotless maiden life;
And shall, till Robin's outlaw life have end,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if King Richard come, will not be long,
70 For in his hand is power to right our wrong.

Fitz. If it be thus, I joy in her name's change:
So pure love in these times is very strange.

Mar. Robin, I think it is my aged father. [*Aside.*]

Rob. Tell me, old man, tell me in courtesy,
75 Are you no other than you seem to be?

Fitz. I am a wretched aged man, you see,
If you will do me aught for charity:
Further than this, sweet, do not question me.

Rob. You shall have your desire. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Friar, like a pedlar, and Jenny; Sir Doncaster and others, weaponed.

80 *Friar.* Sir Doncaster, are not we pedlar-like?

Don. Yes, passing fit; and yonder is the bower:
I doubt not we shall have him in our power.

Friar. You and your company were best stand close.

Don. What shall the watchword be to bring us forth?

85 *Friar.* Take it, I pray, though it be much more worth.
When I speak that aloud, be sure I serve
The execution presently on him.

Don. Friar, look to 't.

[*Exeunt Sir Doncaster and others.*]

Friar. Now, Jenny, to your song. [*Sings.*]

What lack ye? what lack ye?

90 What is it ye will buy?

Any points, pins, or laces,

Any laces, points, or pins?

Fine gloves, fine glasses,

Any busks or masks?

95 Or any other pretty things?

Come, cheap for love, or buy for money.

Any coney, coney-skins,

For laces, points, or pins?

Fair maids, come choose or buy.
 I have pretty potting-sticks, 100
 And many other tricks :
 Come choose for love, or buy for money.

Enter Marian and Robin.

Rob. Pedlar, I prythee, set thy pack down here :
 Marian shall buy, if thou be not too dear.

Friar. Jenny, unto thy mistress show thy pack. 105
 Master, for you I have a pretty knack,
 From far I brought it, please you see the same.

Mar. Come in, good woman.

[*Exeunt Marian and Jenny.*]

Friar. Master, look here,
 And God give ear, 110
 So mote I the,
 To her and me,
 If ever we,
 Robin, to thee,
 That art so free, 115
 Mean treachery.

Rob. On, pedlar, to thy pack ;
 If thou love me, my love thou shalt not lack.

Friar. Master, in brief,
 There is a thief, 120
 That seeks your grief :
 God send relief
 To you in need.
 For a foul deed,
 If not with speed 125
 You take good heed,
 There is decreed.
 In yonder brake
 There lies a snake,
 That means to take 130
 Out of this wood
 The yeoman good,
 Called Robin Hood.

Rob. Pedlar, I prythee, be more plain :
 What brake ? what snake ? what trap ? what train ? 135

Friar. Robin, I am a holy friar,
 Sent by the Prior,

- Who did me hire,
 For to conspire
 140 Thy endless woe
 And overthrow :
 But thou shalt know,
 I am the man
 Whom Little John
 145 From Nottingham
 Desired to be
 A clerk to thee ;
 For he to me
 Said thou wert free,
 150 And I did see
 Thy honesty,
 From gallow-tree
 When thou didst free
 Scathlock and Scarlet certainly.
 155 *Rob.* Why, then, it seems that thou art Friar Tuck.
Friar. Master, I am.
Rob. I pray thee, Friar, say
 What treachery is meant to me this day.
Friar. First wind your horn ; then draw your sword.
 [Robin Hood winds his horn.]
 For I have given a friar's word,
 160 To take your body prisoner,
 And yield you to Sir Doncaster,
 The envious priest of Hothersfield,
 Whose power your bushy wood doth shield ;
 But I will die ere you shall yield.

Enter Little John, &c.

- 165 And sith your yeomen do appear,
 I'll give the watchword without fear :
Take it, I pray thee, though it be more worth.

Rush in Sir Doncaster with his crew.

- Don.* Smite down ! lay hold on outlawed Huntington !
Lit. John. Soft, hot-spurred priest, 'tis not so quickly done.
 170 *Don.* Now, out alas ! the friar and the maid
 Have to false thieves Sir Doncaster betrayed.

B. THE DEATH OF ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTON

ACT V, SC. II.

King John, in revenge for the rescue of Matilda by Bruce, has had Lady Bruce and her young son shut up without food in 'the dark tower o'er the dungeon vault' of Windsor Castle. Young Bruce, having captured the castle, finds the bodies of his mother and brother starved to death, and 'that every one may see the rueful sight, in the thick wall he a wide window makes.'

Enter Bruce upon the walls.

Bruce. Will not my bitter bannings and sad plaints,
My just and execrable execrations,
My tears, my prayers, my pity-moving moans
Prevail, thou glorious bright lamp of the day,
To cause thee keep an obit for their souls, 5
And dwell one month with the Antipodes?
Bright sun, retire; gild not this vault of death
With thy illustrate rays: retire, retire,
And yield black night thy empery a while,
A little while, till, as my tears be spent, 10
My blood be likewise shed in raining drops
By the tempestuous rage of tyrant John.
Learn of thy love, the morning: she hath wept
Shower upon shower of silver-dewy tears;
High trees, low plants, and pretty little flowers 15
Witness her woe: on them her grief appears,
And as she dreeps on them, they do not let,
By drop and drop, their mother earth to wet.
See these hard stones, how fast small rivulets
Issue from them, though they seem issueless, 20
And wet-eyed woe on everything is viewed,
Save in thy face, that smil'st at my distress.
Oh, do not drink these tears thus greedily:
Yet let the morning's mourning garment dwell
Upon the sad earth. Wilt thou not, thou churl? 25
Then surfeit with thy exhalations speedily;
For all earth's venomous infecting worms
Have belched their several poisons on the fields,
Mixing their simples in thy compound draught.
Well, Phoebus, well, drink on, I say, drink on; 30

But when thou dost ungorge thee, grant me this,
Thou pour those poisons on the head of John.

*Drum. Enter Chester, Mowbray, Soldiers, at one door ;
Leicester, Richmond, Soldiers, at another.*

- Bruce.* How now, my lords ! were ye last night so pleased
With the beholding of that property
35 Which John and other murderers have wrought
Upon my starvèd mother and her son,
That you are come again ? Shall I again
Set open shop, show my dead ware, dear bought
Of a relentless merchant, that doth trade
40 On the red sea, swollen mighty with the blood
Of noble, virtuous, harmless innocents ?
Whose coal-black vessel is of ebony,
Their shrouds and tackle (wrought and woven by wrong)
Stretched with no other gale of wind but grief,
45 Whose sighs with full blasts beateth on her shrouds ;
The master murder is, the pilot shame,
The mariners, rape, theft, and perjury ;
The burden, tyrannous oppression,
Which hourly he in England doth unlade.
50 Say, shall I open shop and show my wares ?
Lei. No, good Lord Bruce, we have enough of that.

Drum. Enter King, Hubert, Soldiers.

King. To Windsor welcome, Hubert. Soft, methinks
Bruce and our lords are at a parley now.

- Bruce.* Chester and Mowbray, you are John's sworn friends ;
55 Will you see more ? speak, answer me, my lords.
I an no niggard, you shall have your fill.

Both. We have too much, and surfeit with the woe.

- Bruce.* Are you all full ? Here comes a ravening kite,
That both at quick, at dead, at all will smite.
60 He shall, he must ; ay, and by'r Lady, may
Command me to give over holy day,
And set wide open what you would not see.

- King.* Why stand ye, lords, and see this traitor perched
Upon our castle's battlements so proud ?
65 Come down, young Bruce, set ope the castle gates ;
Unto thy sovereign let thy knee be bowed,
And mercy shall be given to thee and thine.

Bruce. O miserable thing!
Comes mercy from the mouth of John our king?
Why then, belike, hell will be pitiful. 70
I will not ope the gates—the gate I will,
The gate where thy shame and my sorrow sits.
See my dead mother and her famished son!

[*Opens a casement, showing the dead bodies within.*]
Open thy tyrant's eyes, for to the world
I will lay open thy fell cruelties. 75

King. We heard, indeed, thy mother and her son
In prison died by wilful famishment.

Bruce. Sin doubled upon sin! Slander'st thou the dead?
Unwilling willingness it shall appear,
By then I have produced, as I will do, 80
The just presumptions 'gainst your unjust act.

King. Assail the castle, lords! alarum, drums!
And drown this screech-owl's cries with your deep sounds.

Lei. I tell thee, drummer, if thy drum thou smite,
By heaven, I'll send thy soul to hell's dark night. 85
Hence with thy drum! God's passion, get thee hence!
Be gone, I say; move not my patience. [*Exit drum.*]

King. Are you advised, Leicester, what you do?

Lei. I am advised; for, my sovereign, know,
There's not a lord here will lift up his arm 90
Against the person of yon noble youth,
Till you have heard the circumstantial truth,
By good presumptions, touching this foul deed.
Therefore, go on, young Bruce; proceed, refel
The allegation that puts in this doubt, 95
Whether thy mother, through her wilfulness,
Famished herself and her sweet son, or no.

Bruce. Unlikely supposition! nature first denies
That any mother, when her youngling cries,
If she have means, is so unnatural 100
To let it faint and starve. But we will prove
She had no means, except this moanful mean,
This torture of herself. Come forth, come forth,
Sir William Blunt, whom slander says I slew:
Come tell the king and lords what you know true. 105

Enter Sir William Blunt.

King. Thou hast betrayed our castle.

Blunt. No: God can tell,

It was surprised by politic report,
And affirmation that your grace was slain.

Rich. Go on, Sir William Blunt:

110 Pass briefly to the lady's famishment.

Blunt. About some ten days since there came one Brand,
Bringing a signet from my lord the king,
And this commission, signed with his hand,
Commanding me—Lords, look, and read the thing—

115 Commanding me,—as the contents express,—

That I should presently deliver up

The Lady Bruce and her young son to him.

Mow. What time o' day was this?

Blunt. It was, Lord Mowbray, somewhat past eleven,
120 For we were even then sitting down to dine.

Lei. But did ye dine?

Blunt. The lady and her son
Did not: Brand would not stay.

Bruce. No, Leicester, no; for here is no such sign
Of any meat's digestion.

125 *Rich.* But, by the way, tell us, I pray you, Blunt,
While she remained with you, was she distraught
With grief, or any other passions violent?

Blunt. She now and then would weep, and often pray
For reconciliation 'twixt the king and lords.

130 *Ches.* How to her son did she affected stand?

Blunt. Affection could not any more affect;
Nor might a mother show more mother's love.

Mow. How to my lord the king?

Blunt. O my Lord God!
I never knew a subject love king more.

135 She never would blin telling, how his grace
Saved her young son from soldiers and from fire;
How fair he spake, gave her her son to keep:
And then, poor lady, she would kiss her boy,
Pray for the king so hearty earnestly,

140 That in pure zeal she wept most bitterly.

King. I weep for her, and do by heaven protest,
I honoured Bruce's wife, howe'er that slave
Rudely effected what I rashly willed.

Yet when he came again, and I bethought

145 What bitter penance I had put them to
For my conceived displeasure 'gainst old Bruce,
I bade the villain post and bear them meat:

Which he excused, protesting pity moved him
 To leave wine, bread, and other powd' red meat,
 More than they twain could in a fortnight eat. 150

Blunt. Indeed, this can I witness with the king,
 Which argues in that point his innocence :
 Brand did bear in a month's provision,
 But locked it, like a villain, far from them ;
 And locked them in a place, where no man's ear 155
 Might hear their lamentable woful moans ;
 For all the issue, both of vent and light,
 Came from a loover at the tower's top,
 Till now Lord Bruce made open this wide gap.

Bruce. Had I not reason, think you, to make wide 160
 The window, that should let so much woe forth ?

Where sits my mother, martyred by herself,
 Hoping to save her child from martyrdom ;
 Where stands my brother, martyred by himself,
 Because he would not taste his mother's blood. 165

For thus I gather this :—my mother's teeth and chin
 Are bloody with the savage cookery
 Which her soft heart, through pity of her son,
 Respectless made her practise on herself ;
 And her right hand, with off'ring it the child, 170
 Is with her own pure blood stained and defiled.

My little brother's lips and chin alone
 Are tainted with the blood ; but his even teeth,
 Like orient pearl or snow-white ivory,
 Have not one touch of blood, one little spot : 175

Which is an argument the boy would not
 Once stir his lips to taste that bloody food
 Our cruel-gentle mother minist' red :

But, as it seemed (for see his pretty palm
 Is bloody too), he cast it on the ground, 180
 For on this side the blessed relics lie,
 By famine's rage divided from this shrine.

Sad woful mother in Jerusalem !
 Who, when thy son and thou didst faint for food,
 Buried his sweet flesh in thy hungry womb, 185

How merciless wert thou, if we compare
 Thy fact and this ! For my poor lady mother
 Did kill herself to save my dying brother ;
 And thou, ungentle son of Miriam,
 Why didst thou beg life when thy mother lacked ? 190

- My little brother George did nobly act
 A more courageous part: he would not eat,
 Nor beg to live. It seemed he did not cry:
 Few tears stand on his cheek, smooth is each eye;
 195 But when he saw my mother bent to die,
 He died with her. O childish valiancy—
King. Good Bruce, have done. My heart cannot contain
 The grief it holds: my eyes must shower down rain.
Lei. Which showers are even as good
 200 As rain in harvest, or a swelling flood
 When neighbouring meadows lack the mower's scythe.

X

BEN JONSON

1572—1637.

BENJAMIN JONSON was born in 1572 or early in 1573, the posthumous son of a gentleman, who, having lost his estate under Queen Mary, subsequently turned minister. After his father's death his mother married a bricklayer, who lived near Charing Cross. Ben Jonson was educated first at a private school, and then at Westminster under Camden. He is stated to have gone to Cambridge (either to Trinity or St. John's), but to have remained only a few weeks, subsequently receiving the degree of M.A. from both Oxford and Cambridge, 'by their favour, not his studie.' After working for some time at his step-father's trade he served as a soldier in the Low Countries. He married in 1592, his first child, Mary, dying of the plague when six months old. Soon after his return from the Low Countries he became an actor and playwright. In 1598 he killed Gabriel Spencer, one of Henslowe's company, in a duel at Hoxton, for which he was imprisoned and branded on the left thumb, beside forfeiting all his 'goods and chattels.' Under the influence of a priest, who visited him in prison, he became a Roman Catholic for twelve years. *Every Man in his Humour* was acted in 1598, Shakespeare taking part in the first representation, and was followed the next year by *Every Man out of his Humour*. *The Case is Altered* (based on the *Captivi* and the *Aulularia* of Plautus) is mentioned by Nash in his *Lenten Stuff* (1599). *Cynthia's Revels* was acted in 1600. In the *Poetaster* (1601) he satirized Marston and Dekker, the latter of whom retorted the next year in *Satiro-mastix*. *Sejanus* was

acted in 1603, his other historical tragedy, *Catiline*, not appearing till 1611. In 1604 he was imprisoned (voluntarily, he says himself), with Chapman and Marston, for certain passages in *Eastward Ho* which gave offence to a Scotch nobleman, and was again imprisoned the following year with Chapman for another play. In 1605 Jonson wrote for Queen Anne *The Masque of Blackness*, the first of a long list of similar compositions. *Volpone* was acted in 1605, *Epicoene* in 1609, and *The Alchemist* in 1610. In 1613 he accompanied the son of Sir Walter Raleigh as tutor to France, and in 1618 made a journey on foot to Scotland, where he had his famous 'conversations' with the poet Drummond of Hawthornden. *Bartholmew Fair* had been acted in 1614, and he wrote nothing for the stage from 1616 to 1625, when *The Staple of News* was produced, followed by *The New Inn* in 1629. The year before he had been appointed 'City Chronologer' in succession to Thomas Middleton, at a salary of 100 nobles, which was temporarily withdrawn in 1631. He died on August 6, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His unfinished pastoral, *The Sad Shepherd*, was published after his death.

Ben Jonson is indisputably our second great dramatist. To original genius he added varied and extensive learning, both ancient and modern, sound scholarship, and diversified experience of men and manners. He had a thorough knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of the dramatic art, and a lofty ideal which he consistently pursued. In tragedy his aim was a faithful adherence to the truth of history, so that his classical plays sometimes read like a cento of quotations from his authorities, an impression strengthened by the anxious care with which he cites chapter and verse, not only for matters of fact, but for sentiments and expressions. Gifford complains that he 'seems almost afraid to trust himself out of the classics.' In comedy his aim was 'to hold the mirror up to the ridiculous foibles and vices of human nature by realistically reproducing its most striking types.'—(Ward.) He combined the ethical purpose and satirical method of the *Old Comedy of Athens* with the lively incidents, the ingenious plots, and the minute delineation of manners that characterized the *New Comedy* as reproduced by Plautus and Terence. His satire was sometimes personal, as in *The Poetaster*, sometimes literary, as in *Cynthia's Revels*, and sometimes moral, as in *The Alchemist* and *Volpone*. His plots, though occasionally based upon Aristophanes and Plautus, were in the main original. His observance of the three unities sometimes tends to crowd the stage, hurry the action, and give an air of artificiality to the situations, while his erudition too often tempts him to overload his dialogue with an oppressive and unnatural display of technical detail. But, when all these deductions have been made, his wit and humour, his keen observation and vivid reproduction of contemporary manners,

his shrewd knowledge and firm delineation of character, the originality and ingenuity of his plots, combined with a copious, racy, and idiomatic diction, constitute him our most considerable dramatist in the pure comedy of character and manners, and the founder of a school which counts among its later exponents such writers as Goldsmith and Sheridan. In the masque, a form of dramatic entertainment composed for special occasions, combining 'music and dancing with lyric poetry and declamation, in a spectacle characterized by magnificence of presentation,' Jonson justly claimed to be the first of his contemporaries. To learning, invention, and constructive skill he added lyrical effects of unexpected grace and charm. The unfinished pastoral, *The Sad Shepherd*, with its vigorous realism and pathetic beauty, shows what he might have done had he devoted himself to this form of composition.

The text is taken from the Folios of 1616 and of 1640; the stage-notes were in most cases supplied by William Gifford.

A. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

ACT III, SC. II.

Cob is a water-bearer, and Cash the confidential clerk of Kitely, a London merchant, who has married Wellbred's sister and is jealous of young Edward Knowell, Wellbred's friend. Brainworm, the elder Knowell's man, disguised as a begging soldier to help his young master against his father, has just deceived the two friends. Mathew is 'the Town Gull,' and Stephen 'the Country Gull,' who are imposed upon by Bobadill, the rock and braggart.

*The Old Jewry. Kitely's Warehouse. Enter Cob hastily.
Cash is already on the stage.*

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt
5 in the meantime, and then—

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? What moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water.
10 An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. Oh, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour—thou mistak'st. 15

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time by affectation, and fed by folly. 20

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed; didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humour*. 25

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monster-ship, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day— 30 a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. Oh, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse, against 'hem. 35

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'hem, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for 40 they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed these are faults, Cob. 45

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs, they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and 50 yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own fish and blood. My princely coz [*pulls out a red herring*], fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. Oh that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve 55 the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse

none but these filthy almanacks ; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hanged an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem,
 60 and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace ! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else : here 's master Mathew.

Enter Wellbred, E. Kno'well, Brainworm, Mathew, Bobadill, and Stephen.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

[*Exit with Cob.*]

65 *Wel.* Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried !

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not ?

Wel. Yes, faith ; but was 't possible thou shouldst not
 70 know him ? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writen himself into the habit of one of your poor
 75 infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round ; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can ; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as
 80 smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed all with so special and exquisite a grace that, hadst thou seen him, thou
 85 wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer ?

E. Know. An artificer ! an architect. Except a man had
 90 studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle ?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near
 95 kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for a *crafty knave needs no broker.*

Brain. True, sir; but I did *need a broker, ergo—*

Well. Well put off:—*no crafty knave, you'll say.*

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

100

Brain. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter Cash.

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite 's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kately within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master 105
Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to justice Clement's, I think, sir.—
Cob! [Exit.]

E. Know. Justice Clement! what 's he?

11

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good 115
faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i' the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving 120
of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter Cash.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kately's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the 125
lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to *vouch-*
safe?—Francis! Cob! [Exit.]

Bob. Body of me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidad: 130
did you never take any, master Stephen?

Steph. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies (where 135

this herb grows), where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore it cannot be, but
 140 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort,
 145 are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidad: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by
 150 Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tend'ed to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter Cash with Cob.

155 *Cash.* At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitely's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at
 160 Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*]

Cob. By gods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it,
 165 and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er 'scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as
 170 many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[*Bobadill beats him with a cudgel.*]

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter Cash.

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant 175
you: well, it shall be a dear beating, as I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour
of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit Cash with Cob.*] 180

Bob. A filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body
o' Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd
ha' stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it. 185

Steph. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot!
Body o' Caesar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour,
and by St. George!—No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most
divine tobacco that ever I drunk. 190

Steph. None, I thank you, sir. Oh, this gentleman does it
rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! [*practises*
to the post.] As I am a gentleman! By——

[*Exeunt Bob and Mat.*]

Brain [*pointing to master Stephen*]. Master, glance,
glance! master Wellbred! 195

Steph. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest——

Wel. You are a fool. It needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Steph. Ay, sir, upon my reputation——

E. Know. How now, cousin! 200

Steph. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier,
indeed——

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is
entered in the Artillery Garden.

Steph. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear 'as I am 205
a soldier' by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your
money.

Steph. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is
divine tobacco! 210

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

Brain. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. Oh, let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to
salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to
hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.— 215
Brainworm!

Steph. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Steph. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and
220 the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with 'hem; a kind of French dressing, if you love it.

B. SEJANUS

ACT III, SC. II.

Sejanus, having poisoned Drusus, the son of Tiberius, and corrupted his wife, Livia, now asks permission to marry her. 'The skill and judgement displayed in this scene, where two mighty artificers of fraud seek to circumvent each other, are above all praise.'—(Gifford.)

A Room in the Palace. Enter Tiberius and Sejanus.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus,
And quite removed all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our engines
5 For th' other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And Gallus too; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Caesar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we with so good vultures have begun;
Sabinus shall be next.

10 *Tib.* Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means preserve him. His frank tongue,
Being lent the reins, will take away all thought
Of malice in your course against the rest:
We must keep him to stalk with.

Tib. Dearest head,
15 To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir—I have been so long trained up in grace,
First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar;
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
20 Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever yet been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours; rather
To watch and travail in great Caesar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib.

'Tis confessed.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count most fair 25
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Caesar
Hath thought me worthy his alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes.

*Tib.*H'mh? [*Aside.*]*Sej.*

I have heard, Augustus,

In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so,— 30
I know not how to hope so great a favour,—
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Caesar's friend
I would but use the glory of the kindred:
It should not make me slothful, or less caring 35
For Caesar's state; it were enough to me
It did confirm and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now unequal opposition
Of Agrippina; and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish: myself 40
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety,

Most loved Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember— 45
But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit;
Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame:
We therefore will take time to think and answer. 50
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by. 55
But I will simply deal: that enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 'twere in parts,
Divide th' imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth; and discord 60
Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife

- 65 To Caius Caesar, then my Drusus, now
 Will be contented to grow old with thee,
 Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
 And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
 Or say that I should wish it, canst thou think
- 70 The senate, or the people (who have seen
 Her brother, father, and our ancestors
 In highest place of empire) will endure it?
 The state thou hold'st already is in talk;
 Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
- 75 Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
 Above our father's favours, or thy scale;
 And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
 Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things,
 For friendship's dear respect: nor will we stand
- 80 Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
 What we have purposed to thee, in our thought,
 And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
 And make thee equal to us; for the present,
 We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
- 85 Believe, our loved Sejanus, we not know
 That height in blood or honour, which thy virtue
 And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
 And this we'll publish, on all watched occasion
 The senate or the people shall present.
- 90 *Sej.* I am restored, and to my sense again,
 Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
 Caesar hath taught me better to refuse,
 Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth Caesar
 T' embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?
- Tib.* We are resolved.
- 95 *Sej.* Here are some motives more, [*gives him a paper*]
 Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.
Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse them:
 Go forward in our main design, and prosper. [*Exit.*]
- Sej.* If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Caesar!
- 100 Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made crimes,
 And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
 That thou for me wert hated, and not think
 I would with wingèd haste prevent that change,
 When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
- 105 By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
 Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,

This sparkling forge, created me an armour
 T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
 And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
 As thou had'st snuft up hemlock, or ta'en down 110
 The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
 Voluptuous Caesar, and security
 Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
 To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
 The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul 115
 Itch to leave Rome! and I have thrust it on,
 With blaming of the city business,
 The multitude of suits, the confluence
 Of suitors; then their importunacies,
 The manifold distractions he must suffer, 120
 Besides ill rumours, envies, and reproaches;
 All which a quiet and retired life,
 Larded with ease and pleasure, did avoid:
 And yet for any weighty and great affair,
 The fittest place to give the soundest counsels. 125
 By this shall I remove him both from thought
 And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
 Draw all dispatches through my private hands;
 Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
 Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places, 130
 Conferring dignities and offices;
 And these that hate me now, wanting access
 To him, will make their envy none or less:
 For when they see me arbiter of all,
 They must observe; or else, with Caesar fall. [Exit.] 135

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. To marry Livia! will no less, Sejanus,
 Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
 Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
 Woven in our design; and think'st we must
 Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are: 140
 'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
 And, now we better think—who's there within?

Enter a Slave.

Sl. Caesar!

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin

- 'Gainst our decreed delights; and would appear
 145 Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince, low fear.
 Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse,
 Where princes' states plead necessary use;
 As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' pride,
 Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
- 150 Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
 With favours, and make dangerous with praise;
 The injured by us may have will alike,
 But 'tis the favourite hath the power to strike;
 And fury ever boils more high and strong,
- 155 Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
 'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
 No man too much; but hold a certain space
 Between th' ascender's rise, and thine own flat,
 Lest, when all rounds be reached, his aim be that.
- 160 'Tis thought. [*Aside.*—Is Macro in the palace? see:
 If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit Slave.*—He
 Must be the organ we must work by now;
 Though none less apt for trust: need doth allow
 What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,
- 165 Being timely taken, hath a healing might
 Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we'll give:
 That, while two poisons wrastle, we may live.
 He hath a spirit too working to be used
 But to th' encounter of his like; excused
- 170 Are wiser sovereigns then, that raise one ill
 Against another, and both safely kill:
 The prince that feeds great natures, they will sway him;
 Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.

C. VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

ACT V, SC. I.

Volpone, a Venetian magnifico, childless and rich, with the aid of his parasite, Mosca, deludes the legacy-hunters, Voltore, an advocate, Corbaccio, an old gentleman, Corvino, a merchant, and Lady Politick Would-Be, the wife of an English knight, by pretending to be dead and to have left Mosca his heir.

A room in Volpone's house. Volpone is behind a curtain, listening. Mosca is sitting with pen, ink, and papers, as if taking an inventory.

Enter Voltore.

Volt. How now, my Mosca.

Mos. [*writing.*] Turkey carpets, nine—

Volt. Taking an inventory! that is well.

Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue—

Volt. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while.

Enter Servants, with Corbaccio in a chair.

Corb. So, set me down,

And get you home. [*Exeunt Servants.*] 5

Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more—

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. Of several velvets, eight—

Volt. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Enter Corvino.

Corv. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. [*peeping over the curtain.*] Ay, now they muster.

Corv. What does the advocate here,

Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

Enter Lady Politick Would-Be.

Lady P. Mosca! 10

Is his thread spun?

Mos. Eight chests of linen—

Volp. Oh,

My fine Dame Would-be, too!

Corv. Mosca, the will,

That I may show it these, and rid 'hem hence.

Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask.—There.

[*Gives them the will carelessly, over his shoulder.*]

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. Down-beds, and bolsters—

Volp. Rare! 15

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed,

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeathed them there—

20 *Mos.* Ten suits of hangings—

Volp. Ay, i' their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.

Vol. Mosca the heir!

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
25 He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reached his despair yet.

Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I'am, sure, the man. [*Takes the will.*]

Corv. But, Mosca—

Mos. Two cabinets—

Corv. Is this in earnest?

Mos. One

Of ebony—

Corv. Or do you but delude me?

30 *Mos.* The other, mother of pearl—I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of agate—not my seeking.

Lady P. Do you hear, sir?

Mos. A perfumed box—'Pray you, forbear,
You see I'am troubled—made of an onyx—

Lady P. How!

35 *Mos.* To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.

Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?

Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

Mos. Madam!

Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,

40 Remember what your ladyship offred me

To put you in an heir; go to, think on't:

And what you said e'en your best madams did

For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight, well,

45 For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholic.

[*Exit Lady Would-Be.*]

Volp. O my fine devil!

Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.

Mos. Lord! will you not take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks, of all, you should have been th' example.

Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass, 50

And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have let you? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamant?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works 55

May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholic too, or mad. [*Exit* Corvino.]

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villany becomes him! 60

Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.

Corb. Mosca the heir!

Volp. Oh, his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I'am cozened, cheated, by a parasite slave;
Harlot, thou'st gulled me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left. 65

Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three year, snuffed about,
With your most grovelling nose, and would have hired
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir? 70

Are not you he that have to-day in court
Professed the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters! Go, go, stink! 75

[*Exit* Corbaccio.]

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy—

Mos. Sir?

Volt. Sincere.

Mos. [*writing.*] A table
Of porphyry—I marle you'll be thus troublesome.

Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? Oh, cry you mercy, 80

Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,

That any chance of mine should thus defeat

Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:

But, I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
 85 And I could almost wish to be without it,
 But that the will o' the dead must be observed.
 Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
 You have a gift, sir, (thank your education,)
 Will never let you want, while there are men,
 90 And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
 But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
 If I have any suits, as I do hope,
 Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,
 I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
 95 Conceive me,—for your fee, sir. In mean time,
 You that have so much law, I know ha' the conscience
 Not to be covetous of what is mine.
 Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
 To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
 100 As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir.
[Exit Voltore.]

D. EPICOENE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN

ACT I, SC. I.

The first scene, according to Jonson's custom, as remarked by Dryden (Of Dramatic Poesy, ed. Arnold, p. 76), describes some of the leading characters, as Morose, 'a gentleman that loves no noise,' and the 'Ladies Collegiates'; 'so that, before they come upon the stage, you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and, when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you.' Clerimont and Truewit are friends of Sir Dauphine Eugenie, nephew of Morose.

A room in Clerimont's house. Enter Truewit. Clerimont and the Page are already on the stage.

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time,
 and never feels it! What between high fare, soft lodging,
 fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours ha' no
 wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you
 5 struck with the plague this minute, or condemned to any
 capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to
 think, and value every article o' your time, esteem it at the
 true rate, and give all for 't.

Cler. Why, what should a man do?

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as 10
idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match;
lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, Whitefoot,
Franklin; swear upon Whitemane's party; speak aloud,
that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and
be able to give 'hem the character of every bowler or better 15
o' the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable
men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet.
Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have
grey heads, and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. 20
We'll think on 'hem then; then we'll pray and fast.

True. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness,
which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and 25
think to effect his business the last day. O Clerimont, this
time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to
sense, we mock ourselves the finest out of it, with vanity
and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but
only changing the matter still. 30

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

True. See but our common disease! with what justice
can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor
be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect,
when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard 35
ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's Morals, now, or
some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee!
'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of pins,
and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things; and 40
leave this Stoicity alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learned to lose
as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man
against his will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cler. What College?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new
foundation, sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call them-
selves the Collegiates, an order between courtiers and country- 50
madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment
to all the Wits and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'hem: cry

down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion,
with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority;
55 and every day gain to their College some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the Lady Haughty.

Cler. A plague of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty!
there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days,
60 till she has painted, and perfumed, and washed, and scoured,
but the boy here; and him she wipes her oiled lips upon,
like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it), o'
the subject. [Page sings.]

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
65 As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powd'red, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
70 Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
75 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love a good
dressing before any beauty o' the world. Oh, a woman is
then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she
may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and
80 choose the best. If she have good ears, show 'hem; good
hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand,
discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse
teeth, repair eye-brows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

85 *True.* The doing of it, not the manner: that must be
private. Many things that seem foul i' the doing, do please
done. A lady should indeed study her face, when we think
she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be
inquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their
90 perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-
brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclosed.
They must not discover how little serves, with the help of
art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore
Aldgate? Were the people suffered to see the city's Love and

Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted 95
and burnished? No; no more should servants approach their
mistresses, but when they are complete and finished.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the
place, that she may do things securely. I once followed 100
a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for
haste, and troubled, snatched at her peruke to cover her
baldness; and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in com- 105
pliment an hour with that reversed face, when I still looked
when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why, thou shouldst ha' relieved her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument,
if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine 110
Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this
morning? he is very melancholic, I hear.

True. Sick o' the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece
of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turbant of 115
night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. Oh, that's his custom when he walks abroad.
He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous
in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers 120
treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles
propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers
will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He
cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one. 125

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffered
to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have
hanged a pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's
riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit. 130

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The waits of the city have
a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth
practised on him one night like the bell-man; and never left
till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; 135
and there left him flourishing with the air.

Page. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so

narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we
 140 that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he
 145 did; and cried his games under master Morose's windore: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer, marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.
 150 *True.* A good wag! how does he for the bells?

Cler. Oh, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble
 155 ceilings; the windows close shut and caulked: and there he lives by candle-light. He turned away a man last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creaked. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool; and they talk each to other in a trunk.

E. THE ALCHEMIST

ACT III, SC. II.

The scene is laid in London. During the absence of Lovewit his servant, Face, lends his house to Subtle, a pretended alchemist, to practise his impostures on the credulous. Abel Drugger is a tobacconist, who wants a lucky sign devised for his shop, and Kastril, 'the angry boy,' a country squire, who has come to town to learn the art of quarrelling. He has a sister, Dame Pliant, a widow with a handsome dowry, whom each of the two confederates wishes to secure for himself. Dapper is a lawyer's clerk with a passion for gambling.

Enter Abel, followed by Kastril. Face and Dapper are already on the stage.

Face.

What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

Drug.

No, sir; here's tobacco.

Face. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?

Drug. Yes: here's the gentleman, captain—master Kastril—I have brought to see the doctor.

5 *Face.*

Where's the widow?

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

Face. Oh, is it so? 'good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

Kas. Ay, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this doctor?

My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one 10
That can do things: has he any skill?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.

Face. It seems, sir, you're but young
About the town, that can make that a question.

Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech 15
Of the angry boys, and seen 'hem take tobacco,
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'hem, and go down
And practise i' the country.

Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, 20
To the least shadow of a hair, and show you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree 25
Of safety it lies in, or mortality;
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules 30
To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How! to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle;
But never in diameter. The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

Kas. But does he teach 35
Living by the wits too?

Face. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method: 40
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

Kas. No, I'll not come there; you shall pardon me.

Face.

For why, sir?

Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.*Face.*

Why, would you be

A gallant, and not game?

Kas.

Ay, 'twill spend a man.

- 45 *Face.* Spend you! It will repair you when you are spent:
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?

Kas.

What, three thousand a year!

Face. Ay, forty thousand.*Kas.*

Are there such?

Face.

Ay, sir,

- And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
50 Is born to nothing, [*points to Dapper*] forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing: he's to be initiated,
And have a fly o' the doctor. He will win you,
By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
55 Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas:
And for the whole year through, at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes
Two glasses of canary, and pay nothing;
60 The purest linen and the sharpest knife,
The partrich next his trencher.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As playhouses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
65 Which must be buttered shrimps; and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to him, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.

Kas. Do you not gull one?*Face.*

'Ods my life! do you think it?

- You shall ha' a cast commander, (can but get
70 In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself
In excellent fashion,
And be admired for't.
75 *Kas.* Will the doctor teach this?
Face. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,

In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
 And ordinaries suspended till the term,
 He'll show a perspective, where on one side 80
 You shall behold the faces and the persons
 Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
 Whose bonds are current for commodity;
 On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
 That without help of any second broker, 85
 Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels :
 In the third square, the very street and sign
 Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
 To be delivered, be it pepper, soap,
 Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses. 90
 All which you may so handle, to enjoy
 To your own use, and never stand obliged.

Kas. I' faith! is he such a fellow?

Face. Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich widows,
 Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man! 95
 He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
 To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Face.

I'll tell you, sir,

What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!—
 By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds 100
 melancholy,

And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:—
 He told me honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
 But once in 's life.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.

Face. And then he was so sick—

Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In troth we had been a shooting, 105

And had a piece of fat ram mutton to supper,
 That lay so heavy o' my stomach—

Face.

And he has no head

To bear any wine; for what with the noise o' the fiddlers
 And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants—

Drug. My head did so ache—

Face.

As he was fain to be brought home, 110

The doctor told me: and then a good old woman—

Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal lane,—did cure me,

With sodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall,
 Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
 Was worse than that.

- 115 *Face.* Ay, that was with the grief
 Thou took'st for being 'sessed at eighteen-pence,
 For the water-work.

Drug. In truth, and it was like
 T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off?

Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

- 120 *Kas.* Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
 I'll see this learnèd boy before I go;
 And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is busy now:
 But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
 Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
 And he by that time will be free.

- 125 *Kas.* I go. [*Exit.*]

Face. Drugger, she's thine: the damask! [*Exit Drugger.*]
Subtle and I

Must wrastle for her. [*Aside.*]

Come on, master Dapper;
 You see how I turn clients here away
 To give your cause dispatch.

ACT IV, SC. IV.

Surly, disguised as a Spanish count, has discovered the tricks of Subtle and Face, and rescued Dame Pliant. Face induces Kastriel, Drugger, and Ananias (a Puritan deacon) by misrepresentations to assist him against Surly.

Enter Face with Kastriel. Surly, Subtle, and Dame Pliant are already on the stage.

- 130 *Face.* Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
 Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:
 The doctor and your sister both are abused.

Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,
 Whate'er he is.—Are you
 The man, sir, I would know?

- 135 *Sur.* I should be loth, sir,
 To confess so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How!

Face. [*To Kastril.*] A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employed here by another conjurer,
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how.

Sur. Sir, you are abused.

Kas.

You lie; 140

And 'tis no matter.

Face.

Well said, sir! He is

The impudent'st rascal—

Sur. You are indeed: will you hear me, sir?

Face. By no means: bid him be gone.

Kas.

Be gone, sir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange!—Lady, do you inform your brother.

Face. There is not such a foist in all the town, 145

The doctor had him presently; and finds yet

The Spanish count will come here.—Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*]

Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

Face. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit, 150

To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

Kas.

Ay,

I know—Away, [*to his sister*] you talk like a foolish mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.

Face.

Do not believe him, sir.

He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company!

Kas.

Yes; how then, sir? 155

Enter Druggier, with a piece of damask.

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows him
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel;
This cheater would ha' cozened thee o' the widow—

[*Aside to Drug.*]

He owes this honest Druggier here seven pound,

He has had on him in twopenny'orths of tobacco. 160

Drug. Yes, sir; and h'as damned himself three terms to payme.

Sur. Hydra of villainy!

Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kas.

I will.

— Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp. 165

Sur.

Why, this is madness, sir,

Not valure in you; I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my humour : you are a pimp and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.

170 *Drug.* Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter Ananias.

Ana. Peace to the household!

Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

Kas. Is he the constable?

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Face. No, sir.

Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.

Sur. You'll hear me, sir?

175 *Kas.* I will not.

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman

Against his Spanish slops.

Ana. They are profane,

Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kas. Will you be gone, sir?

Ana. Avoid, Satan!

180 Thou art not of the light : that ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee ; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts :
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Be gone, sir.

185 *Sur.* But I'll take

A course with you—

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

Sur. Captain and doctor.

Ana. Child of perdition!

Kas. Hence, sir!— [*Exit Surly.*]

Did I not quarrel bravely?

Face. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to 't, I shall do 't.

190 *Face.* Oh, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame :
He'll turn again else.

Kas. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*]
[*Subtle takes Ananias aside.*]

Face. Druggier, this rogue prevented us for thee:
 We had determined that thou shouldst ha' come
 In a Spanish suit and ha' carried her so; and he,
 A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself. 195
 Hast brought the damask?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Face. Thou must borrow
 A Spanish suit: hast thou no credit with the players?

Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab:—thou shalt, if I can help it.—
 [Aside.]

Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve; 200
 I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'hem. [Exit Druggier.]

Ana. Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
 Upon their actions; and that this was one
 I make no scruple.—But the holy synod
 Have been in prayer and meditation for it; 205
 And 'tis revealed, no less to them than me,
 That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True,

But here I cannot do it; if the house
 Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
 And we be locked up in the Tower for ever, 210
 To make gold there for th' state, never come out;
 And then you are defeated.

Ana. I will tell
 This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
 That the whole company of the separation
 May join in humble prayer again—

Sub. And fasting— 215

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
 Rest with these walls! [Exit.]

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

F. BARTHOL'MEW FAIR

ACT III, Sc. I.

The scene is laid in Bartholomew Fair, for seven centuries held in Smithfield. Win-the-fight Littlewit, wife of John Littlewit, a proctor, and daughter of Dame Purecraft, a pretended Puritan, has obtained permission from her mother and Zeal-of-the-land Busy, 'a Banbury man,' to visit the fair by feigning a longing for roast pig. Dan. Jordan Knockhum is

'a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull,' Ursula, 'a pig-woman,' and Mooncalf her tapster. Lanthorn Leatherhead (who, with Winwife and Quarlous, two gentlemen, is already on the stage) is a 'hobby-horse seller,' and toyman. It has been thought that Bunyan was familiar with this play when he wrote his description of Vanity Fair, and modern readers will notice the resemblance between Busy and Stiggins in the Pickwick Papers.

Enter Rabbi Busy, Dame Purecraft, John Littlewit, and Mrs. Littlewit.

Busy. So, walk on in the middle way, foreright, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. Oh, I know him by that start.

5 *Leath.* What do you lack, what do you buy, pretty mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum to make him a soldier? a fiddle to make him a reveller? What is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

10 *Busy.* Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to
15 hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them.—The heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot o' the sea; do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast.

20 *Winw.* What flashes comes from him!

Quar. Oh, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he plied the peel: he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Winw. Rather driving 'hem to the pens; for he will let
25 'hem look upon nothing.

Enter Knockhum from Ursula's booth.

Knock. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here i' the way, and cool yourselves i' the shade; you and your friends. The
30 best pig and bottle-ale i' the Fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read; [*points to the sign, a pig's head, with a*

large writing under it] the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the maryhinchco; but she's prettily amended.

Lit. [gazing at the inscription.] This is fine, verily. Here 35
be the best pigs, and she does roast 'hem as well as ever she did,
the pig's head says.

Knock. Excellent, excellent, mistress; with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir.

Pure. Son, were you not warned of the vanity of the eye? 40
have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for 't? will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry wee, wee?

Busy. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiveth 45
it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place—huh, huh,—yes, it doth. [He scents after it like a hound.] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the 50
famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh—follow the scent: enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied. 55

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Busy. We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entering.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration. 60

Mrs. Lit. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on 't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

[Exeunt, into the booth, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit, Busy, and Purecraft.]

Knock. Mooncalf, entertain within there, the best pig i' the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' 65
the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting.

Busy [within]. A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Enter Mooncalf and Ursula.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me? 70

Knock. Why, Urse, why, Urse? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like
75 you! Are these the guests o' the game you promised to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knock. Ay, what ail they, Urse?

Urs. Ail they! they are all sippers, sippers o' the city; they look as they would not drink off twopenn'orth of bottle-
80 ale amongst 'hem.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffs.

Knock. Away, thou art a fool, Urse, and thy Mooncalf too: i' your ignorant vapours now! hence; good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple
85 o' pigs o' the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem. [*Exit Mooncalf.*] I do not love to hear innocents abused: fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritan with a sorrel head and beard! good-mouthed gluttons; two to a pig. Away!

90 *Urs.* Are you sure they are such?

Knock. O' the right breed; thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, Urse.

G. THE SAD SHEPHERD

ACT I, SC. II.

'Robin Hood, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of Belvoir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood, . . . receives the relation of the Sad Shepherd, Aeglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent.' (*Argument.*) *Karolin, and Clarion, are respectively the Kind, and the Rich, Shepherd; and Amie, the Gentle Shepherdess.*

Enter Karolin.

Kar. Sure, he's here about.

Cla. See where he sits. [*Points to Aeglamour, sitting upon a bank hard by.*]

Aeg. It will be rare, rare, rare!

An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!

Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:

If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing! 5
 I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turf,
 On every green sworth, and in every path,
 Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.
 There will I knock the story in the ground,
 In smooth great pebble, and moss-fill it round, 10
 Till the whole country read how she was drowned;
 And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,
 Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
 Or I will get some old, old, grandam thither,
 Whose rigid foot, but dipped into the water, 15
 Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,
 As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
 Those treacherous nymphs pulled in Earine,
 Shall stand curled up like images of ice,
 And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice! 20
 Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
 And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
 And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
 To fling a fellow with a fever in,
 To set it all on fire, till it burn 25
 Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
 When Vulcan leaped into him to consume him.

[*They approach him.*]

Rob. A deep-hurt phant'sie!

Aeg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Aeglamour, we all approve, 30
 And come to gratulate your just revenge:
 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope
 You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
 In all the proffered solace of the spring.

Aeg. A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,
 Briars and brambles? thistles, burs, and docks? 35
 Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake, or the box?
 These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
 Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
 But what was wept for her! or any stalk 40
 Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
 After her wreath was made! In faith, in faith,
 You do not fair to put these things upon me,
 Which can in no sort be: Earine,
 Who had her very being, and her name, 45

With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
 Born with the primrose and the violet,
 Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
 And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
 50 And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
 Leaped out and made their solemn conjuration,
 To last but while she lived! Do not I know
 How the vale withered the same day? how Dove,
 Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite, and Soare,
 55 Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
 That swelled proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
 No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
 Looked out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
 As it were hung so for her exequies!
 60 And not a voice or sound to ring her knell,
 But of that dismal pair, the scritchng owl,
 And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the foul
 Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
 Peace! you shall hear her scritch.

Cla.

Good Karolin, sing,

Help to divert this phant'sie.

65 *Kar.* All I can. [*Sings, while Aeglamour reads the song.*]

Though I am young and cannot tell
 Either what Death or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
 And both do aim at human hearts:
 70 And then again, I have been told,
 Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
 So that I fear they do but bring
 Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
 75 One thing to be blown up, or fall;
 Or to our end like way may have
 By flash of lightning, or a wave:
 So Love's inflamèd shaft or brand
 May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,
 80 Except Love's fires the virtue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Do you think so? are you in that good heresy,
 I mean, opinion? if you be, say nothing:

I'll study it as a new philosophy,

85 But by myself alone: now you shall leave me.

Some of these nymphs here will reward you ; this,
This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.

[*He forces Amie to kiss Karolin.*]

Lived my Earine, you should have twenty ;
For every line here, one : I would allow 'hem
From mine own store, the treasure I had in her :
Now I am poor as you.

[*Exit.*] 90

Kar.

And I a wretch !

Cla. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.

[*Exit Karolin.*]

XI

GEORGE CHAPMAN

1559(?)—1634.

GEORGE CHAPMAN was born about 1559 near Hitchin in Hertfordshire. In 1574 he entered Trinity College, Oxford, but left after two years without taking a degree. His earliest extant play, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, was produced in 1596, but not printed till 1598, in which year he is mentioned by Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, with Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, as 'mightily enriching' the English tongue. In the same year he published the first part of his translation of Homer containing seven books of the *Iliad*, the complete work not appearing till 1616. In 1605 he was imprisoned, with Jonson and Marston, for his share in *Eastward Ho. All Fools*, finished in 1599, was printed in 1605, and *The Gentleman Usher* and *Monsieur D'Olive* the following year. In 1607 appeared *Bussy d'Ambois*, followed in 1608 by *The Conspiracy* and *The Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*. Two comedies, *May Day* and *The Widow's Tears*, probably written much earlier, were published in 1611 and 1612, the *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* appearing the next year. *Caesar and Pompey*, written 'long since,' was not printed before 1631. Other plays, of doubtful authenticity, are attributed to Chapman, and he collaborated with Jonson, Marston, and Shirley. Besides translations of parts of Hesiod and Juvenal, he wrote masques, in which Jonson ranked him with Fletcher as next himself. He died in 1634, and was buried at St. Giles in the Fields.

The fame of Chapman's translation of Homer should not be allowed to obscure the fact that, as a dramatic poet, both in tragedy and in comedy, he is one of the greatest of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The description of his personal appearance given by Wood, that he was 'of a most reverend aspect, religious and temperate,' is singularly in keeping with his own

definition of the function of tragedy, that it should convey 'material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary,' as well as with the lofty morality, the serious and profound view of life (*σπουδαίους*), revealed in his writings. In his dramatization of history he differs from Ben Jonson, asking 'who, worth the respecting, will expect the authentical truth of either person or action, in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth?' His merit as a dramatist is to be found perhaps rather in language, versification, and particular passages, than in the development of character by action, and the conduct of the play as a whole. Webster (preface to *The White Devil*) speaks of his 'full and heightened style,' and, in the *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, Chapman is doubtless thinking of his own theory of composition, when he says:—

'Worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Every illiberal and affected phrase,
To clothe their matter; and together tie
Matter and form with art and decency.'

His diction is lucid¹, vigorous, and graceful; his versification, fluent and sonorous. His apt and illuminative similes, in which perhaps he owes something to Homer, are deservedly famous. The influence of Homer may also be detected in his long narrative speeches of an epic character. His language sometimes becomes rhetorical, turgid, and even bombastic; and his strongly marked ethical tendencies tempt him into occasional passages of tedious philosophical or satirical declamation. Like Jonson he was a learned poet, but he wore his learning more lightly, using it with taste and judgement, and never allowing it to become his master. Unlike him he never reveals the possession of any lyrical gift.

The following extracts are taken from the early Quartos, corrected and modernized.

A. ALL FOOLS

ACT IV, Sc. I.

Fortunio, elder son of Marc Antonio, 'an honest knight, but much too much indulgent,' is in love with Bellonora, daughter of Gostanzo, another knight, covetous, austere, and 'Machiavellian,' whose son Valerio is secretly married to Gratiana. Gostanzo believes Valerio to be 'the most tame and thrifty groom in Europe,' but he is really given to dice, cards, and tennis. Rinaldo, Marc Antonio's younger son, scholar and misogynist,

¹ This epithet may be questioned, but I think much of the alleged obscurity of Chapman is due to the fact that he has never been properly edited.

makes Gostanzo believe that Fortunio and Gratiana are secretly married. Gostanzo tells Marc Antonio, and offers to take them to his own house, where he is to reform Fortunio by his advice and the example of the virtuous Valerio. While they are there, Gostanzo seeing Valerio familiar with Gratiana, determines to send her away, and is persuaded by Rinaldo to send her to Marc Antonio, pretending that she is Valerio's wife, married without his knowledge.

Enter Marc Antonio and Gostanzo.

Marc. You see how too much wisdom evermore
 Outshoots the truth; you were so forward still
 To tax my ignorance, my green experience
 In these grey hairs, for giving such advantage
 To my son's spirit, that he durst undertake 5
 A secret match, so far short of his worth:
 Your son so seasoned with obedience,
 Even from his youth, that all his actions relish
 Nothing but duty, and your anger's fear.
 What shall I say to you, if it fall out 10
 That this most precious son of yours has played
 A part as bad as this, and as rebellious;
 Nay, more, has grossly gulled your wit withal?
 What if my son has undergone the blame
 That appertained to yours? and that this wench, 15
 With which my son is charged, may call you father;
 Shall I then say you want experience,
 Y' are green, y' are credulous, easy to be blinded?

Gost. Ha, ha, ha!
 Good Marc Antonio, when it comes to that, 20
 Laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim me so;
 Let all the world take knowledge I am an ass.

Marc. O the good God of Gods,
 How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
 In matters that belong to other men, 25
 What beetles in our own! I tell you, knight,
 It is confessed to be as I have told you;
 And Gratiana is, by young Rinaldo
 And your white son, brought to me as his wife.
 How think you now, sir?

Gost. Even just as before, 30
 And have more cause to think honest credulity
 Is a true lodestone to draw on decrepity.
 You have a heart too open to embrace

All that your ear receives; alas, good man,
 35 All this is but a plot for entertainment,
 Within your house, for your poor son's young wife,
 My house without huge danger cannot hold.

Marc. Is 't possible? what danger, sir, I pray?

Gost. I'll tell you, sir: 'twas time to take her thence.

40 My son, that last day you saw could not frame
 His looks to entertain her, now, by'r lady,
 Is grown a courtier; for myself, unseen,
 Saw when he courted her, embraced, and kissed her.

Marc. What world is this!

Gost. I told this to Rinaldo,

45 Advising him to fetch her from my house;
 And his young wit not knowing where to lodge her,
 Unless with you, and saw that could not be
 Without some wile, I presently suggested
 This quaint device, to say she was my son's;

50 And all this plot, good Marc Antonio,
 Flowed from this fount, only to blind your eyes.

Marc. Out of how sweet a dream have you awaked me!

By heaven, I durst have laid my part in heaven,
 All had bin true; it was so lively handled,
 55 And drawn with such a seeming face of truth.

Your son had cast a perfect veil of grief
 Over his face for his so rash offence,
 To seal his love with act of marriage,
 Before his father had subscribed his choice:
 60 My son (my circumstance lessening the fact)
 Entreating me to break the matter to you,
 And, joining my effectual persuasions
 With your son's penitent submission,
 Appease your fury, I at first assented,

65 And now expect their coming to that purpose.

Gost. 'Twas well, 'twas well; seem to believe it still:

Let art end what credulity began.

When they come, suit your words and looks to theirs,
 Second my sad son's feigned submission,
 70 And see in all points how my brain will answer
 His disguised grief, with a set countenance
 Of rage and choler; now observe, and learn
 To school your son by me.

Marc.

On with your mask;
 Here come the other maskers.

Enter Rinaldo, Valerio, and Gratiana.

Rin.

Come on, I say:

Your father with submission will be calmed, 75
Come on; down o' your knees.

Gast.

Villain, durst thou

Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut 80
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?

Val. Father, if that part I have in your blood,

If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes, and, for a need, 85
Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkercher)

[*Aside, to Rinaldo.*]

And, being indeed as many drops of blood,
Issuing from the creator of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame, 90
Whom I hold dearer—

Gast.

Out upon thee, villain!

Marc. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.

Gast. I will not hear a word: out, out upon thee!

Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge;
Ay, and a beggar too, a trull, a blowse! 95

Rin. Well, sir, go on I pray.

Gast.

Have I, fond wretch,

With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father; 100
And hast thou in one act everted all,
Proclaimed thyself to all the world a fool,
To wed a beggar?

Val.

Father, say not so.

Gast. Nay, she's thy own: here rise, fool; take her to thee;
Live with her still: I know thou count'st thyself 105
Happy in soul, only in winning her.
Be happy still; here, take her and enjoy her!
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this? 110

Marc. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo;
Take truce with passion, license your sad son
To speak in his excuse.

Gost. What? what excuse?

Can any orator in this case excuse him?

115 What can he say? what can be said of any?

Val. Alas, sir, hear me! all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to show love's warrant.

Gost. Notable wag!

[*Aside.*]

Val. I know I have committed

A great impiety, not to move you first,

120 Before the dame I meant to make my wife.

Consider what I am, yet young and green;

Behold what she is: is there not in her,

Ay, in her very eye, a power to conquer

Even age itself and wisdom? call to mind,

125 Sweet father, what yourself being young, have bin;

Think what you may be; for I do not think

The world so far spent with you, but you may

Look back on such a beauty, and I hope

To see you young again, and to live long

130 With young affections—wisdom makes a man

Live young for ever; and where is this wisdom,

If not in you? alas! I know not what

Rests in your wisdom to subdue affections,

But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,

135 That I had quite bin drowned in seas of tears,

Had I not taken hold in happy time

Of this sweet hand: my heart had been consumed

T' a heap of ashes with the flames of love,

Had it not sweetly bin assuaged and cooled

140 With the moist kisses of these sug'red lips.

Gost. O puissant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather!

[*Aside.*]

Marc. He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

[*Aside.*]

Rin. O excellent! these men will put up anything.

[*Aside.*]

145 *Val.* Had I not had her, I had lost my life;

Which life indeed I would have lost before

I had displeased you, had I not received it

From such a kind, a wise, and honoured father.

Gost. Notable boy!

[*Aside.*]

Val.

Yet do I here renounce

150 Love, life, and all, rather than one hour longer

Endure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Grat. Oh, I can hold no longer! if thy words
Be used in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou wound'st my heart; but I know 'tis in jest.

Gost. No, I'll be sworn she has her lyripoope too. [*Aside.*] 155

Grat. Didst thou not swear to love, in spite of father,
And all the world? that nought should sever us,
But death itself?

Val. I did; but if my father
Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie, 160
For I will seek his favour tho' I die.

Gost. No, no, live still, my son: thou well shalt know
I have a father's heart. Come, join your hands;
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both. 165

Val. Oh, speak you this in earnest?

Gost. Ay, by heaven!

Val. And never to recall it?

Gost. Not till death.

Rin. Excellent sir, you have done like yourself.
What would you more, Valerio?

Val. Worshipful father!

Rin. Come, sir, come you in, 170
And celebrate your joys. [*Exeunt all save the old men.*]

Gost. O Marc Antonio,
Had I not armed you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawn your very soul,
The wench had bin my son's wife?

Marc. Yes, by heaven!
A knavery thus effected might deceive 175
A wiser man than I; for I, alas,

Am no good politician: plain believing,
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

Gost. The visible marks of folly—honesty,
And quick credulity, his younger brother. 180
I tell you, Marc Antonio, there is much
In that young boy, my son.

Marc. Not much honesty,
If I may speak without offence to's father.

Gost. O God, you cannot please me better, sir;
H'as honesty enough to serve his turn: 185
The less honesty, ever the more wit.

But go you home, and use your daughter kindly,
 Meantime I'll school your son; and do you still
 Dissemble what you know; keep off your son:
 190 The wench at home must still be my son's wife;
 Remember that, and be you blinded still.

Marc. You must remember too to let your son
 Use his accustomed visitations,
 Only to blind my eyes.

Gost. He shall not fail:

195 But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye
 On that sly child of mine, for, by this light,
 He'll be too bold with your son's forehead else.

Marc. Well, sir, let me alone; I'll bear a brain. [*Exeunt.*]

B. MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

ACT II, SC. II.

Monsieur D'Olive, an extraordinary compound of overweening vanity and inordinate egotism, tempered by wit and good humour, has been tricked by two courtiers, Mugeron and Rhoderique, into accepting the fictitious post of ambassador from Duke Philip to the King of France.

Enter Rhoderique and Monsieur D'Olive. Philip and Mugeron are already on the stage.

Rhod. Here is the gentleman
 Your highness doth desire to do you honour
 In the presenting of your princely person,
 And going Lord Ambassador to th' French king.

5 *Phil.* Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
 You recommend to our election?

Both. This is the man, my lord.

Phil. We understand, sir,
 We have been wronged by being kept so long
 From notice of your honourable parts,
 10 Wherein your country claims a deeper interest
 Than your mere private self. What makes wise Nature
 Fashion in men these excellent perfections
 Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible—

D'Ol. It pleaseth your good excellence to say so.—

15 *Phil.* But that she aims therein at public good?
 And you, in duty thereto, of yourself
 Ought to have made us tender of your parts,
 And not entomb them, tyrant-like, alive.

Rhod. We, for our parts, my lord, are not in fault,
 For we have spurred him forward evermore, 20
 Letting him know how fit an instrument
 He was to play upon in stately music.

Mug. And if he had bin aught else but an ass,
 Your grace, ere this time long, had made him great.
 Did not we tell you this?

D'Ol. Oftentimes. 25
 But sure, my honoured lord, the times before
 Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
 That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince
 As is your gracious self; for then 'twas policy
 To keep all wits of hope still under hatches 30
 Far from the court, lest their exceeding parts
 Should overshine those that were then in place;
 And 'twas our happiness that we might live so.
 For in that freely choosed obscurity
 We found our safety, which men most of note 35
 Many times lost; and I, alas, for my part,
 Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell;
 For your learned excellence, I know, knows well,
Qui bene latuit, bene uixit, still.

Phil. 'Twas much you could contain yourself, that had 40
 So great means to have lived in greater place.

D'Ol. Faith, sir, I had a poor roof, or a penthouse,
 To shade me from the sun, and three or four tiles
 To shroud me from the rain, and thought myself
 As private as I had king Gyges' ring, 45
 And could have gone invisible, yet saw all
 That passed our state's rough sea, both near and far.
 There saw I our great galliasses tossed
 Upon the wallowing waves, up with one billow,
 And then down with another; our great men 50
 Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like
 An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
 And then a mouse, or like those changeable creatures
 That live in the burdello, now in satin,
 To-morrow next in stammell; 55
 When I sat all this while in my poor cell,
 Secure of lightning or the sudden thunder,
 Conversed with the poor Muses, gave a scholar
 Forty or fifty crowns a year to teach me,
 And prate to me about the predicables; 60

When indeed my thoughts flew to a higher pitch
 Than genus and species—as by this taste
 I hope your highness happily perceives,
 And shall hereafter more at large approve,
 65 If any worthy opportunity
 Make but her foretop subject to my hold.
 And so I leave your grace to the tuition
 Of him that made you.

Rhod. Soft, good sir, I pray.

What says your excellence to this gentleman?

70 Have I not made my word good to your highness?

Phil. Well, sir, however envious policy
 Hath robbed my predecessors of your service,
 You must not 'scape my hands, that have designed
 Present employment for you, and 'tis this.

75 'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
 We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
 For his deceased wife, with whose dead sight
 He feeds his passion, keeping her from right
 Of Christian burial, to make his eyes

80 Do penance by their everlasting tears
 For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.

D'Ol. Well spoke, i' faith! your grace must give me leave
 To praise your wit; for, faith, 'tis rarely spoken.

Phil. The better for your good commendation.

85 But, sir, your embassy to the French king
 Shall be to this effect: thus you shall say—

D'Ol. Not so: your excellence shall pardon me;
 I will not have my tale put in my mouth.

If you'll deliver me your mind in gross,

90 Why, so: I shall express it as I can.

I warrant you 'twill be sufficient.

Phil. 'Tis very good: then, sir, my will in gross
 Is, that in pity of the sad countess' case,
 The king would ask the body of his niece,

95 To give it funeral fitting her high blood;
 Which, as yourself requires and reason wills,
 I leave to be enforced and amplified
 With all the ornaments of art and nature
 Which flows, I see, in your sharp intellect.

100 *D'Ol.* Alas, you cannot see't in this short time!
 But there be some not far hence that have seen,
 And heard me too, ere now: I could have wished

Your highness' presence in a private conventicle,
At what time the high point of state was handled.

Phil. What was the point?

105

D'Ol. It was my hap to make a number there,
Myself, as every other gentleman,
Being interested in that grave affair,
Where I delivered my opinion,
How well—

110

Phil. What was the matter, pray?

D'Ol.

The matter, sir,

Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
Called into question; and 'twas this in brief.

We sat, as I remember, all in rout,

All sorts of men together, a squire, and

115

A carpenter, a lawyer, and a sawyer,

A merchant, and a broker, a justice, and a peasant,

And so forth without all difference.

Phil. But what was the matter?

D'Ol. Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled; 120

And I am fearful I shall shame myself,

The subject is so threadbare.

Phil.

'Tis no matter;

Be as 'twill: go to the point, I pray.

D'Ol. Then thus it is: the question of estate

(Or the state of the question) was in brief,

125

Whether, within an aristocratic,

Or in a democratical estate,

Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.

But had you heard the excellent speeches there

Touching this part—

Mug.

Rhod.

} Pray thee, to the point.

D'Ol.

First to the point then. 130

Up start a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,

That had borne office in the congregation,

A little fellow, and yet great in spirit—

I never shall forget him; for he was

135

A most hot-livered enemy to tobacco—

His face was like the ten of diamonds,

Pointed each-where with pushes, and his nose

Was like the ace of clubs; which, I must tell you,

Was it that set him and tobacco first

140

At such hot enmity; for that nose of his,

According to the puritanic cut,
 Having a narrow bridge; and this tobacco,
 Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopped
 145 His narrow passage, fled back as it came,
 And went away in pet.

Mug. Just cause of quarrel.

Phil. But, pray thee, briefly say, what said the weaver.

D'Ol. The weaver, sir, much like a virginal jack,
 Start nimble up; the colour of his beard
 150 I scarce remember; but purblind he was
 With the Geneva print; and wore one ear
 Shorter than t'other for a difference.

Phil. A man of very open note, it seems.

D'Ol. He was so, sir; and hotly he inveighed
 155 Against tobacco, with a most strong breath,
 For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
 As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
 Partly to make his speeches savoury;
 Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed,
 160 And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
 Out of the word; invented sure by Satan,
 In these our latter days, to cast a mist
 Before men's eyes, that they might not behold
 The grossness of old superstition,
 165 Which is, as 'twere, derived into the church
 From the foul sink of Romish popery;
 And that it was a judgement on our land,
 That the substantial commodities
 And mighty blessings of this realm of France,
 170 Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like,
 Which had brought so much wealth into the land,
 Should now be changed into the smoke of vanity,
 The smoke of superstition; for his own part,
 He held a garlic clove, being sanctified,
 175 Did edify more the body of a man,
 Than a whole ton of this profane tobacco,
 Being ta'en without thanksgiving; in a word,
 He said it was a rag of popery,
 And none that were truly regenerate would
 180 Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof.
 And, speaking of your grace behind your back,
 He charged and conjured you to see the use
 Of vain tobacco banished from the land,

For fear lest, for the great abuse thereof,
 Our candle were put out; and therewithal 185
 Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth,
 As he had told a lie, he tuned his nose
 To the old strain, as if he were preparing
 For a new exercise: but I myself,
 Angry to hear this generous tobacco, 190
 The gentleman's saint, and the soldier's idol,
 So ignorantly polluted, stood me up,
 Took some tobacco for a compliment,
 Brake fleam some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears,
 And licked my lips, as if I begged attention; 195
 And so directing me to your sweet grace,
 Thus I replied—

Rhod. } Room for a speech there. Silence!
Mug. }

D'Ol. 'I am amused, or I am in a quandary, gentlemen'
 (for, in good faith, I remember not well whether of them was
 my word)— 200

Phil. 'Tis no matter; either of them will serve the turn.

D'Ol. 'Whether I should, as the poet says, *eloquar an
 sileam*; whether, by answering a fool, I should myself seem
 no less; or, by giving way to his wind (for words are but
 wind) I might betray the cause, to the maintenance whereof 205
 all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent)
 owe all their patrimonies, and, if need be, their dearest blood,
 and their sweetest breath'—I would not be tedious to your
 highness—

Phil. You are not, sir: proceed. 210

D'Ol. 'Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof, as
 of fift element, the world cannot want, is that little shop of
 nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged; where
 you may see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe out an
 exhalation, which, entering in at the mouth, walks through 215
 the regions of a man's brain, drives out all vapours but itself,
 draws down all bad humours by the mouth, which in time
 might breed a scab over the whole body, if already they
 have not; a plant of singular use, for, on the one side, Nature
 being an enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and, on the other, 220
 there being so many empty brains in the world as there are,
 how shall Nature's course be continued? How shall these
 empty brains be filled but with air, Nature's immediate in-
 strument to that purpose? If with air, what so proper as

225 your fume? what fume so healthful as your perfume? what
 perfume so sovereign as tobacco? Besides the excellent
 edge it gives a man's wit (as they can best judge that have
 been present at a feast of tobacco, where commonly all good
 wits are consorted), what variety of discourse it begets!
 230 What sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear; as like-
 wise to the courage of a man. For garlic, I will not say,
 because it is a plant of our own country, but it may cure
 the diseases of the country; but for the diseases of the court,
 they are out of the element of garlic to medicine. To
 235 conclude; as there is no enemy to tobacco but garlic, so
 there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head.' And so,
 I conclude.

Phil. Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein,
 I must confess I knew you not indeed,
 240 When I made offer to instruct your brain
 For the ambassage, and will trust you now,
 If 'twere to send you forth to the great Turk
 With an ambassage.

D'Ol. But, sir, in conclusion,
 'Twas ordered for my speech, that, since tobacco
 245 Had so long bin in use, it should thenceforth
 Be brought to lawful use; but limited thus,
 That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,
 Or he that had some gentlemanly humour,
 The murr, the head-ache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
 250 Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum,
 Fitting a gentleman.

C. BUSSY D'AMBOIS

ACT V, SC. I.

The scene is laid at the court of Henry III of France, where the hero, Bussy d'Ambois, a gentleman of good birth, poor, but independent and absolutely fearless, has been introduced and patronized by the King's brother, 'Monsieur,' the Duke of Alençon, in the hope of making him an instrument to gain the throne. Disappointed in this, and jealous of his growing influence with the King, Monsieur conspires with the Duke of Guise to ruin him by disclosing to the Duke of Montsurry his intrigue with his wife, Tamyra, whom he used to visit by an underground passage known only to himself and a friar. The friar has just died, and Montsurry, disguised in his dress, has induced Bussy by a forged letter to seek a last interview with Tamyra, though warned against it by the ghost of the friar.

*Tamyra, in her chamber. Enter D'Ambois at the 'Gulf,'
Monsieur and Guise above.*

Tam. Away, my love, away! thou wilt be murdered.

D'Amb. Murdered? I know not what that Hebrew means:

That word had ne'er been named, had all been D'Ambois.

Murdered? By heaven, he is my murderer

That shows me not a murderer; what such bug 5

Abhorreth not the very sleep of D'Ambois?

Murdered? who dares give all the room I see

To D'Ambois' reach? or look with any odds

His fight i' th' face, upon whose hand sits death,
Whose sword hath wings, and very feather pierceth? 10

If I 'scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,

Foutir for Guise's shambles! 'twas ill plotted;

They should have malled me here, when I was rising.

I am up and ready:

Let in my politic visitants, let them in, 15

Though entering like so many moving armours!

Fate is more strong than arms, and sly than treason,

And I at all parts buckled in my fate.

*Mons. } Why enter not the coward villains?
Guise. }*

D'Amb. Dare they not come?

*Enter Murderers, with the Ghost of the Friar at the
other door.*

Tam. They come.

First Murd. Come all at once. 20

Friar. Back, coward murderers, back!

Murd. Defend us, heaven!

[Exeunt all but the first.]

First Murd. Come ye not on?

D'Amb. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firm? Will it not enter here?

You have a face yet: so, in thy life's flame,

I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame. 25

[Kills the first Murderer.]

Friar. Breathe thee, brave son, against the other charge.

D'Amb. Oh, is it true then that my sense first told
me?

Is my kind father dead?

Tam.

He is, my love.

'Twas the earl, my husband, in his weed that brought thee.

- 30 *D'Amb.* That was a speeding sleight, and well resembled.
Where is that angry earl? My lord, come forth,
And show your own face in your own affair!
Take not into your noble veins the blood
Of these base villains, nor the light reports
35 Of blistered tongues for clear and weighty truth,
But me, against the world, in pure defence
Of your rare lady; to whose spotless name
I stand here as a bulwark, and project
A life to her renown, that ever yet
40 Hath been untainted even in envy's eye,
And, where it would protect, a sanctuary.
Brave earl, come forth, and keep your scandal in:
'Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot.
Nor the wreak yours if you perform it not.

Enter Montsurry, with all the Murderers.

- 45 *Mont.* Cowards! a fiend or spirit beat ye off?
They are your own faint spirits that have forged
The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded:
The fiend was in you; cast him out then thus.
[*D'Ambois hath Montsurry down.*]
Tam. Favour my lord, my love, oh, favour him!
50 *D'Amb.* I will not touch him: take your life, my lord,
And be appeased. [*Pistols shot within.*] Oh, then, the
coward fates

Have maimed themselves, and ever lost their honour.

Friar. What have ye done, slaves? irreligious lord!

- D'Amb.* Forbear them, father; 'tis enough for me
55 That Guise and Monsieur, Death and Destiny,
Come behind D'Ambois. Is my body then
But penetrable flesh? And must my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part add
No aid to th' earthly in extremity?
60 Then these divines are but for form, not fact.
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A mistress and a servant: let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
65 Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.

I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
 And, like a man, look upwards even in death.
 And if Vespasian thought in majesty
 An emperor might die standing, why not I?

[*She offers to help him.*]

Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him; 70
 For he died splinted with his chamber grooms.
 Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done!
 The equal thought I bear of life and death,
 Shall make me faint on no side; I am up
 Here, like a Roman statue; I will stand, 75
 Till death hath made me marble. O my fame,
 Live in despite of murder; take thy wings,
 And haste thee, where the gray-eyed Morn perfumes
 Her rosy chariot with Sabaeen spices;
 Fly, where the Evening from th' Iberian vales 80
 Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,
 Crowned with a grove of oaks; fly, where men feel
 The burning axletree, and those that suffer
 Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear;
 And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting 85
 To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder
 Of all their sighs together, for their frailties
 Beheld in me, may quit my worthless fall
 With a fit volley for my funeral.

Friar. Forgive thy murderers.

D'Amb. I forgive them all; 90

And you, my lord, their fautor; for true sign
 Of which unfeigned remission, take my sword;
 Take it, and only give it motion,
 And it shall find the way to victory
 By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour 95
 My fight hath stilled into 't, with charms of spirit.
 Now let me pray you that my weighty blood,
 Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen,
 May sway the forfeit of my worthy love,
 Weighed in the other; and be reconciled, 100
 With all forgiveness, to your matchless wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this hand,
 That led thy life to this unworthy end:
 Forgive it, for the blood with which 'tis stained,
 In which I writ the summons of thy death, 105
 The forcèd summons, by this bleeding wound,

By this here in my bosom, and by this,
That makes me hold up both my hands imbrued
For thy dear pardon.

D'Amb.

Oh, my heart is broken!

110 Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor the Guise,
Have any glory in my death, but this,
This killing spectacle, this prodigy!

My sun is turned to blood, in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa, hid in drifts of snow,

115 Laid on my heart and liver, from their veins
Melt, like two hungry torrents eating rocks,
Into the ocean of all human life,
And make it bitter only with my blood.

O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,

120 In me, like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill,
Made to express it; like a falling star
Silently glanced, that, like a thunderbolt,
Looked to have stuck and shook the firmament. [*Dies.*]

D. THE CONSPIRACY OF CHARLES, DUKE OF BYRON

ACT III, Sc. I.

Charles, Duke of Byron, and Marshal of France under Henry IV, a brave and able soldier, but, like Bussy d'Ambois, overbearing and arrogant, has been tempted by the Duke of Savoy, through the agency of the perfidious La Fin, to conspire against the King.

Enter Henry, Epernon, Vitry, Janin. Byron is already on the stage.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill-aboding vermin
To breed so near your bosom? be assured
His haunts are ominous; not the throats of ravens
Spent on infected houses, howls of dogs,
5 When no sound stirs, at midnight; apparitions,
And strokes of spirits, clad in black men's shapes,
Or ugly women's; the adverse decrees
Of constellations, nor security
In vicious peace, are surer fatal ushers

Of small mischiefs and mortalities, 10
 Than this prodigious fiend is, where he fawns :
 La Fiend, and not La Fin, he should be called.

Byr. Be what he will, men in themselves entire
 March safe with naked feet on coals of fire :
 I build not outward, nor depend on props, 15
 Nor choose my consort by the common ear,
 Nor by the moonshine, in the grace of kings.
 So rare are true deservers loved or known,
 That men loved vulgarly are ever none ;
 Nor men graced servilely for being spots 20
 In princes' trains, though borne even with their crowns
 The stallion power hath such a besom tail
 That it sweeps all from justice ; and such filth
 He bears out in it that men mere exempt
 Are merely clearest : men will shortly buy 25
 Friends from the prison or the pillory,
 Rather than honour's markets. I fear none
 But foul ingratitude and detraction
 - In all the brood of villany.

Hen. No ? not treason ?
 Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye 30
 He comes invisible, veiled with flattery ;
 And flatterers look like friends, as wolves like dogs.
 And as a glorious poem, fronted well
 With many a goodly herald of his praise,
 So far from hate of praises to his face 35
 That he prays men to praise him, and they ride
 Before, with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming
 Life to the holy fury of his lines,
 All drawn as if with one eye he had leered
 On his loved hand, and led it by a rule : 40
 So De La Fin, and such corrupted heralds,
 Hired to encourage and to glorify,
 May force what breath they will into their cheeks,
 Fitter to blow up bladders than full men ;
 Yet may puff men too with persuasions 45
 That they are gods in worth and may rise kings
 With treading on their noises : yet the worthiest
 From only his own worth receives his spirit,
 And right is worthy bound to any merit ;
 Which right shall you have ever. Leave him then : 50
 He follows none but marked and wretched men.

And now for England you shall go, my lord,
 Our lord ambassador to that matchless queen.
 You never had a voyage of such pleasure,
 55 Honour, and worthy object: there's a queen
 Where nature keeps her state, and state her court;
 Wisdom her study, continence her fort;
 Where magnanimity, humanity,
 Firmness in counsel and integrity,
 60 Grace to her poorest subjects, majesty
 To awe the greatest, have respects divine,
 And in her each part all the virtues shine.

[*Exeunt Henry and suite.*]

Byr. Enjoy your will awhile: I may have mine.
 Wherefore, before I part to this ambassage,
 65 I'll be resolved by a magician
 That dwells hereby, to whom I'll go disguised,
 And show him my birth's figure, set before
 By one of his profession, of the which
 I'll crave his judgement, feigning I am sent
 70 By some great personage, whose nativity
 He wisheth should be censured by his skill.
 But on go my plots, be it good or ill.

[*Exit.*]

Enter La Brosse, the astrologer.

La B. This hour, by all rules of astrology,
 Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.
 75 How hapless is our knowledge to foretell,
 And not be able to prevent, a mischief!
 Oh, the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars!
 They work with inclinations strong and fatal,
 And nothing know; and we know all their working,
 80 And nought can do, or nothing can prevent.
 Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched.
 The heavenly powers envy what they enjoin:
 We are commanded t' imitate their natures
 In making all our ends eternity,
 85 And in that imitation we are plagued,
 And worse than they esteemed that have no souls
 But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire;
 As they do that are ignorant of arts,
 By drowning their eternal parts in sense
 90 And sensual affections: while we live,
 Our good parts take away, the more they give.

Enter Byron, disguised like a carrier of letters.

Byr. The forts that favourites hold in princes' hearts,
In common subjects' loves, and their own strengths,
Are not so sure and unexpugnable,
But that, the more they are presumed upon, 95
The more they fail; daily and hourly proof
Tells us prosperity is at high'st degree
The fount and handle of calamity:
Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lie; 100
And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,
Their own top-heavy state grubs up their root.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arm them with suspicion 'gainst themselves.
In my late projects I have cast myself 105
Into the arms of others, and will see
If they will let me fall, or toss me up
Into th' affected compass of a throne.
God save you, sir.

La B. Y'are welcome, friend; what would you? 110

Byr. I would entreat you, for some crowns I bring,
To give your judgement of this figure cast,
To know, by his nativity there seen,
What sort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is. 115

La B. I'll herein do my best in your desire:
The man is raised out of a good descent,
And nothing older than yourself, I think.
Is it not you?

Byr. I will not tell you that:
But tell me on what end he shall arrive. 120

La B. My son, I see that he, whose end is cast
In this set figure, is of noble parts,
And by his military valour raised
To princely honours, and may be a king,
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here, 125
That hinders it, I fear.

Byr. A *Caput Algol*?
What's that, I pray?

La B. Forbear to ask me, son;
You bid me speak what fear bids me conceal.

Byr. You have no cause to fear, and therefore speak.

130 *La B.* You'll rather wish you had been ignorant,
Than be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill;
And therefore do not urge me to enforce
What I would freely know; for, by the skill
135 Shown in thy agèd hairs, I'll lay thy brain
Here scattered at my feet, and seek in that
What safely thou must utter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

La B. Will you not allow me
To hold my peace? what less can I desire?
140 If not, be pleased with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was ever man yet punished for expressing
What he was charged? Be free, and speak the worst.

La B. Then briefly this: the man hath lately done
An action that will make him lose his head.

145 *Byr.* Curst be thy throat and soul, raven, screech-owl,
hag.

La B. Oh, hold, for heaven's sake, hold!

Byr.

Hold on, I will.

Vault and contractor of all horrid sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,
Of my confusions, of the shameful end
150 Of all my services; witch, fiend, accurst
For ever be the poison of thy tongue,
And let the black fume of thy venomèd breath
Infect the air, shrink heaven, put out the stars,
And rain so fell and blue a plague on earth,
155 That all the world may falter with my fall!

La B. Pity my age, my lord.

Byr.

Out, prodigy,

Remedy of pity, mine of flint,
Whence with my nails and feet I'll dig enough
Horror and savage cruelty to build
160 Temples to massacre! dam of devils take thee!
Hadst thou no better end to crown my parts?
The bulls of Colchos, nor his triple neck
That howls out earthquakes, the most mortal vapours
That ever stifled and strook dead the fowls
165 That flew at never such a sightly pitch,
Could not have burnt my blood so.

La B.

I told truth,

And could have flattered you.

Byr. Oh, that thou hadst !
 Would I had given thee twenty thousand crowns,
 That thou hadst flattered me ! There's no joy on earth,
 Never so rational, so pure, and holy, 170
 But is a jester, parasite, a jade,
 In the most worthy parts, with which they please,
 A drunkenness of soul and a disease.

La B. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of Pluto, peace !
 Thou knew'st my end to come, not me here present. 175
 Plague of your halting human knowledges !
 O death, how far off hast thou killed ! how soon
 A man may know too much, though never nothing !
 Spite of the stars and all astrology,
 I will not lose my head ; or, if I do, 180
 A hundred thousand heads shall off before.
 I am a nobler substance than the stars,
 And shall the baser overrule the better ?
 Or are they better, since they are the bigger ?
 I have a will, and faculties of choice, 185
 To do, or not to do ; and reason why
 I do, or not do this : the stars have none ;
 They know not why they shine, more than this taper,
 Nor how they work, nor what. I'll change my course ;
 I'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts, 190
 And cast my will into another mould ;
 And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
 Your planets all, being underneath the earth
 At my nativity, what can they do ?
 Malignant in aspects ? in bloody houses ? 195
 Wild fire consume them ! one poor cup of wine
 More than I use, that my weak brain will bear,
 Shall make them drunk and reel out of their spheres,
 For any certain act they can enforce.
 Oh, that mine arms were wings, that I might fly, 200
 And pluck out of their hearts my destiny !
 I'll wear those golden spurs upon my heels,
 And kick at fate. Be free, all worthy spirits,
 And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height !
 Untruss your slaveries ! you have height enough 205
 Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches :
 'Tis too far off to let you or respect you.
 Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea

- Loves t' have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
 210 Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
 And his rapt ship run on her side so low
 That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
 There is no danger to a man that knows
 What life and death is; there's not any law
 215 Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
 That he should stoop to any other law.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to himself is a law rational. [Exit.]

XII

THOMAS DEKKER

1570(?)—1640(?).

THOMAS DEKKER was born in London about 1570. In 1637 he speaks of his 'three-score years,' which would make 1577 the year of his birth, but the phrase must not be pressed. His name and familiarity with the language have been thought to point to Dutch extraction. Little is known of his life. In 1598 he received payment from Henslowe for a play called *Phaeton*, perhaps the first draft of *The Sun's Darling*, afterwards revised by Ford. The same year Henslowe paid forty shillings to release him from the Counter, the debtors' prison in the Poultry. *The Shoemaker's Holiday* and *Old Fortunatus* were published in 1600, and *Satiromastix*, the reply to Jonson's *Poetaster*, in 1602. The first part of *The Honest Whore* was printed in 1604, the second part not till 1630. In 1607 appeared *The Whore of Babylon*, *Westward Ho*, and *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, the last two written with Webster. In *The Roaring Girl* (1611) he collaborated with Middleton, and in *The Virgin Martyr* (1622) with Massinger. *If it be not good the Devil is in it* (1612), *Match me in London* (1631), and *The Wonder of a Kingdom* (1636), are assigned to his sole authorship. *The Sun's Darling*, 'a Moral Masque,' by Dekker and Ford, was not printed till 1656, and *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Dekker, Ford, and Rowley, till 1658. Beside these, he had a hand in many plays now lost, and wrote masques and prose pamphlets, some of which, such as *The Gull's Horn-book* (1609), are well known. The time, place, and circumstances of his death have not been ascertained.

The writings of Dekker, like the poems of Lucretius according

to Cicero's famous criticism, are *multis luminibus ingenti*, but it cannot be added, *multae tamen artis*. His brilliant natural powers suffered from the lack of that art which his great antagonist had in excess. Lamb, in often quoted words, says he has 'poetry enough for anything,' and Mr. Swinburne speaks of his 'wild wood-notes of passion and fancy and pathos.' His peculiar merits are seen best in detached passages and episodes, in which he sometimes shows an insight into character, especially of woman, a gentle pathos, and a romantic imagination, not unworthy of Shakespeare himself. But, either from temperament or the urgency of circumstances, he failed to give organic unity to the design. His plots are too often formless and incongruous, *velut aegri somnia*. His work shows evidence of haste and careless execution. Yet, in spite of structural defects, he has produced at least two plays of unique character. In *The Shoemaker's Holiday* he has left a realistic picture of bourgeois life in Elizabethan London, and in *Old Fortunatus* he has dramatized an ancient legend with poetic feeling and moral earnestness. His lyrics are famous for their careless rapture and unpremeditated art.

The text of the following passages is that of the early Quartos corrected and modernized.

A. THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

ACT III, SC. IV.

The argument of this 'merrie conceited Comedie' is best given in Dekker's own words. 'Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had a young gentleman of his own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor's daughter of London; to prevent and cross which love, the Earl caused his kinsman to be sent Coronel of a company into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch shoemaker to the house of Simon Eyre in Tower Street, who served the Mayor and his household with shoes. The merriments that passed in Eyre's house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy's getting his love, and other accidents.'

Enter Firk [Eyre's journeyman], Eyre's wife, Hans [Lacy disguised as a Dutch shoemaker], and Roger [another journeyman, also called Hodge].

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. Oh, Firk!

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Wife. I pray thee run—do you hear?—run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that

5 worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him; hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? well, I go; and he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

10 *Wife.* Nay, when? thou art too compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence.—How like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding! [*Aside.*]

Wife. Nay, when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

15 *Firk.* God forbid your worship should fall into that humour! I run. [*Exit.*]

Wife. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Rog. Ay, forsooth, dame—mistress I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick
20 it off.

Wife. Even what thou wilt, good Roger; dame is a fair name for any honest Christian; but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. *Me lanch you, vro.*

25 *Wife.* Well, Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he come to be Master Sheriff of London,—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you; I will not be your back friend—but let that pass. Hans,
30 pray thee, tie my shoe.

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro.*

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so, I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork,
35 good Roger, wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? Ha! ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think.

40 *Rog.* As a cat out of a pillory. [*Aside.*—Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Wife. Indeed, all flesh is grass! And, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Rog. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

45 *Wife.* Thou art an ungracious wag! perdy, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Rog. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard,

you shall have the shavings of it; but mine are all true hairs.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan, or else a mask. 50

Rog. So you had need, to hide your wicked face. [*Aside.*]

Wife. Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it. Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad; let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship 55 says.

Hans. *Ich bin vrolicke, lot see you soo.*

Mistress. will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Wife. Oh, fie upon it, Roger! perdy, these filthy tobacco pipes are the most idle slaving bables that ever I felt. 60 Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Ralph, being lame. [*Ralph, one of Simon Eyre's journeymen, newly married to Jane, had been pressed for service in France.*]

Rog. What, fellow Ralph! Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall 65 soldier.

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Wife. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would God you saw me, dame, as well 70 As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent.—Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt!—The left leg is not well, but let that pass.

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice 75 To hear that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

Wife. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker; but let that pass.

Rog. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England? 80 How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife? Where lives my poor heart? she'll be poor indeed, Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbs? hast thou not hands, man? thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three 85 fingers on a hand.

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Wife. Oh, Ralph, your wife—perdy, we know not what's become of her; she was here a while, and because she was
90 married, grew more stately than became her: I checked her, and so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bih nor bah: and, Ralph, you know, ka me, ka thee; and so, as I tell ye—Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Rog. No, forsooth.

95 *Wife.* And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men; I am sure there's not any of them, perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firk
100 be come.

Hans. Yaw, ic sal, vro.

[*Exit* Hans.]

Wife. And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return, and therefore thank God
105 for all things.

Rog. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart—I know thou hast one—thy wife, man, is in London; one told me he saw her a while ago very brave and neat. We'll ferret her out, and London hold her.

110 *Wife.* Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow: he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink; thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Ralph. I thank you, dame: since I want limbs and lands,
115 I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands. [*Exit.*]

Enter Hans and Firk, running.

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge! O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears: mistress, smug up your looks; on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of
120 the city for this famous year now to come: and time now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay; and so I came away.

125 Wherefore, without all other grieve,
I do salute you Mistress Shrieve.

Hans. Yaw, my meester is de groot man, de Shrieve.

Rog. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say, Good morrow, to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow, good Roger. I thank you, my good 130 people all. Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a threepenny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'Tis but three halfpence, I think. Yes, 'tis threepence, I smell the rose.

Hodge. But, mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak 135 so pulingly.

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key, 'To it, Firk;' 'there, good Firk;' 'ply your business, Hodge;' 'Hodge, with a full mouth;' 'I'll fill your bellies with good cheer till they 140 cry twang.'

Enter Simon Eyre, wearing a gold chain.

Hans. See, mine liever broder, heer comt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home, master Shrieve! I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for 145 Simon Eyre: I shall make thee a lady; here's a French hood for thee; on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee: Firk, thou shalt be the foreman: Hans, thou 150 shalt have an hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master, Sim Eyre, hath bin, and you shall live to be Sheriffs of London. How dost thou like me, Margery? 'Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.' Firk, Hodge, and Hans! 155

All three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honour, ye Babylonian knaves, for the gentle craft! But I forgot myself; I am bidden by my Lord Mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. 160 Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentle shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford. You know my mind. Come, Madge, away! Shut up the 165 shop, knaves, and make holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans; We'll be with them for a morris dance. [*Exeunt.*]

B. OLD FORTUNATUS

ACT II, SC. II.

Fortunatus, returning to Cyprus from his travels with the inexhaustible purse and the wishing hat, relates his adventures to his sons Ampedo and Andelocia. Shadow is the clown.

Enter Fortune: after her, three Destinies, working.

Fort. By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.

Andel. And these are sights for none but Gods and kings.

Shad. Yes, and for Christen creatures, if they be not blind.

Fort. In these two hands do I grip all the world.

5 This leather purse and this bald woollen hat

Make me a monarch; here's my crown and sceptre:

In progress will I now go through the world.

I'll crack your shoulders, boys, with bags of gold

Ere I depart; on Fortune's wings I ride,

10 And now sit in the height of human pride.

Fortune. Now, fool, thou liest; where thy proud feet do tread,

These shall throw down thy cold and breathless head.

Fort. O sacred deity, what sin is done,

That death's iron fist should wrestle with thy son?

[*All kneel.*]

15 *Fortune.* Thou art no son of Fortune, but her slave.

Thy cedar hath aspired to his full height:

Thy sun-like glory hath advanced herself

Into the top of pride's meridian,

And down amain it comes. From beggary

20 I plumed thee like an estrich: like that estrich

Thou hast eaten metals, and abused my gifts,

Hast played the ruffian, wasted that in riots

Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

Fort. Forgive me, I will be more provident.

25 *Fortune.* No, endless follies follow endless wealth.

Thou hadst thy fancy, I must have thy fate,

Which is, to die when th' art most fortunate.

This inky thread thy ugly sins have spun,

Black life, black death; faster, that it were done!

30 *Fort.* Oh, let me live, but till I can redeem.

Fortune. The destinies deny thee longer life.

Fort. I am but now lifted to happiness.

Fortune. And now take I most pride to cast thee down.

Hadst thou chosen wisdom, this black had been white,
And death's stern brow could not thy soul affright. 35

Fort. Take this again: give wisdom to my sons.

Fortune. No, fool, 'tis now too late: as death strikes thee,
So shall their ends sudden and wretched be.

Jove's daughters, righteous Destinies, make haste!

His life hath wasteful been, and let it waste. [*Exeunt.*] 40

And. Why dost thou sweat so?

Shad. For anger to see any of God's creatures have
such filthy faces as these sempsters had that went hence.

And. Sempsters? why, you ass, they are Destinies.

Shad. Indeed, if it be one's destiny to have a filthy face, 45
I know no remedy but to go masked and cry, Woe worth
the Fates!

Amp. Why droops my father? these are only shadows,
Raised by the malice of some enemy,
To fright your life, o'er which they have no power. 50

Shad. Shadows? I defy their kinred.

Fort. O Ampedo, I faint; help me, my sons.

And. Shadow, I pray thee, run and call more help.

Shad. If that desperate Don Dego, Death, hath ta'en up
the cudgels once, here's never a fencer in Cyprus dare take 55
my old master's part.

And. Run, villain, call more help.

Shad. Bid him thank the Destinies for this. [*Exit.*]

Fort. Let me shrink down, and die between your arms.
Help comes in vain; no hand can conquer fate: 60
This instant is the last of my life's date.

This goddess, if at least she be a goddess,
Names herself Fortune: wand'ring in a wood,
Half famished, her I met. I have, quoth she,
Six gifts to spend upon mortality, 65
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches.
Out of my bounty one of these is thine.

Amp. What benefit did from your choice arise?

Fort. Listen, my sons. In this small compass lies
Infinite treasure: this she gave to me; 70

And gave to this this virtue, Take (quoth she)
So often as from hence thou draw'st thy hand,
Ten golden pieces of that kingdom's coin,
Where'er thou liv'st; which plenteous, sure, shall last,
After thy death, till thy sons' lives do waste. 75

And. Father, your choice was rare, the gift divine.

Fort. It had been so, if wisdom had been mine.

Amp. But hath this golden virtue never failed?

Fort. Never.

And. O admirable! here's a fire

80 Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
And give stones life by this most sacred death;
See, brother, here's all India in my hand.

Fort. Inherit you, my sons, that golden land.

This hat I brought away from Babylon;

85 I robb'd the Soldan of it; 'tis a prize
Worth twenty empires. In this jewel lies—

And. How, father? jewel? call you this a jewel? It's
coarse wool, a bald fashion, and greasy to the brim;
I have bought a better felt for a French crown forty times.

90 Of what virtuous block is this hat, I pray?

Fort. Set it upon thy head, and wish a wish;
Thou in the moment, on the wind's swift wings,
Shalt be transported into any place.

And. A wishing hat, and a golden mine!

95 *Fort.* O Andelocia, Ampedo, now death
Sounds his third summons: I must hence. These jewels
To both I do bequeath; divide them not,
But use them equally: never bewray
What virtues are in them; for, if you do,

100 Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you.

Peruse this book: farewell! Behold in me

The rotten strength of proud mortality. [Dies.]

Amp. His soul is wand'ring to the Elysium shades:

The flower that's fresh at noon, at sunset fades.

105 *And.* Brother, close you down his eyes, because you were
his eldest; and with them close up your tears, whilst I, as all
younger brothers do, shift for myself: let us mourn, because
he's dead, but mourn the less, because he cannot revive.
The honour we can do him, is to bury him royally; let's
110 about it then, for I'll not melt myself to death with scalding
sighs, nor drop my soul out at mine eyes, were my father an
emperor.

Amp. Hence, hence, thou stop'st the tide of my true tears.
True grief is dumb, though it hath open ears.

115 *And.* Yet God send my grief a tongue, that I may have
good utterance for it. Sob on, brother mine; whilst you
sigh there, I'll sit and read what story my father has written
here.

C. SATIROMASTIX

ACT I, SC. II.

Horace (Ben Jonson) has been employed to write a nuptial song for the marriage of Sir Walter Terill and Caelestine. The pseudonyms of Horace, Crispinus (Marston), and Demetrius Fannius (Dekker) are borrowed from Poetaster, to which this episode is intended as an answer.

Horace sitting in a study behind a curtain, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly: to himself—

To thee whose forehead swells with roses,
 Whose most haunted bower
 Gives life and scent to every flower,
 Whose most adorèd name incloses
 Things abstruse, deep and divine, 5
 Whose yellow tresses shine
 Bright as Eoan fire,
 O me, thy priest, inspire!
 For I to thee and thine immortal name,
 In—in—in golden tunes, 10
 For I to thee and thine immortal name,
 In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming,
 In sacred raptures swimming,
 Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,—
 Plague ha't!—shame, proclaim, oh!— 15
 In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim, not—
 O me, thy priest, inspire!
 For I to thee and thine immortal name,
 In flowing numbers filled with sprite and flame,—
 Good, good!—in flowing numbers filled with sprite and flame. 20

Enter Asinius Bubo.

Asin. Horace, Horace, my sweet ningle, is always in labour when I come; the nine Muses be his midwives, I pray Jupiter. Ningle!

Hor. In flowing numbers filled with sprite and flame,
 To thee—

Asin. To me? I pledge thee, sweet ningle! By Bacchus' 25
 quaffing bowl, I thought th' hadst drunk to me.

Hor. It must have been in the divine liquor of Parnassus then, in which I know you would scarce have pledged me.
 But come, sweet rogue, sit, sit, sit.

Asin. Over head and ears, i' faith? I have a sackful of 30

news for thee; thou shalt plague some of them, if God send us life and health together.

Hor. It's no matter. Empty thy sack anon; but come
35 here first, honest rogue, come.

Asin. Is't good, is't good? pure Helicon? ha?

Hor. Hang me, if't be not the best that ever came from
me, if I have any judgement. Look, sir, 'tis an epithalamium
for Sir Walter Terill's wedding; my brains have given
40 assault to it but this morning.

Asin. Then I hope to see them fly out like gunpowder ere night.

Hor. Nay, good rogue, mark, for they are the best lines
that ever I drew.

Asin. Here's the best leaf in England—but on, on, I'll
45 but tune this pipe.

Hor. Mark, 'To thee whose forehead swells with roses.'

Asin. O, sweet! but will there be no exceptions taken,
because forehead and swelling comes together?

Hor. Pish, away, away! it's proper; besides, 'tis an
50 elegancy to say the forehead swells.

Asin. Nay, an't be proper, let it stand, for God's love.

Hor. 'Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most adorèd name incloses
55 Things abstruse, deep and divine,
Whose yellow tresses shine
Bright as Eoan fire'—

Asin. O pure, rich! there's heat in this; on, on!

Hor. 'Bright as Eoan fire,
60 O me, thy priest, inspire!

For I to thee and thine immortal name'—
mark this—

'In flowing numbers filled with sprite and flame'—

Asin. Ay, marry, there's sprite and flame in this.

65 *Hor.* A plague o' this tobacco!

Asin. Would this case were my last, if I did not mark!
nay, all's one; I have always a consort of pipes about me:
mine ingle is all fire and water! I marked, by this candle,
which is none of God's angels: I remember, you started
70 back at 'sprite and flame.'

Hor. 'For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with sprite and flame,
To thee, love's mightiest king,
Hymen, O Hymen, does our chaste muse sing.'

Asin. There's music in this.

75

Hor. Mark now, dear Asinius.

'Let these virgins quickly see thee

Leading out the bride ;

Though their blushing cheeks they hide,

Yet with kisses will they fee thee'—

80

My muse has marched, dear rogue, no farder yet : but how is 't? how is 't? nay, prithee, good Asinius, deal plainly ; do not flatter me ; come, how?

Asin. If I have any judgement—

Hor. Nay, look you, sir, and then follow a troop of other 85 rich and laboured conceits—oh, the end shall be admirable! but how is 't, sweet Bubo, how, how?

Asin. If I have any judgement, 'tis the best stuff that ever dropped from thee.

Hor. You ha' seen my acrostics?

90

Asin. I'll put up my pipes, and then I'll see anything.

Hor. Th' hast a copy of mine odes too, hast not, Bubo?

Asin. Your odes? Oh, that which you spake by word o' mouth at th' ordinary, when Musco, the gull, cried mew at it.

Hor. A plague on him, poor brainless rook! and you 95 remember, I told him his wit lay at pawn with his new satin suit, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Asin. At which he would fain ha' blushed, but that his painted cheeks would not let him.

Hor. Nay, sirrah, the palinode, which I mean to stitch 100 to my Revels, shall be the best and most ingenious piece that ever I sweat for ; stay, rogue, I'll fat thy spleen, and make it plump with laughter.

Asin. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle? away, 'tis my packet ; here lies entombed 105 the loves of knights and earls ; here 'tis, here 'tis, Sir Walter Terill's letter to me, and my answer to him : I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious angels, whom I adored, as subjects do their sovereigns : the honest knight angles for my acquaintance with such golden 110 baits—but why dost laugh, my good rogue? how is my answer, prithee, how, how?

Asin. Answer? as God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any justice of peace in England, I warrant ; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too ; I like that, 115 I read it as legibly as some that have been saved by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how dost like the knight's inditing?

Asin. If I have any judgement—a plague on't, here's
 120 worshipful lines indeed, here's stuff! but, sirrah ningle, of
 what fashion is this knight's wit, of what block?

Hor. Why, you see—well, well, an ordinary ingenuity,
 a good wit for a knight; you know how, before God, I am
 haunted with some the most pitiful dry gallants.

125 *Asin.* Troth, so I think; good pieces of landscape show
 best afar off.

Hor. Ay, ay, ay, excellent sumpter horses, carry good
 clothes. But, honest rogue, come, what news, what news
 abroad? I have heard o' the horse's walking o' the top of Paul's.

130 *Asin.* Ha' ye? why, then, Captain Tucca rails upon you
 most preposterously behind your back; did you not hear him?

Hor. A plague upon him! by the white and soft hand
 of Minerva, I'll make him the most ridiculous—hang me
 if I bring not's humour o' th' stage!—and scurvy limping-
 135 tongued captain, poor greasy buff-jerkin, hang him: 'tis out
 of his element to traduce me: I am too well ranked, Asinius,
 to be stabbed with his dudgeon wit: sirrah, I'll compose
 an epigram upon him, shall go thus—

Asin. Nay, I ha' more news: there's Crispinus and his
 140 journeyman-poet Demetrius Fannius too, they swear they'll
 bring your life and death upon th' stage, like a bricklayer,
 in a play.

Hor. Bubo, they must press more valiant wits than their
 own to do it: me o' th' stage? ha! ha! I'll start thence
 145 the poor copper-lacework masters that dare play me; I can
 bring, and that they quake at, a prepared troop of gallants,
 who for my sake shall distaste every unsalted line in their
 fly-blown comedies.

Asin. Nay, that's certain: I'll bring a hundred gallants
 150 of my rank.

Hor. That same Crispinus is the silliest dor, and Fannius
 the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet—O God!
 Why should I care what every dor doth buzz
 In credulous ears? it is a crown to me,
 155 That the best judgements can report me wronged.

Asin. I am one of them that can report it.

Hor. I think but what they are, and am not moved:
 The one a light voluptuous reveller,
 The other, a strange arrogating puff,
 160 Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asin. 'Slid, dost not, Criticus, revel in these lines? ha, ningle, ha?

Hor. Yes, they're mine own.

[*Knocking.*]

Crisp. Horace!

Dem. Flaccus!

165

Crisp. Horace, not up yet?

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hide my papers. Who's this so early? some of my rooks? some of my gulls!

Crisp. Horace! Flaccus!

Hor. Who's there? stay, tread softly. Wat Terill, on my life! Who's there? My gown, sweet rogue. So, come up. Come in!

Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Crisp. Good morrow, Horace.

Hor. Oh, God save you, gallants.

Crisp. Asinius Bubo, well met.

175

Asin. Nay, I hope so, Crispinus; yet I was sick a quarter of a year ago of a vehement great tooth-ache: a plague on't, it bit me vilely. As God sa' me, la, I knew 'twas you by your knocking so soon as I saw you. Demetrius Fannius, will you take a whiff this morning? I have tickling gear now; here's that will play with your nose, and a pipe of mine own scouring too.

Dem. Ay, and a hedges-head too of your own, but that will never be scoured clean, I fear.

Asin. I burnt my pipe yesternight, and 'twas never used since; if you will, 'tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco too; 'tis right pudding, I can tell you: a lady or two took a pipe full or two at my hands, and praised it for the heavens. Shall I fill, Fannius?

Dem. I thank you, good Asinius, for your love; I seldom take that physic: 'tis enough Having so much fool to take him in snuff.

190

Hor. Good Bubo, read some book, and give us leave—

Asin. Leave have you, dear ningle.—Marry, for reading any book, I'll take my death upon 't, as my ningle says, 'tis out of my element: no, faith, ever since I felt one hit me i' th' teeth that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, could I abide to go to school; I was at *As in prae-senti* and left there: yet, because I'll not be counted a worse fool than I am, I'll turn over a new leaf.

200

[*Asinius reads and takes tobacco.*]

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
 In distilled roses, and do strive to drain
 Out of mine ink all gall; that when I weigh
 Each syllable I write or speak, because
 205 Mine enemies with sharp and searching eyes
 Look through and through me, carving my poor labours
 Like an anatomy; O heavens, to see
 That when my lines are measured out as straight
 As even parallels—'tis strange that still,
 210 Still some imagine they are drawn awry.
 The error is not mine, but in their eye
 That cannot take proportions.

Crisp. Horace, Horace,
 To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
 Proves not your guilt; for, could we write on paper
 215 Made of those turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
 Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
 That some would shake the head; though saints should sing,
 Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with stings.

Hor. 'Tis true.
 220 *Crisp.* Do we not see fools laugh at heaven, and mock
 The Maker's workmanship? Be not you grieved
 If that which you mould fair, upright and smooth,
 Be screwed awry, made crookèd, lame and vile,
 By racking comments, and calumnious tongues.
 225 So to be bit, it rankles not; for innocence
 May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
 But when your dastard wit will strike at men
 In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
 Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
 230 If they take off all gilding from their pills,
 And only offer you the bitter core.

Hor. Crispinus!
Crisp. Say that you have not sworn unto your paper,
 To blot her white cheeks with the dregs and bottom
 Of your friends' private vices; say you swear
 235 Your love and your allegiance to bright virtue
 Makes you descend so low, as to put on
 The office of an executioner,
 Only to strike off the swollen head of sin,
 Where'er you find it standing; say you swear,
 240 And make damnation parcel of your oath,
 That, when your lashing jests make all men bleed,

Yet you whip none. Court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike ; yet court, nor city,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you—great pity !

Dem. If you swear, 'Damn me, Fannius, or Crispinus, 245
Or to the law, our kingdom's golden chain,
To poets damn me, or to players damn me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you' ;
I wonder then that, of five hundred, four
Should all point with their fingers in one instant 250
At one and the same man.

Hor. Dear Fannius !

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Hear me, I can—

Dem. You must daub on thick colours then to hide it.

Crisp. We come like your physicians, to purge
Your sick and dangerous mind of her disease. 255

Dem. In truth we do ; out of our loves we come,
And not revenge ; but, if you strike us still,
We must defend our reputations :
Our pens shall, like our swords, be always sheathed,
Unless too much provoked : Horace, if then 260
They draw blood of you, blame us not, we are men.
Come, let thy muse bear up a smoother sail ;
'Tis the easiest and the basest art to rail.

Hor. Deliver me your hands ; I love you both,
As dear as my own soul : prove me, and when 265
I shall traduce you, make me the scorn of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Crisp. What reads Asinius ?

Asin. By my troth, here's an excellent comfortable book ;
it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of, Bubo ? 270

Asin. Mass, it smells of rose-leaves a little, too.

Hor. Then it must needs be a sweet book : he would fain
perfume his ignorance.

Asin. I warrant he had wit in him that penned it.

Crisp. 'Tis good ; yet a fool will confess truth. 275

Asin. The knave made me meet with a hard style in two
or three places as I went over him.

Dem. I believe thee ; for they had need to be very low
and easy stiles of wit that thy brains go over.

D. THE SUN'S DARLING

ACT II.

In this 'moral masque' the Sun grants to his descendant, Raybright, in answer to his prayer, for one year to 'enjoy the several pleasures here, which every season in his kind can bless a mortal with.' The second scene describes how :

*'Folly, his Squire, the Lady Humour brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells sings.
He follows them; forsakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is seene.'*

Enter Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,
That mother on whose back age ne'er can sit,
For age still waits upon her; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks and is made wanton,
5 Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and underground
Are quick'ned with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigour;
That Spring on thy fair cheeks in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays
10 From which thy name thou borrowest, (glorious name!)
Raybright, as bright in person as in fame.

Ray. Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine ears
Feel your tongue's charms; in you move all the spheres.
O lady, would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you!

15 *Spring.* Why! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard have numbed my lips,
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
20 I in your sphere seem a star more divine,
Than in my father's chariot should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Spring. Oh, that sweet breath revives me! if thou never
Part'st hence (as part thou shalt not), be happy ever.

Ray. I know I shall.

25 *Spring.* Thou, to buy whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth, wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

Youth.

Madam, I shall ;

And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
 You still shall sit to gather them, and when
 Their colours fade, as brave shall spring again. 30

Spring. Thou, without whom they that have hills of gold
 Are slaves and wretches, Health, that canst nor be sold,
 Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
 Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

Health. One of my hands is writing still in heaven 35
 (For that's Health's library), t'other on the earth
 Is Physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
 Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortality sure falls from me.*Spring.*

Thou, to whose tunes

The five nice Senses dance ; thou, that dost spin 40
 Those golden threads all women love to wind,
 And, but for whom, man would cut off mankind ;
 Delight, not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,
 And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

Del. Hover, you winged musicians, in the air ; 45
 Clouds, leave your dancing : no winds stir but fair.

Health. Leave, blustering March.*Song.*

What bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
 'Tis Philomel the Nightingale ;
 Jugg, Jugg, Jugg, Terue, she cries, 50
 And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.
 Cuckoo !

Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckoos sing
 Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring.
 Brave prick-song ! who is 't now we hear ? 55
 'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.

Chirrup ! the Sparrow flies away,
 For he fell to't ere break of day.
 Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckoos sing
 Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring. 60

Spring. How does my sun-born sweetheart like his queen,
 Her court, her train ?

Ray. Wondrous ! such ne'er were seen.

Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes : one delight
 Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

65 *Del.* Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine own times in repercussive sounds. [*Exit.*]

Echo of Cornets.

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee. Pleasures, change.
Thou, as the Sun, in a free zodiac range.

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, faced
70 Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced
Before your Highness to present their sport.

Spring. What is 't?

Del.

A morris.

Spring.

Give them our court:

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear;
Take thou my lightning; none but laurel here
75 Shall scape thy blasting; whom thou wilt confound,
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit crowned.

Ray. Let these then; I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country gray
80 Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stolen away
By great ones, that's my fear.

Ray.

Fear it not, lady;

Should all the world's black sorceries be laid
To blow me hence, I move not.

Spring.

I am made

In that word the earth's empress.—

[*Morris.*]

Are not these sports too rustic?

85 *Ray.*

No; pretty and pleasing.

Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing May,
Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service; will you please
To honour her arrival?

Ray.

I shall attend.

90 *Spring.* On then, and bid my rosy-fingered May
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way. [*Exit.*]

Ray. An empress, say'st thou, fallen in love with me?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women wish to
be empresses; her name, the Lady Humour.

95 *Ray.* Strange name! I never saw her, knew her not:
What kind of creature is she?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly,
white as blanch'd almonds; no mercer's wife ever handled

yard with a prettier hand; breath sweet as a monkey's;
lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot as— 100

Ray. And what's thy name?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humour and Folly; to my listening ear
Thy lady's praises often have been sung:
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties, 105
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart

Ray. This lady, called the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green-sickness thing: I came by the way of a
hobby-horse letter of attorney, sent by my lady as a spy 110
to you: Spring, a hot lady, a few-fields-and-garden lass!
can you feed upon sallets and tansies? eat like an ass upon
grass every day at my lady's? comes to you now a goose,
now a woodcock, nothing but fowl, fowl pies, platters all
covered with fowl,—and is not fowl very good fare? 115

Ray. Yea, marry, is 't, sir, the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece—I'll see her! what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine then?
Should day last ever, 'twould be loathed as night. 120
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.
The way? I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do
but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

Ray. Be quick then— [Cornets.] 125

*Enter Humour, a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer,
a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

Hum. A bedfellow for a fairy!

Ray. Admired perfection!

You set my praises to so high a tune, 130
My merits cannot reach 'em.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person;
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge:
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee. 'Tis not the Spring, 135
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,

For shooting glances at her, and for sending
 Whole quires of singers to her every morn,
 140 With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
 As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipped dawning
 Is not so melting, so delicious.
 Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
 Still singing in such bowers.

145 *Hum.* Thou shalt be turned to nothing but to mine,
 My mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle
 But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
 Invent some other tires—music—stay—none!

Fol. Hoy-day!

150 *Hum.* New gowns, new fashions! I am not brave enough,
 To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the moon,
 Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
 With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,
 Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was
 155 A bird of paradise'—shall it be yours?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fools' paradise, he must not lose his bauble.

Ray. I am wrapt—

Fol. In your mother's smock.

160 *Ray.* I am wrapt above man's being, in being sphered
 In such a globe of rarities. But say, lady,
 What these are that attend you.

Hum. All my attendants
 Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already, never to leave him.

165 *Ray.* He?

Fol. A French gentleman that trails a Spanish pike—a tailor.

Tail. Wee, Mounsieur, hey nimbla upon de crosse caper,
 me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddle
 to de heel and great toe, oh stish de fine: dis coller is cut
 170 out in anger scurvie, oh dis beeshes pincha, me put one
 French yard into de toder hose.

Ray. Shall I be brave then?

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?

Fol. A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping; one that
 175 loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him;

his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought 'em of a juggler; he's an Italian dancer, his name—

Dan. Signior Lavolta, Messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoës, galliardaës, piamentaës, capreolettaës, amorettaës, 180
dolche dolche, to delectamente do bona robaës de Toscana.

Ray. I ne'er shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now?

185

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Span. A confecianador, which in your tongue is, a comfit-maker, of Toledo; I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, O Toledo! 190

Span. In conserves, candies, marmalades, sinkadoës, panadaës, marablanc, Bergamoto, aranaxues muria, lymons, berenganas of Toledo, oriones, potataës of Malaga, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions; a Spaniard can multiply. 195

Span. I am your servidor.

Ray. My palate pleased too. What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoës in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady by me presents this sword and belt to you. 200

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto, if you dare not fight; then, how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado. 205

Ray. How! dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

Hum. No more of this. Dances, awake the music:

O yes! Music!

Ray. No more of this: this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms; 210
The field—embraces; kisses, our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a tailor, yet stand still? strike up.

[Dance.]

Enter Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.

Spring. O thou enticing strumpet, how durst thou
Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple
That's consecrate to me?

- 215 *Hum.* Poor Spring, goody herb-wife,
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,
I ha' bought for mine own wearing?
Spring. Bought! art thou sold then?
Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her graces.
Health. Graces! a witch!
Spring. What can she give thee—
Ray. All things.—
- 220 *Spring.* Which I, for one bubble, cannot add a sea to?
Fol. And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.
Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.
Ray. What dowry can you bring me?
Spring. Dowry! ha!
Is't come to this? am I held poor and base?
- 225 A girdle make, whose buckles, stretched to th' length,
Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole:
What ground soever thou canst with that enclose,
I'll give thee freely; not a lark that calls
The morning up, shall build on any turf,
But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.
Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.
Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?
Hum. Live with me still, and all the measures,
- 235 Played to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.
Ray. Divinest!
Fol. Here's a lady.
- 240 *Spring.* Is't come to who gives most?
The selfsame bay-tree into which was turned
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine: about it sit
All the old poets with fresh laurel crowned,
- 245 Singing in verse the praise of chastity.
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.
Ray. Live by singing ballets?
- 250 *Fol.* O base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.
Hum. Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh! part not from me, I will discover

They're all but books of fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well, 255
Whither I'll lead thee; and, but drinking there,
To welcome thee nine Muses shall appear,
And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your Muses.

Fol. Ay, ay, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret. 260

Hum. Do not regard their toys.

Be but my darling, age to free thee

From her curse, shall fall a dying;

Call me thy empress, time to see thee

Shall forget his art of flying. 265

Ray. O my all-excellence!

Spring [*to Health*]. Speak thou for me; I am fainting.

Health. Leave her; take this, and travel through the world;

I'll bring thee in to all the courts of kings,
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages, 270

Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,

The day in manly pastimes; snatch from time

His glass, and let the golden sands run forth

As thou shalt jog them; riot it, go brave;

Spend half a world; my queen shall bear thee out. 275

Yet all this while, tho' thou climb hills of years,

Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,

Nor any sickness shake thee; Youth and Health,

As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels;

And who, for two such jewels, would not sell 280

Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so that—

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies! gallop o'er the world, and not grow old,
nor be sick? a lie! One gallant went but into France last
day, and was never his own man since; another stept but 285

into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table;

another did but peep into England, and it cost him more

in good morrows blown up to him under his window by

drums and trumpets than his whole voyage; besides, he

run mad upon't. 290

Hum. Here's my last farewell: ride along with me,

I'll raise by art, out of base earth, a palace,

Whither thyself, waving a crystal stream,

Shall call together the most glorious spirits

Of all the kings that have been in the world; 295

And they shall come only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hum. At one end of the palace shall be heard
That music which gives motion to the heaven ;
300 And in the middle Orpheus shall sit and weep
For sorrow that his lute had not the charms
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell ;
Then at another end—

Ray. I'll hear no more :

This ends your strife ; you only I adore.

305 *Spring.* Oh ! I am sick at heart ; unthankful man,
'Tis thou hast wounded me ! farewell. [*She is led in.*]

Ray.

Farewell.

XIII

JOHN MARSTON

1576—1634.

JOHN MARSTON was the son of a gentleman of the same name, a member of the Middle Temple, who married the daughter of an Italian surgeon settled in London. He was born, probably at Coventry, about 1576, and, at the age of sixteen, matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he was admitted B.A. in 1594. His father, in his will, bequeathing him the furniture of his chambers in the Middle Temple and his law-books, gives expression to his disappointed hope that he 'would have profited by them in the study of the law, but man proposeth and God disposeth.' His first work, *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, and Certain Satires*, was published in 1598, followed in the same year by another collection of satires, entitled *The Scourge of Villainy. The First Part of Antonio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*, were entered in the Stationers' Registers, and ridiculed by Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*, in 1601, but not published till the next year. In 1604 appeared *The Malcontent*, with a complimentary dedication to Ben Jonson, and, in the following year, *The Dutch Courtesan*, together with *Eastward Ho*, in which he collaborated with Chapman and Jonson, the authors being imprisoned, as we have seen before, for their abuse of the Scots. *Parasitaster, or The Faun*, and *Sophonisba*, were published in 1606, and, the following year, the comedy of *What You Will. The Insatiate Countess* appeared in 1613 with Marston's name on the title-page, but in the reprint of 1631 it is attributed to William Barksteed, and it is not included in the collected edition of Marston's plays published in 1633. Mr. Bullen thinks that Marston, on entering the church,

left it in a fragmentary state, and that it was completed by the actor, Barksteed. Marston is also thought to have had a hand in the anonymous plays, *Jack's Drums Entertainment* (1600), and *Histrionastix* (1599).

Little is known about his life, except his marriage with the daughter of the Rev. William Wilkes, Chaplain to James I, and his taking orders himself. In 1616 he was presented to the living of Christchurch in Hampshire, which he resigned in 1631. He died the following year, and was buried in the Temple Church, 'under the stone which hath written on it *Obliuioni Sacrum*' (Wood).

Few of the Elizabethan dramatists have given rise to such diversity of criticism as Marston. While some dwell upon his alleged insincerity and affectation, his melodramatic violence, and his 'transpontine declamation,' others admire his 'amazing and almost Titanic energy,' his high tragic power, his sombre and saturnine imagination. In fact he shows all these characteristics 'by starts, and nothing long.' The explanation perhaps is, that he set before himself lofty ambitions which he had not enough original genius to attain. He seems conscious of this himself, when he exclaims in the prologue to *Antonio's Revenge* :—

'O that our power
Could lackey or keep wing with our desires,
That with unused paize of style and sense,
We might weigh massy in judicious scale.'

His genius seems to have been imitative rather than original. Dominated by Seneca in his earlier tragedies, throughout his dramatic work he shows unmistakable traces of the influence of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. From Beatrice and Benedict he derived his slighter sketch of Crispinella and Tysefew in *The Dutch Courtesan*, while Rossaline in *Antonio and Mellida* is another study from Beatrice. Even the Constables in *The Dutch Courtesan* owe something to Dogberry and Verges. The parallelism between some of the incidents in *Antonio's Revenge* and *Hamlet* is very marked, while Gonzago in *The Fawn* is an over-coloured Polonius. The plots of his tragedies, which seem to have been original, are elaborate and improbable, containing a series of striking situations rather than a sequence of naturally developed incidents, and sometimes culminating in Thyestean atrocities perpetrated by the help of the favourite Elizabethan *deus ex machina*—the masque. The extravagance of his diction, which sometimes gives the impression of striving after effect by the use of strained and unnatural phraseology, was satirized by Ben Jonson in the *Poetaster*, where Crispinus is made to disgorge some of his mannerisms, such as *glibbery*, *lubrical*, *snotteries*, as well as others which have since become common. *The Returne from Pernassus* speaks of him as a 'ruffian in his style,' and says that he 'cuts, thrusts, and foins at whomsoe'er

he meets,' the last clause referring to the satirical character of much of his work. Indeed most of his comic scenes are rather cynically satirical sketches of contemporary follies and vices than transcripts from universal nature. The forced way in which an opportunity is created for introducing a song here and there in his dramas, will remind the reader of Dickens of the device by which Mr. Lenville proposed to lead up to a *pas de deux* for Mr. Folair and the Infant Phenomenon. Yet, notwithstanding all defects, Marston has passages of tragic solemnity and 'passionate earnestness' (*Lamb*), expressed in weighty and impressive language, passages that fulfil Aristotle's requirement of moving pity and terror, and affect the imagination with a weird sense of mystery and awe. Like Webster, he makes an effective use of natural phenomena in sympathy with the prevailing tone of the scene.

The text of the following extracts is based upon the early Quartos, compared with Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition (1887).

A. THE FIRST PART OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA

ACT IV, SC. I.

Andrugio, Duke of Genoa, has been defeated by Piero Sforza, Duke of Venice, and driven to take refuge in the marshes, with Lucio, an old nobleman, and a page. His son, Antonio, in love with Mellida, the daughter of Piero, has just escaped from Piero's court, disguised as a sailor in pursuit of himself.

Sea-shore near Venice. Enter Antonio in his sea-gown, running.

- Ant.* Stop, stop Antonio, stay Antonio!
Vain breath, vain breath, Antonio's lost;
He cannot find himself, not seize himself.
Alas, this that you see is not Antonio;
5 His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Hurling about his agile faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida:
But poor, poor soul, wanting apt instruments
To speak or see, stands dumb and blind, sad spirit,
10 Roll'd up in gloomy clouds as black as air
Through which the rusty coach of night is drawn.
'Tis so; I'll give you instance that 'tis so.
Conceit you me as having clasped a rose

Within my palm; the rose being ta'en away,
 My hand retains a little breath of sweet: 15
 So may man's trunk, his spirit slipped away,
 Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest.
 'Tis so; for when discursive powers fly out,
 And roam in progress through the bounds of heaven,
 The soul itself gallops along with them, 20
 As chieftain of this wingèd troop of thought,
 Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,
 Until the soul return from—What was't I said?
 Oh, this is naught but speckling melancholy.
 I have been that Morpheus— 25
 Tender-skinned cousin-german, bear with me,
 Good Mellida—clod upon clod thus fall.
 Hell is beneath, yet heaven is over all.

[Falls on the ground.]

Enter Andrugio, Lucio, and Page.

And. Come, Lucio, let's go eat: what hast thou got?
 Roots, roots? alas, they are seeded, new cut up. 30
 Oh, thou hast wrongèd Nature, Lucio:
 But boots not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
 That cuts off virtue, 'fore it comes to growth,
 Lest it should seed, and so o'errun her son,
 Dull purblind error.—Give me water, boy. 35
 There is no poison in't I hope; they say
 That hurks in massy plate: and yet the earth
 Is so infected with a general plague,
 That he's most wise, that thinks there's no man fool;
 Right prudent, that esteems no creature just; 40
 Great policy the least things to mistrust.
 Give me assay—. How we mock greatness now!

Luc. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem;
 If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.

And. Why, man, I never was a prince till now. 45
 'Tis not the bareè pate, the bended knees,
 Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
 Troops of pied butterflies that flutter still
 In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince:
 'Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes, 50
 Shouting and clapping, with confused din,
 That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,

- A true right king, that dares do aught save wrong;
 Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust;
 55 Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
 Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmoved,
 Despite the justling of opinion;
 Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
 That strive to press his quiet out of him;
 60 Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
 Adoring, not affecting, majesty;
 Whose brow is wreathèd with the silver crown
 Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king,
 And of this empire every man's possess
 65 That's worth his soul.
- Luc.* My lord, the Genoways had wont to say—
And. Name not the Genoways: that very word
 Unkings me quite, makes me vile passion's slave.
 Oh, you that make upon the glibbery ice
 70 Of vulgar favour, view Andrugio.
 Was never prince with more applause confirmed,
 With louder shouts of triumph launchèd out
 Into the surgy main of government;
 Was never prince with more despite cast out,
 75 Left shipwrecked, banished, on more guiltless ground.
 O rotten props of the crazed multitude,
 How you still double, falter under the lightest chance
 That strains your veins! Alas, one battle lost,
 Your whorish love, your drunken healths, your houts and
 shouts,
 80 Your smooth *God save's*, and all your devils' lust
 That tempts our quiet to your hell of throngs!—
 Spit on me, Lucio, for I am turned slave:
 Observe how passion domineers o'er me.
- Luc.* No wonder, noble lord, having lost a son,
 85 A country, crown, and—
And. Ay, Lucio, having lost a son, a son,
 A country, house, crown, son. *O lares, miseri lares!*
 Which shall I first deplore? My son, my son,
 My dear sweet boy, my dear Antonio!
 90 *Ant.* Antonio?
And. Ay, echo, ay; I mean Antonio.
Ant. Antonio? who means Antonio?
And. Where art? what art? know'st thou Antonio?
Ant. Yes.

And. Lives he?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies he dead?

Ant. Here.

And. Where?

Ant. Here.

95

And. Art thou Antonio?

Ant. I think I am.

And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thyself?

Ant. He is a fool that thinks he knows himself.

And. Upon thy faith to heaven, give thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,

100

If I denied my name's Antonio.

And. I were not worthy to be called thy father,

If I denied my name Andrugio.

And dost thou live? Oh, let me kiss thy cheek,

And dew thy brow with trickling drops of joy.

105

Now heaven's will be done: for I have lived

To see my joy, my son Antonio.

Give me thy hand; now fortune do thy worst,

His blood, that lapped thy spirit in the womb,

Thus, in his love, will make his arms thy tomb.

110

Ant. Bless not the body with your twining arms,

Which is accurs'd of heaven. Oh, what black sin

Hath bin committed by our ancient house,

Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,

That thus the world and fortune casts us out,

115

As loathèd objects, ruin's branded slaves!

And. Do not expostulate the heavens' will,

But, oh, remember to forget thyself;

Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.

Come, creep with me from out this open air:

120

Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.

I am a-raising of our house, my boy,

Which fortune will not envy, 'tis so mean,

And, like the world, all dirt: there shalt thou rip

The inwards of thy fortunes in mine ears,

125

While I sit weeping, blind with passion's tears.

Then I'll begin, and we'll such order keep,

That one shall still tell griefs, the other weep.

[*Exeunt Andrugio and Lucio.*]

Ant. I'll follow you. Boy, prithee stay a little.

Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold marsh

130

- Wherein we lurk have not corrupted it:
 I prithee sing; but, sirrah, mark you me,
 Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
 The sad extracture of extremest grief.
- 135 Make me a strain speak groaning like a bell
 That tolls departing souls;
 Breathe me a point that may enforce me weep,
 To wring my hands, to break my cursèd breast,
 Rave, and exclaim, lie grovelling on the earth,
- 140 Straight start up frantic, crying, Mellida!
 Sing but, *Antonio hath lost Mellida*,
 And thou shalt see me, like a man possess'd,
 Howl out such passion, that even this brinish marsh
 Will squeeze out tears from out his spongy cheeks:
- 145 The rocks even groan, and—prithee, prithee sing,
 Or I shall ne'er ha' done when I am in;
 'Tis harder for me end, than to begin.
 [The Boy runs a note, Antonio breaks it.]
 For look thee, boy, my grief that hath no end,
 I may begin to plain, but—prithee, sing. [A song.]

B. ANTONIO'S REVENGE

ACT I, SC. I.

At the end of Antonio and Mellida Piero had pretended to be reconciled to Andrugio, and promised Mellida in marriage to Antonio. But he has just poisoned Andrugio, and with the help of his creature, Strotzo, murdered Antonio's friend, Feliche, and laid his body in Mellida's chamber.

A corridor in the palace of Piero. Enter Piero unbraced, his arms bare, smeared in blood, a poniard in one hand bloody, and a torch in the other; Strotzo following him with a cord.

- Pier.* Ho, Gasper Strotzo, bind Feliche's trunk
 Unto the panting side of Mellida! [Exit Strotzo.]
 'Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is clutched
 In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep;
 5 No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
 No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
 Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
 Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
 One, two! [Clock strikes.]

Lord, in two hours what a topless mount 10
Of unpeered mischief have these hands cast up!

Re-enter Strotzo.

I can scarce coop triumphing vengeance up
From bursting forth in braggart passion.

Str. My lord, 'tis firmly said that—

Pier. Andrugio sleeps in peace: this brain hath choked 15
The organ of his breast. Feliche hangs
But as a bait upon the line of death,
To tice on mischief. I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge. You horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause 20
From your large palms. First, know, my heart was raised
Unto Andrugio's life upon this ground—

Sir. Duke, 'tis reported—

Pier. We both were rivals in our May of blood,
Unto Maria, fair Ferrara's heir. 25
He wan the lady, to my honour's death,
And from her sweets cropped this Antonio;
For which I burnt in inward swelt'ring hate,
And fest'ed rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belk revenge upon his eyes: 30
And now (O blessed now!) 'tis done. Hell, night,
Give loud applause to my hypocrisy.
When his bright valour even dazzled sense,
In off'ring his own head, public reproach
Had blurr'd my name—speak, Strotzo, had it not?— 35
If then I had—

Str. It had, so please—

Pier. What had, so please? Unseasoned sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no numbèd lord,
Senseless of all true touch; stroke not the head 40
Of infant speech, till it be fully born;
Go to!

Str. How now! Fut, I'll not smother your speech.

Pier. Nay, right thine eyes: 'twas but a little spleen,—
(Huge plunge! 45
Sin's grown a slave, and must observe slight evils;
Huge villains are enforced to claw all devils.)—
Pish, sweet thy thoughts, and give me—

Str. Stroke not the head of infant speech! go to!

Pier. Nay, calm this storm. I ever held thy breast 50

More secret, and more firm in league of blood,
 Than to be struck in heat with each slight puff.
 Give me thy ears; huge infamy had pressed down
 My honour, if even then—

- 55 When his fresh act of prowess bloomed out full—
 I had ta'en vengeance on his hated head.

Str. Why it had—

Pier. Could I avoid to give a seeming grant
 Unto fruition of Antonio's love?

- 60 *Str.* No.

Pier. And didst thou ever see a Judas kiss
 With a more covert touch of fleeing hate?

Str. No.

- Pier.* And having clipt them with pretence of love,
 65 Have I not crushed them with a cruel wring?

Str. Yes.

- Pier.* Say, faith, didst thou e'er hear, or read, or see
 Such happy vengeance, unsuspected death?
 That I should drop strong poison in the bowl,
 70 Which I myself caroused unto his health
 And future fortune of our unity!
 That it should work even in the hush of night,
 And strangle him on sudden, that fair show
 Of death, for the excessive joy of his fate,
 75 Might cloke the murder! Ha, Strotzo, is't not rare?
 Nay, but weigh it. Then Feliche stabbed
 (Whose sinking thought frightened my conscious heart),
 And laid by Mellida, to stop the match,
 And hale on mischief. This all in one night!
 80 Is't to be equalled, think'st thou? Oh, I could cut
 Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagged censure. Fut,
 Is't not rare?

Str. Yes.

- Pier.* No? yes? nothing but *no* and *yes*, dull lump?
 85 Canst thou not honey me with fluent speech,
 And even adore my topless villany?
 Will I not blast my own blood for revenge,
 Must not thou straight be perjured for revenge,
 And yet no creature dream 'tis my revenge?
 90 Will I not turn a glorious bridal morn
 Unto a Stygian night? Yet naught but *no* and *yes*!

Str. I would have told you, if the incubus
 That rides your bosom would have patience,

It is reported that in private state
 Maria, Genoa's duchess, makes to court, 95
 Longing to see him, whom she ne'er shall see,
 Her lord Andrugio. Belike she hath received
 The news of reconciliation.
 A reconciliation with death!
 Poor lady! 'shall but find poor comfort in't. 100
Pier. Oh, let me swoon for joy. By heaven, I think
 I ha' said my prayers, within this month at least;
 I am so boundless happy. Doth she come?
 By this warm reeking gore, I'll marry her.
 Look I not now like an inamorato? 105
 Poison the father, butcher the son, and marry the mother, ha!
 Strotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleep;
 For see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
 Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
 And chase it through the sky.—To bed, to bed! 110
 This morn my vengeance shall be amply fed. [*Exeunt.*]

C. THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

ACT III, SC. II and III.

Cocledemoy, 'a knavishly witty City Companion,' has stolen a nest of goblets from Master Mulligrub, a vintner, and afterwards, disguised as a barber, robbed him of fifteen pounds. Lionel is Burnish's man.

House of Master Burnish, the jeweller. Enter Master Burnish and Lionel. Master Mulligrub, with a standing cup in his hand, and an obligation in the other. Cocledemoy stands at the other door, disguised like a French pedlar, and overhears them.

Mul. I am not at this time furnished; but there's my bond for your plate.

Bur. Your bill had been sufficient: y'are a good man. A standing cup parcel gilt of thirty-two ounces, eleven pound seven shillings, the first of July. Good plate—good man— 5
 good day—good all.

Mul. 'Tis my hard fortune; I will hang the knave. No, first he shall half rot in fetters in the dungeon—his conscience made despairful. I'll hire a knave o' purpose, shall assure him he is damned; and after see him with mine own eyes, hanged 10
 without singing any psalm. Lord, that he has but one neck!

Bur. You are too tyrannous ;—you'll use me no further ?

Mul. No, sir ; lend me your servant, only to carry the plate home. I have occasion of an hour's absence.

15 *Bur.* With easy consent, sir.—Haste and be careful.

[*Exit* Burnish.]

Mul. Be very careful, I pray thee,—to my wife's own hands.

Lio. Secure yourself, sir.

Mul. To her own hand !

Lio. Fear not, I have delivered greater things than this to
20 a woman's own hand.

Coc. Mounsier, please you to buy a fine delicate ball, sweet ball—a camphor ball ?

Mul. Prithee, away ! [Exit Lionel.]

Coc. Wun' a ball to scour—a scouring ball—a ball to be
25 shaved !

Mul. For the love of God ! talk not of shaving. I have been shaved—mischief and a thousand devils seize him !—
I have been shaved ! [Exit Mulligrub.]

Coc. The fox grows fat when he is cursed—I'll shave ye
30 smoother yet. My lips have a kind of rheum at this bowl. I'll have't—I'll gargalise my throat with this vintner, and when I have done with him, spit him out. I'll shark ! Conscience does not repine. Were I to bite an honest gentleman, a poor grogaran poet, or a penurious parson, that had but
35 ten pigs' tails in a twelvemonth, I were damned beyond the works of superarrogation ; but to wring the withers of my gouty, barmed jumbler of elements, Mulligrub, I hold it as lawful as sheep-shearing, taking eggs from hens, caudles from asses, or butter'd shrimps from horses—they make no use of
40 them, were not provided for them. And, therefore, worshipful Cocledemoy, hang toasts ! On, in grace and virtue to proceed, only beware, beware degrees. There be rounds in a ladder, and knots in a halter ; ware carts, hang toasts, the common council has decreed it ! I must draw a lot for the great goblet.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Tavern. Enter Mistress Mulligrub, *and* Lionel *with a goblet.*

45 *Mis. Mul.* Nay, I pray you, stay and drink ; and how does your mistress ? I know her very well—she was ever a good, patient creature, i' faith ! With all my heart, I'll

remember your master, an honest man. An honest man he is, and a crafty. He comes forward in the world well, I warrant him; and his wife is a proper woman, that she is. Well, she has been as proper a woman as any in Cheap. She paints now, and yet she keeps her husband's old customers to him still. In troth, a fine-faced wife, in a wainscot-carved seat, is a worthy ornament to a tradesman's shop, and an attractive, I warrant; her husband shall find it in the custom of his ware, I'll assure him. God be with you, good youth; I acknowledge the receipt. [*Exit Lionel.*] I acknowledge all the receipt—sure, 'tis very well spoken—I acknowledge the receipt. Thus 'tis to have good education, and to be brought up in a tavern. I do keep as gallant and as good company, though I say it, as any she in London. Squires, gentlemen, and knights diet at my table, and I do lend some of them money; and full many fine men go upon my score, as simple as I stand here, and I trust them; and truly they very knightly and courtly promise fair, and give me very good words. Nay, though my husband be a citizen, and 's cap's made of wool, yet I ha' wit, and can see my good as soon as another, for I have all the thanks; my silly husband, alas! he knows nothing of it; 'tis I that must bear a brain for all.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Fair hour to you, mistress!

Mis. Mul. Fair hour!—fine term!—faith, I'll score it up anon.—A beautiful thought to you, sir.

Coc. Your husband, and my master, Mr. Burnish, has sent you a jole of fresh salmon, and they both will come to dinner to season your new cup with the best wine, which cup your husband entreats you to send back by me, that his arms may be graved a' the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

Mis. Mul. By what token are you sent?—by no token? Nay, I have wit.

Coc. He sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaved this morning.

Mis. Mul. A sad token, but true. Here, sir, I pray you commend me to your master, but especially to your mistress. Tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome. [*Exit.*]

Coc. Shall be most sincerely welcome! Worshipful Cocledemoy, lurk close. Hang toasts! Be not ashamed of thy quality? Vanish, foyst!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mistress Mulligrub, with servants and furniture for the table.

Mis. Mul. Come, spread these table diaper napkins, and—
 90 do you hear—perfume this parlour; does so smell of profane tobacco. I could never endure this ungodly tobacco, since one of our elders assured me, upon his knowledge, tobacco was not used in the congregation of the Family of Love. Spread, spread handsomely—Lord! these boys do things
 95 arsy-versy—you show your bringing up. I was a gentlewoman by my sister's side—I can tell ye so, methodically. Methodically! I wonder where I got that word. Oh! Sir Aminadab Ruth bade me kiss him methodically!—I had it somewhere, and I had it indeed.

Enter Master Mulligrub.

100 *Mul.* Mind, be not desperate; I'll recover all
 All things with me shall seem honest that can be profitable;
 He must ne'er winch, that would or thrive or save,
 To be called niggard, cuckold, cut-throat, knave!

Mis. Mul. Are they come, husband?

105 *Mul.* Who?—what?—how now? What feast towards in my private parlour?

Mis. Mul. Pray leave your foolery! What, are they come?

Mul. Come—who come?

Mis. Mul. You need not make't so strange!

110 *Mul.* Strange?

Mis. Mul. Ay, strange. You know no man that sent me word that he and his wife would come to dinner to me, and sent this jole of fresh salmon beforehand?

Mul. Peace—not I—peace! The messenger hath mistaken the house; let's eat it up quickly before it be inquired for. Sit to it—some vinegar—quick! Some good luck, yet. Faith, I never tasted salmon relished better! Oh! when a man feeds at other men's cost!

Mis. Mul. Other men's cost! Why, did not you send
 120 this jole of salmon?

Mul. No.

Mis. Mul. By Master Burnish' man?

Mul. No.

Mis. Mul. Sending me word that he and his wife would
 125 come to dinner to me?

Mul. No, no.

Mis. Mul. To season my new bowl?

Mul. Bowl!

Mis. Mul. And withal willed me to send the bowl back.

Mul. Back!

Mis. Mul. That you might have your arms graved on the side! 130

Mul. Ha!

Mis. Mul. By the same token you were dry-shaven this morning before you went forth. 135

Mul. Pah! how this salmon stinks!

Mis. Mul. And thereupon sent the bowl back, prepared dinner—nay, and I bear not a brain.—

Mul. Wife, do not vex me! Is the bowl gone?—is it delivered? 140

Mis. Mul. Delivered! Yes, sure, 'tis delivered.

Mul. I will never more say my prayers. Do not make me mad; 'tis common. Let me not cry like a woman. Is it gone?

Mis. Mul. Gone? God is my witness, I delivered it with 145 no more intention to be cozened on't than the child new born; and yet—

Mul. Look to my house! I am haunted with evil spirits! Hear me, do; hear me, if I have not my goblet again, heaven, I'll to the devil,—I'll to a conjurer. Look to my 150 house! I'll raise all the wise men i' the street. [*Exit.*]

Mis. Mul. Deliver us! What words are these? I trust in God he is but drunk, sure.

Re-enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. I must have the salmon too; worshipful Cocledemoy, now for the masterpiece. God bless thy neck-piece, and 155 foutra!—Fair mistress, my master—

Mis. Mul. Have I caught you?—what, Roger!

Coc. Peace, good mistress. I'll tell you all. A jest; a very mere jest: your husband only took sport to fright you:—the bowl's at my master's; and there is your husband, 160 who sent me in all haste lest you should be over-frighted with his feigning, to come to dinner to him.

Mis. Mul. Praise heaven it is no worse.

Coc. And desired me to desire you to send the jole of salmon before, and yourself to come after to them; my 165 mistress would be right glad to see you.

Mis. Mul. I pray carry it. Now thank them entirely.

Bless me, I was never so out of my skin in my life! pray thank your mistress most entirely.

170 *Coc. [aside.]* So now, figo! worshipful Mall Faugh and I will munch; cheaters and bawds go together like washing and wringing. *[Exit.]*

Mis. Mul. Beshrew his heart for his labour, how everything about me quivers. What, Christian! my hat and aporn:
175 here, take my sleeves. And how I tremble! so I'll gossip it now for't, that's certain; here has been revolutions and false fires indeed.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. Whither now?—what's the matter with you now?—whither are you a-gadding?

180 *Mis. Mul.* Come, come, play the fool no more. Will you go?

Mul. Whither, in the rank name of madness—whither?

Mis. Mul. Whither?—why to Master Burnish, to eat the jole of salmon. Lord, how strange you make it!

185 *Mul.* Why so?—why so?

Mis. Mul. Why so? Why, did not you send the self-same fellow for the jole of salmon that had the cup?

Mul. 'Tis well,—'tis very well.

Mis. Mul. And willed me to come and eat it with you at
190 the goldsmith's?

Mul. Oh, ay, ay, ay,—art in thy right wits?

Mis. Mul. Do you hear?—make a fool of somebody else; and you make an ass of me, I'll make an ox of you,—do ye see?

195 *Mul.* Nay, wife, be patient; for, look you, I may be mad, or drunk, or so; I will not curse nor cry, but Heaven knows what I think. Come, let's go hear some music; I will never more say my prayers. Let's go hear some doleful music. Nay, if Heaven forget to prosper knaves, I'll go no more
200 to the synagogue. Now I am discontented, I'll turn sectary; that is fashion. *[Exeunt.]*

D. PARASITASTER, OR THE FAWN

ACT III, SC. I.

Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, wishes his son, Tiberio, to marry Dulcimet, daughter of Gonzago, Duke of Urbin, but, finding him averse from matrimony, feigns a desire to marry her himself, and dispatches him to Urbin to negotiate the marriage.

He follows in Tiberio's train, disguised as Faunus, a parasite. Dulcimet falls in love with Tiberio, and cleverly uses Gonzago, 'a weak lord, of a self-admiring wisdom,' as the unconscious instrument for furthering her designs. Granuffo is 'a silent lord' in attendance on Gonzago, and Philocalia is companion to Dulcimet.

Enter Gonzago, Hercules, and Granuffo. Dulcimet and Philocalia are already on the stage.

Gon. What, did he think to walk invisibly before our eyes? And he had Gyges' ring, I would find him.

Herc. 'Fore Jove, you rated him with emphasis.

Gon. Did we not shake the prince with energy?

Herc. With Ciceronian elocution. 5

Gon. And most pathetic, piercing oratory?

Herc. If he have any wit in him, he will make sweet use of it.

Gon. Nay, he shall make sweet use of it ere I have done.

Lord, What overweening fools these young men be, that think us old men sots! 10

Herc. Arrant asses.

Gon. Doting idiots, when we, God wot—ha, ha! 'las, silly souls!

Herc. Poor weak creatures, to men of approved reach—

Gon. Full years— 15

Herc. Of wise experience—

Gon. And approved wit.

Herc. Nay, as for your wit—

Gon. Count Granuffo, as I live, this Faunus is a rare understander of men—is a' not? Faunus, this Granuffo is a right wise good lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speaks: his signs to me and men of profound reach instruct abundantly; he begs suits with signs, gives thanks with signs, puts off his hat leisurely, maintains his beard learnedly, makes a nodding leg courtly, and lives happily. 25

Herc. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before so instructing a wisdom as that of your excellency's. As for his advancement, you gave it most royally, because he deserves it least duly, since to give to virtuous desert is rather a due requital than a princely magnificence, when to undeservingness it is merely all bounty and free grace. 30

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough. Don Granuffo, this Faunus is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent courtier, and beloved of most of the princes of Christendom, I can tell you; for howsoever some severer dissembler grace him not when he 35

affronts him in the full face, yet, if he comes behind or on the one side, he'll leer and put back his head upon him, be sure. Be you two precious to each other.

Herc. Sir, myself, my family, my fortunes, are all devoted,
40 I protest, most religiously to your service. I vow my whole self only proud in being acknowledged by you but as your creature; and my only utmost ambition is by my sword or soul to testify how sincerely I am consecrated to your adoration.

Gon. 'Tis enough; art a gentleman, Fawn?

45 *Herc.* Not uneminently descended; for were the pedigrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would be secretly found to be of the blood of the poor Fawn.

Gon. 'Tis enough; you two I love heartily; for thy silence never displeaseth me, nor thy speech ever offends me. See,
50 our daughter attends us.—

My fair, my wise, my chaste, my duteous,
And indeed, in all, my daughter

(For such a pretty soul for all the world

Have I been), what! I think we have made the prince

55 To feel his error.

What! did he think he had weak fools in hand?

No, he shall find, as wisely said Lucullus,

Young men are fools that go about to gull us.

Dul. But sooth, my wisest father, the young prince

60 Is yet forgetful, and resteth resolute

In his much-unadvised love.

Gon.

Is't possible?

Dul. Nay, I protest, whate'er he feign to you,

(As he can feign most deeply)—

Gon.

Right, we know it;

For if you marked, we would not once take sense

65 Of any such intent from him.

O impudence, what mercy canst thou look for!

Dul. And as I said,

Royally wise and wisely royal father—

Gon. I think that eloquence is hereditary.

70 *Dul.* Though he can feign, yet I presume your sense Is quick enough to find him.

Gon. Quick, is't not, Granuffo? Is't not, Fawn?

Why, I did know he feigned, nay, I do know

(By the just sequence of such impudence)

75 That he hath laid some second siege unto thy bosom,

With most miraculous conveyances

Of some rich present on thee.

Dul. O bounteous Heaven, how liberal are your graces
To my Nestor-like father!

Gon. Is 't not so, say?

Dul. 'Tis so, oraculous father; 80
He hath now more than courted with bare phrases.
See, father, see, the very bane of honour,
Corruption of justice and virginity,
Gifts hath he left with me. Oh, view this scarf;
This, as he called it, most envied silk, 85
That should embrace an arm, or waist, or side,
Which he much feared should never—this he left,
Despite my much resistance.

Gon. Did he so?
Give 't me. I'll give 't him. I'll regive his token
With so sharp advantage.

Dul. Nay, my worthy father, 90
Read but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters—where? [*Reads.*]
*Prove you but justly loving, and conceive me,
Till justice leave the gods, I'll never leave thee.
For though the duke seem wise, he'll find this strain,
Where two hearts yield consent, all thwarting's vain. 95
And darest thou then aver this wicked writ?
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit?*

Enter Tiberio.

Dul. But other talk for us were far more fit,
For, see, here comes the Prince Tiberio.

Gon. Daughter, upon thy obedience, instantly take thy 100
chamber.

Dul. Dear father, in all duty, let me beseech your leave,
that I may but—

Gon. Go to, go to! you are a simple fool, a very simple 105
animal.

Dul. Yet let me, the loyal servant of simplicity,—

Gon. What would you do? What! are you wiser than
your father?—will you direct me?

Dul. Heavens forbid such insolence! Yet let me denounce
my hearty hatred. 110

Gon. To what end?

Dul. Though't be but in the prince's ear, since fits
not maiden's blush to rail aloud.

Gon. Go to, go to!

Dul. Let me but check his heat. 115

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him down, dear father, from his full pride of hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more, go in.

[*Exeunt Dulcimet and Philocalia.*]

120 I will not lose the glory of reproof.

Is this the office of ambassadors,

My Lord Tiberio? nay, duty of a son;

Nay, piety of a man?—(A figure called

In art *Gradatio*, with some learned, *Climax*)—

125 To court a royal lady

For's master, father, or perchance his friend,

And yet intend the purchase of this beauty

To his own use?

Tib. Your grace doth much amaze me.

Gon. Ay, feign, dissemble? 'las! we are now grown old,

130 Weak-sighted; alas! any one fools us.

Tib. I deeply vow, my lord—

Gon. Peace, be not damned,

Have pity on your soul. I confess, sweet prince,

For you to love my daughter, young and witty,

Of equal mixture both of mind and body,

135 Is neither wondrous nor unnatural;

Yet to forswear and vow against one's heart

Is full of base, ignoble cowardice,

Since 'tis most plain, such speeches do condemn

Heaven, and fear men.—(That's sententious now.)

140 *Tib.* My gracious lord, if I unknowingly

Have erred—

Gon. Unknowingly! can you blush, my lord?

Unknowingly! why, can you write these lines,

Present this scarf, unknowingly, my lord,

To my dear daughter? Um, unknowingly?

145 Can you urge your suit, prefer your gentlest love,

In your own right, to her too easy breast,

That, God knows, takes too much compassion on ye

(And so she prayed me say), unknowingly?

My lord, if you can act these things unknowingly,

150 Know we can know your actions so unknown;

For we are old, I will not say in wit,

(For even just worth must not approve itself);

But take your scarf, for she vows she'll not wear it.

Tib. Nay, but my lord—

Gon.

Nay, but my lord, my lord,

You must take it, wear it, keep it, 155
 For by the honour of our house and blood,
 I will deal wisely, and be provident;
 Your father shall not say I pandarised,
 Or fondly winked at your affection;
 No, we'll be wise. This night our daughter yields 160
 Your father's answer; this night we invite
 Your presence therefore to a feastful waking;
 To-morrow to Ferrara you return,
 With wishèd answer to your royal father;
 Meantime, as you respect our best relation 165
 Of your fair bearing (Granuffo, is't not good?)—
 Of your fair bearing, rest more anxious—
 (No, anxious is not a good word)—rest more vigilant
 Over your passion, both forbear and bear,
Anechou e apechou (that's Greek to you now), 170
 Else your youth shall find
 Our nose not stuffed, but we can take the wind
 And smell you out—I say no more but thus—
 And smell you out. What! ha' not we our eyes,
 Our nose and ears? What! are these hairs unwise? 175
 Look to't, *quos ego*,—(A figure called
Aposiopesis or *Increpation*).

[*Exeunt* Gonzago and Granuffo.]

Tib. [*reads the embroidered scarf.*] Prove you but justly
 loving and conceive me,
Justice shall leave the gods before I leave thee:
 Imagination prove as true as thou art sweet! 180
And tho' the duke seem wise, he'll find this strain,
When two hearts yield consent, all thwarting's vain.
 O quick, deviceful, strong-brained Dulcimel!
 Thou art too full of wit to be a wife.
 Why dost thou love? or what strong heat gave life 185
 To such faint hopes? O woman! thou art made
 Most only of, and for, deceit; thy form
 Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
 Our ears, our hearts, and sometimes of our hands;
 Hypocrisy and vanity brought forth, 190
 Without male heat, thy most, most monstrous being.
 Shall I abuse my royal father's trust,
 And make myself a scorn—the very food
 Of rumour infamous? Shall I, that ever loathed
 A thought of woman, now begin to love 195
 My worthy father's right?—break faith to him

That got me, to get a faithless woman?

Herc.

True,

My worthy lord, your grace is *vere pius*.

Tib. To take from my good father

200 The pleasure of his eyes and of his hands,

Imaginary solace of his fading life!

Herc. His life, that only lives to your sole good!

Tib. And my self-good—his life's most only end.

Herc. Which, oh! may never end!

205 *Tib.* Yes, Fawn, in time. We must not prescribe to nature everything. There's some end in everything.

Herc. But in a woman. Yet, as she is a wife, she is oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shall I, I say—

210 *Herc.* Shall you, I say, confound your own fair hopes,

Cross all your course of life, make yourself vain

To your once steady graveness, and all to second

The ambitious quickness of a monstrous love,

That's only out of difficulty born,

215 And followed only for the miracle

In the obtaining? I would ha' ye now

Tell her father all.

Tib. Uncompassionate vild man!

Shall I not pity if I cannot love?

220 Or rather, shall I not for pity love

So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beauty,

That with such rarest art and cunning means

Entreats what I (thing valueless) am not

Worthy to grant, my admiration?

225 Are fathers to be thought on in our loves?

Herc. True, right, sir;

Fathers or friends, a crown and love hath none,

But are allid to themselves alone.

Your father, I may boldly say, 's an ass

230 To hope that you'll forbear to swallow what

He cannot chew; nay, 'tis injustice, truly,

For him to judge it fit that you should starve

For that which only he can feast his eye withal,

And not digest.

235 *Tib.* Oh! Fawn, what man of so cold earth

But must love such a wit in such a body!

Thou last and only rareness of Heaven's works,

From best of man made model of the gods!

Divinest woman, thou perfection of all

Proportion's beauty, made when Jove was blithe— 240
 Well filled with nectar, and full friends with man—
 Thou dear as air, necessary as sleep
 To careful man! Woman! Oh, who can sin so deeply
 As to be cursed from knowing of the pleasures
 Thy soft society, modest amorousness, 245
 Yields to our tedious life! Fawn, the duke
 Shall not know this.

Herc. Unless you tell him. But
 What hope can live in you, when your short stay
 And your most short'ned conference, not only
 Actions, but even looks observed, cut off 250
 All possibilities of obtaining?

Tib. Tush, Fawn,
 To violence of women's love and wit,
 Nothing but not obtaining is impossible!
Notumque furens quid femina possit.

Herc. But then, how rest you to your father true? 255

Tib. To him that only can give dues, she rests most due.
 [Exit.]

XIV

THOMAS MIDDLETON

1570—1627.

THOMAS, son of William Middleton, gentleman, was born, probably in London, about 1570. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1593 or 1596. His name appears in Henslowe's Diary under the date 1602 as receiving part or full payment for various plays not now extant, either written alone or in conjunction with Dekker, Drayton, Munday and Webster. But his dramatic work seems to have begun in 1599 with *The Old Law*, in which he was assisted by William Rowley. *The Mayor of Queenborough*, which was not printed till 1661, seems from internal evidence to have been one of his early plays, perhaps revised later. Another early play, *Blurt, Master Constable*, appeared in 1602. About this time he married Mary, daughter of Edward Morbeck, one of the six clerks in Chancery, and his only son, Edward, was born in 1604. In the same year he was associated with Dekker in *The Honest Whore*, and in the preparation of a pageant for King James's visit to London. *The Phoenix* and *Michaelmas Term* appeared in 1607, followed the next year by *A Trick to Catch the Old One* and *The Family of Love*. *A Mad World my Masters* and (probably) *Your Five Gallants* were also printed in 1608. *The Roaring Girl*, or *Moll Cut-purse*,

dramatizing the adventures of a contemporary amazon, *Mary Frith* (Shakespeare's 'mistress Mall' in *Twelfth Night*), in which Middleton and Dekker were again associated, appeared in 1611. In 1613 he wrote a pageant, *The Triumphs of Truth*, and the following year a masque, *The Mask of Cupid*. About this time was produced *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, which was not printed till 1630. *A Fair Quarrel*, written by Middleton and Rowley, appeared in 1617, and in 1620 a masque, *The World Tost at Tennis*, by the same writers. In the same year Middleton was appointed City Chronologer, in which office he was succeeded after his death by Ben Jonson. The date of *The Witch*, interesting on account of its connexion with *Macbeth*, is uncertain. His three greatest plays, *Women beware Women*, *The Changeling* and *The Spanish Gipsy*, the last two written in collaboration with Rowley, were not published till after Middleton's death. *More Dissemblers besides Women* was licensed in 1623 as 'an old play.' *A Game at Chess*, written to commemorate the breaking off of the proposed Spanish marriage, was produced in 1624, but withdrawn in consequence of a protest from Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, after running nine days continuously, during which the takings are said to have been £1,500. Middleton and the actors were summoned before the Privy Council and prohibited from performing this or any other play till further notice, but after a few days the prohibition was removed except in the case of *A Game at Chess*. *The Widow* was first published in 1652, under the names of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, but competent critics fail to find any traces of the first two writers in the play. *Anything for a Quiet Life* was printed in 1662, but probably written soon after 1617. *A Match at Midnight* and *The Puritan*, have been doubtfully ascribed to Middleton. Beside his dramatic works he wrote a sacred poem, *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased*. He died in 1627, and was buried at Newington Butts.

In the general excellence of his dramatic work Middleton ranks very high, if not highest, among the contemporaries and immediate successors of Shakespeare. Individual dramatists may occasionally exhibit a higher degree of some characteristic quality: Dekker may surpass him in pure poetry, Heywood in simple homely pathos, Webster in solemnity, Beaumont and Fletcher in style; but none of them presents all these qualities combined to the same extent, with the addition of others equally great, and without their corresponding defects. His language is easy, natural, and unaffected, conveying that impression of grace which comes from strength effectively applied without unnecessary display or expenditure of energy. His dialogue has the peculiarly dramatic quality, seen in its highest excellence in Shakespeare, of suggesting the mental processes latent in the minds of the speakers, and leaving as it were the intermediate links to be supplied by the hearer. The action in his plays is naturally developed, the incidents adequately motived, and the

plot probable, except when the underplot, contributed by Rowley, has only an artificial connexion with the main subject. His characterization is distinct, some of his characters, such as Beatrice and De Flores in *The Changeling*, having a vivid and consistent individuality rarely found out of Shakespeare. When he chooses, as in *Blurt, Master Constable*, he can write romantic poetry, not unworthy of Beaumont and Fletcher. He shows a deep insight into the darker passions, as well as the follies and vices, of human nature, his acquaintance with the seamy side of London life being evidently experimental, and his poetical morality cynically indifferent. His tragedies contain some of the most powerful and impressive passages outside Shakespeare, but perhaps, taken as a whole, his comedies of manners and intrigue are the most perfect. *A Game at Chess* is an unique instance of a politico-satirical comedy after the manner of *Aristophanes*. Dr. Ward well sums up his literary characteristics when he says that 'in brilliancy and depth of pathos or humour he falls below many of his fellow dramatists, but in lightness, vivacity, and sureness of touch, it is hard to name his superior.'

The text is based, with some slight omissions, upon the Quartos, compared with Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition (1885).

A. BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE

ACT III, SC. I.

Hippolito and Camillo, two young Venetian nobles, have just returned from the war, in which Camillo has taken prisoner a French gentleman, Fontinelle, whom he delivers to the keeping of Hippolito's sister, Violetta, whom he is wooing. But Violetta and Fontinelle fall in love with one another, and Hippolito and Camillo, discovering this, tempt Fontinelle to be unfaithful by sending his portrait to Imperia, a beautiful courtesan, and inflaming her passion for him.

A Street before Hippolito's House. Enter Hippolito and Frisco [Imperia's servant].

Fris. The wooden picture you sent her bath set her on fire; and she desires you, as you pity the case of a poor desperate gentlewoman, to serve that Monsieur in at supper to her.

Enter Camillo, with Musicians.

Hip. The Frenchman? Saint Denis, let her carve him 5
up. Stay, here's Camillo. Now, my fool in fashion, my sage
idiot, up with these brims, down with this devil, Melancholy!

Are you decayed, concupiscentious inamorato? News, news ;
Imperia dotes on Fontinelle.

10 *Cam.* What comfort speaks her love to my sick heart?

Hip. Marry, this, sir. The Frenchman, you see, has a
soft marmalady heart, and shall no sooner feel Imperia's
liquorish desire to lick at him, but straight he'll stick the
brooch of her longing in it. Then, sir, may you, sir, come
15 upon my sister, sir, with a fresh charge, sir ; sa, sa, sa, sa !
once giving back, and thrice coming forward ; she yield, and
the town of Brest is taken.

Cam. This hath some taste of hope. Is that the Mercury
who brings you notice of his mistress' love?

20 *Fris.* I may be her Mercury, for my running of errands ;
but troth is, sir, I am Cerberus, for I am porter to hell.

Cam. Then, Cerberus, play thy part : here, search that hell ;
[*Gives him a key.*]

There find and bring forth that false Fontinelle.

[*Exit Frisco.*]

If I can win his strayed thoughts to retire
25 From her encountered eyes, whom I have singled
In Hymen's holy battle, he shall pass
From hence to France, in company and guard
Of mine own heart :—he comes, Hippolito.

Enter Fontinelle, talking with Frisco.

Still looks he like a lover : poor gentleman,
30 Love is the mind's strong physic, and the pill
That leaves the heart sick and o'erturns the will.

Font. O happy persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfettered soul ! So sweet a thing
Is it to sigh upon the rack of love,
35 Where each calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves off the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
40 Love bred on earth, is often nursed in hell ;
By rote it reads woe, ere it learn to spell.

Cam. Good morrow, French lord.

Hip. *Bon jour, Monsieur.*

Font. To your secure and more than happy self
45 I tender thanks, for you have honoured me.
You are my jailor, and have penned me up,

Lest the poor fly, your prisoner, should alight
 Upon your mistress' lip, and thence derive
 The dimpled print of an infective touch.
 Thou secure tyrant, yet unhappy lover, 50
 Couldst thou chain mountains to my captive feet,
 Yet Violetta's heart and mine should meet.

Hip. Hark, swaggerer, there's a little dapple-coloured
 rascal; ho, a bona-roba; her name's Imperia; a gentle-
 woman, by my faith, of an ancient house, and has goodly 55
 rents and comings in of her own; and this ape would fain
 have thee chained to her in the holy state. Sirrah, she's
 fallen in love with thy picture; yes, faith. To her, woo her,
 and win her; leave my sister, and thy ransom's paid; all's
 paid, gentlemen: by th' Lord, Imperia is as good a girl as 60
 any is in Venice.

Cam. Upon mine honour, Fontinelle, 'tis true;
 The lady dotes on thy perfections:
 Therefore resign my Violetta's heart
 To me, the lord of it; and I will send thee— 65

Font. Oh, whither? to damnation, wilt thou not?
 Think'st thou the purity of my true soul
 Can taste your leperous counsel? no, I defy you.
 Incestancy dwell on his ravelled brow 70
 That weds for dirt; or on th' enforced heart
 That lags in rearward of his father's charge,
 When to some negro-guilderling he's clogged
 By the injunction of a golden fee!
 When I call back my vows to Violetta,
 May I then slip into an obscure grave, 75
 Whose mould, unprest with stony monument,
 Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
 Of the inconstant clouds, to rot me soon
 Out of my private linen sepulchre!

Cam. Ay! 80
 Is this your settled resolution?

Font. By my love's best divinity, it is.

Cam. Then bear him to his prison back again.—
 This tune must alter ere thy lodging mend:
 To death, fond Frenchman, thy slight love doth tend. 85

Font. Then, constant heart, thy fate with joy pursue;
 Draw wonder to thy death, expiring true. [*Exit.*]

Hip. After him, Frisco; enforce thy mistress's passion.
 Thou shalt have access to him, to bring him love tokens: if

90 they prevail not, yet thou shalt still be in presence, be't but to spite him. In, honest Frisco.

Fris. I'll vex him to the heart, sir; fear not me.
Yet here's a trick perchance may set him free.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Hip. Come, wilt thou go laugh and lie down? Now sure
95 there be some rebels in thy belly, for thine eyes do nothing but watch and ward: thou'st not sleep these three nights.

Cam. Alas, how can I? he that truly loves
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
100 Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the belman in the lover's ears:
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears!
The early lark is wakened from her bed,
105 Being only by love's complaints disquieted,
And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:
But say a golden slumber chance to tie
With silken strings the cover of love's eye,
110 Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.
Have you these golden charms?

Mus. We have, my lord.

Cam. Bestow them sweetly; think a lover's heart
Dwells in each instrument, and let it melt
115 In weeping strains. Yonder direct your faces,
That the soft summons of a frightless parley
May creep into the casement. So, begin:
Music, speak movingly; assume my part;
For thou must now plead to a stony heart.

SONG.

120 *Pity, pity, pity!*
Pity, pity, pity!
That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.
Your blessed eyes, like a pair of suns,
Shine in the sphere of smiling;
125 *Your pretty lips, like a pair of doves,*
Are kisses still compiling.
Mercy hangs upon your brow, like a precious jewel:
Oh, let not then,

*Most lovely maid, best to be loved of men,
Marble lie upon your heart, that will make you cruel!* 130

Pity, pity, pity!

Pity, pity, pity!

That word begins that ends a true-love dilly.

[Violetta appears above.]

Viol. Who owes this salutation?

Cam. Thy Camillo.

Viol. Is not your shadow there too, my sweet brother? 135

Hip. Here, sweet sister.

Viol. I dreamt so. Oh, I am much bound to you!
For you, my lord, have used my love with honour.

Cam. Ever with honour.

Viol. Indeed, indeed, you have.

Hip. 'S light, she means her French *garçon*. 140

Viol. The same. Good night; trust me, 'tis somewhat late,
And this bleak wind nips dead all idle prate.
I must to bed: good night.

Cam. The God of rest

Play music to thine eyes! whilst on my breast

The Furies sit and beat, and keep care waking. 145

Hip. You will not leave my friend in this poor taking?

Viol. Yes, by the velvet brow of darkness!

Hip. You scurvy tit—'s foot, scurvy anything! Do you
hear, Susanna? if I kill not your musk-cat! I'll do't, by Jesu.
Let's go, Camillo. 150

Viol. Nay but, pure swaggerer, ruffian, do you think
To fright me with your bugbear threats? go by!
Hark, toss-pot, in your ear; the Frenchman's mine,
And by these hands I'll have him!

Hip. Rare rogue, fine!

Viol. He is my prisoner, by a deed of gift; 155
Therefore, Camillo, you have wronged me much
To wrong my prisoner. By my troth, I love him
The rather for the baseness he endures
For my unworthy self. I'll tell you what;
Release him, let him plead your love for you; 160
I love a' life to hear a man speak French
Of his complexion; I would undergo
The instruction of that language rather far
Than be two weeks unmarried. By my life,
Because I'll speak true French, I'll be his wife. 165

Cam. Oh, scorn to my chaste love! burst, heart!

Hip.

'S wounds, hold!

Cam. Come, gentle friends, tie your most solemn tunes
By silver strings unto a leaden pace.

False fair, enjoy thy base beloved; adieu:

170 He's far less noble, and shall prove less true.

[*Exeunt Camillo, Hippolito, and Musicians.*]

B. MICHAELMAS TERM

ACT II, SC. III.

Easy, a young Essex gentleman, has come up to town to see life in the Michaelmas Term. Quomodo a rich woollen-draper, covets his land, and by the agency of his knavish attendant, Shortyard, disguised as a gallant under the name of Blastfield, tempts him to lose all his money at dice. Shortyard then brings him to borrow from Quomodo. Falselight is another of Quomodo's attendants, and Thomasine and Susan his wife and daughter.

Quomodo's Shop. Enter Falselight. Quomodo, Thomasine and Susan are on the stage.

Quo. How now, Falselight?

Fal. I have descried my fellow Shortyard, alias Blastfield, at hand with the gentleman.

Quo. O my sweet Shortyard!—Daughter, get you up to
5 your virginals. [*Exit Susan.*] By your leave, mistress Quomodo—

Tho. Why, I hope I may sit i' th' shop, may I not?

Quo. That you may, and welcome, sweet honey, but not at this season; there's a buck to be struck.

10 *Tho.* Well, since I'm so expressly forbidden, I'll watch above i' th' gallery, but I'll see your knavery.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Quo. Be you prepared as I tell you.

Fal. You ne'er feared me.

[*Retires.*]

Quo. O that sweet, neat, comely, proper, delicate, parcel
15 of land! like a fine gentlewoman i' th' waist, not so great as pretty, pretty; the trees in summer whistling, the silver waters by the banks harmoniously gliding. I should have been a scholar; an excellent place for a student; fit for my son that lately commenced at Cambridge, whom now I have
20 placed at Inns of Court. Thus we that seldom get lands

honestly, must leave our heirs to inherit our knavery. But, whist! one turn about my shop, and meet with 'em.

Enter Easy and Shortyard.

Easy. Is this it, sir?

Sho. Ay; let me see; this is it; sign of Three Knaves; 'tis it. 25

Quo. Do you hear, sir? what lack you, gentlemen? see good kerseys or broadcloths here; I pray come near—master Blastfield!

Sho. I thought you would know me anon.

Enter Thomasine above.

Quo. You're exceeding welcome to town, sir: your workshop must pardon me; 'tis always misty weather in our shops here; we are a nation the sun ne'er shines upon. Came this gentleman with you? 30

Sho. Oh, salute him fairly; he's a kind gentleman, a very inward of mine.

Quo. Then I cry you mercy, sir; y'are especially welcome. 35

Easy. I return you thanks, sir.

Quo. But how shall I do for you now, master Blastfield?

Sho. Why, what's the matter? 40

Quo. It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

Sho. How, master Quomodo? pray, say not so; 'slud, you undo me then.

Quo. Upon my religion, master Blastfield, bonds lie forfeit in my hands; I expect the receipt of a thousand every hour, and cannot yet set eye of a penny. 45

Sho. That's strange, methinks.

Quo. 'Tis mine own pity that plots against me, master Blastfield; they know I have no conscience to take the forfeiture, and that makes 'em so bold with my mercy. 50

Easy. I am sorry for this.

Quo. Nevertheless, if I might entreat your delay but the age of three days, to express my sorrow now, I would double the sum, and supply you with four or five hundred. 55

Sho. Let me see; three days?

Quo. Ay, good sir, and it may be possible.

Easy. Do you hear, master Blastfield?

Sho. Hah?

60 *Easy.* You know I've already invited all the gallants to sup with me to-night.

Sho. That's true, i' faith.

Easy. 'Twill be my everlasting shame if I have no money to maintain my bounty.

65 *Sho.* I ne'er thought upon that.—I looked still when that should come from him. [*Aside.*]—We have strictly examined our expenses; it must not be three days, master Quomodo.

Quo. No? then I'm afraid 'twill be my grief, sir.

Easy. Master Blastfield, I'll tell you what you may do
70 now.

Sho. What, good sweet bedfellow?

Easy. Send to master Gum, or master Profit, the mercer and goldsmith.

Sho. Mass, that was well rememb'ed of thee.—I perceive
75 the trout will be a little troublesome ere he be caught.
[*Aside.*]—Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here, sir.

Sho. Run to master Gum, or master Profit, and carry my present occasion of money to 'em.

80 *Boy.* I run, sir. [*Exit.*]

Quo. Methinks, master Blastfield, you might easily attain to the satisfaction of three days: here's a gentleman, your friend, I dare say will see you sufficiently possessed till then.

Easy. Not I, sir, by no means: master Blastfield knows
85 I'm further in want than himself: my hope rests all upon him; it stands upon the loss of my credit to-night, if I walk without money.

Sho. Why, master Quomodo, what a fruitless motion have you put forth! you might well assure yourself this gentleman
90 had it not, if I wanted it: why, our purses are brothers; we desire but equal fortunes.

Easy. As near as can be, i' faith.

Sho. And, to say truth, 'tis more for the continuing of this gentleman's credit in town, than any incitement from mine
95 own want only, that I covet to be so immediately furnished: you shall hear him confess as much himself.

Easy. 'Tis most certain, master Quomodo.

Re-enter Boy.

Sho. Oh, here comes the boy now.—How now, boy? what says master Gum or master Profit?

Boy. Sir, they're both walked forth this frosty morning to 100
Brainford, to see a nurse-child.

Sho. A bastard be it! spite and shame!

Easy. Nay, never vex yourself, sweet master Blastfield.

Sho. Bewitched, I think.

Quo. Do you hear, sir? you can persuade with him? 105

Easy. A little, sir.

Quo. Rather than he should be altogether destitute, or be too
much a vexation to himself, he shall take up a commodity of
cloth of me, tell him.

Easy. Why, la! by my troth, 'twas kindly spoken. 110

Quo. Two hundred pounds' worth, upon my religion, say.

Sho. So disastrously!

Easy. Nay, master Blastfield, you do not hear what master
Quomodo said since, like an honest, true citizen, i' faith;
rather than you should grow diseased upon 't, you shall take 115
up a commodity of two hundred pounds' worth of cloth.

Sho. The mealy moth consume it! would he ha' me turn
pedlar now? what should I do with cloth?

Quo. He's a very wilful gentleman at this time, i' faith: he
knows as well what to do with it as I myself, iwis. There's 120
no merchant in town but will be greedy upon 't, and pay down
money upo' th' nail; they'll dispatch it over to Middleburgh
presently, and raise double commodity by exchange: if not,
you know 'tis term time, and Michaelmas term too, the
drapers' harvest for foot-cloths, riding-suits, walking-suits, 125
chamber-gowns, and hall-gowns.

Easy. Nay, I'll say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

Quo. Nay, take me with you again ere you go, sir: I offer
him no trash, tell him, but present money, say: where I know
some gentlemen in town ha' been glad, and are glad at this time, 130
to take up commodities in hawks' hoods and brown paper.

Easy. Oh, horrible! are there such fools in town?

Quo. I offer him no trash, tell him; upon my religion, you
may say.—Now, my sweet Shortyard; now the hungry fish
begins to nibble; one end of the worm is in his mouth, 135
i' faith.

[*Aside.*]

Tho. Why stand I here (as late our graceless dames,
That found no eyes), to see that gentleman,
Alive, in state and credit executed,
Help to rip up himself—does all he can? 140
Why am I wife to him that is no man?
I suffer in that gentleman's confusion.

[*Aside*] -

Easy. Nay, be persuaded in that, master Blastfield; 'tis ready money at the merchant's: beside, the winter season
 145 and all falls in as pat as can be to help it.

Sho. Well, master Easy, none but you could have persuaded me to that.—Come, would you would dispatch then, master Quomodo: where's this cloth?

Quo. Full and whole within, all of this piece, of my
 150 religion, master Blastfield. Feel't; nay, feel't: and spare not, gentlemen, your fingers and your judgement.

Sho. Cloth's good.

Easy. By my troth, exceeding good cloth; a good wale
 't'as.

155 *Quo.* Falselight!

Fal. I'm ne'er out a' the shop, sir.

Quo. Go, call in a porter presently to carry away the cloth with the star-mark.—Whither will you please to have it carried, master Blastfield?

160 *Sho.* Faith, to master Beggarland, he's the only merchant now; or his brother, master Stilliarddown; there's little difference.

Quo. Y'ave happ'ned upon the money-men, sir; they and some of their brethren, I can tell you, will not stick to
 165 offer thirty thousand pound to be cursed still: great monied men, their stocks lie in the poor's throats. But you'll see me sufficiently discharged, master Blastfield, ere you depart?

Sho. You have always found me righteous in that.

Quo. Falselight!

170 *Fal.* Sir?

Quo. You may bring a scrivener along with you.

Fal. I'll remember that, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Quo. Have you sent for a citizen, master Blastfield?

Sho. No, faith, not yet.—Boy!

175 *Easy.* What must you do with a citizen, sir?

Sho. A custom they're bound to a' late by the default of evil debtors; no citizen must lend money without two be bound in the bond; the second man enters but for custom sake.

180 *Easy.* No? and must he needs be a citizen?

Sho. By th' mass, stay; I'll learn that.—Master Quomodo—

Quo. Sir?

Sho. Must the second party, that enters into bond only for fashion's sake, needs be a citizen? what say you to this
 185 gentleman for one?

Quo. Alas, sir! you know he's a mere stranger to me: I neither am sure of his going or abiding; he may inn here to-night, and ride away to-morrow: although I grant the chief burden lies upon you, yet we are bound to make choice of those we know, sir. 190

Sho. Why, he's a gentleman of a pretty living, sir.

Quo. It may be so; yet, under both your pardons, I'd rather have a citizen.

Easy. I hope you will not disparage me so: 'tis well known I have three hundred pound a year in Essex. 195

Sho. Well said; to him thyself, take him up roundly.

Easy. And how doubtfully soe'er you account of me, I do not think but I might make my bond pass for a hundred pound i' th' city.

Quo. What, alone, sir? 200

Easy. Alone, sir? who says so? perhaps I'd send down for a tenant or two.

Quo. Ay, that's another case, sir.

Easy. Another case let it be then.

Quo. Nay, grow not into anger, sir. 205

Easy. Not take me into a bond! as good as you shall, goodman goosecap.

Quo. Well, master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the gentleman, I'm content for once; but we must not make a practice on't. 210

Easy. No, sir, now you would, you shall not.

Quo. Cuds me, I'm undone! he's gone again. [*Aside.*]

Sho. The net's broke. [*Aside.*]

Tho. Hold there, dear gentleman! [*Aside.*]

Easy. Deny me that small courtesy! 'S foot, a very Jew 215 will not deny it me.

Sho. Now must I catch him warily. [*Aside.*]

Easy. A jest indeed! not take me into a bond, quo' they.

Sho. Master Easy, mark my words: if it stood not upon the eternal loss of thy credit against supper— 220

Easy. Mass, that's true.

Sho. The pawning of thy horse for his own victuals—

Easy. Right, i' faith.

Sho. And thy utter dissolution amongst gentlemen for ever— 225

Easy. Plague on't!

Sho. Quomodo should hang, rot, stink—

Quo. Sweet boy, i' faith! [*Aside.*]

Sho. Drop, damn.

230 *Quo.* Excellent Shortyard ! [*Aside.*]

Easy. I forgot all this : what meant I to swagger before
I had money in my purse ?—How does master Quomodo ?
is the bond ready ?

Quo. Oh, sir !

Enter Dustbox.

235 *Easy.* Come, we must be friends ; here's my hand.

Quo. Give it the scrivener : here he comes.

Dust. Good day, master Quomodo ; good morrow, gentlemen.

Quo. We must require a little aid from your pen, good
240 master Dustbox.

Dust. What be the gentlemen's names that are bound, sir ?

Quo. [*while Dustbox writes.*] Master John Blastfield,
esquire, i' th' wild of Kent : and—what do they call your
bedfellow's name ?

245 *Sho.* Master Richard Easy ; you may easily hit on't.

Quo. Master Richard Easy, of Essex, gentleman, both
bound to Ephestian Quomodo, citizen and draper, of London ;
the sum, two hundred pound.—What time do you take
master Blastfield, for the payment ?

250 *Sho.* I never pass my month, you know.

Quo. I know it, sir : October sixteenth to-day ; sixteenth of
November, say.

Easy. Is it your custom to return so soon, sir ?

Sho. I never miss you.

Enter Falselight, disguised as a Porter, sweating.

255 *Fal.* I am come for the rest of the same piece, master
Quomodo.

Quo. Star-mark ; this is it : are all the rest gone ?

Fal. They're all at master Stilliarddown's by this time.

Easy. How the poor rascal's all in a froth !

260 *Sho.* Push, they're ordained to sweat for gentlemen.

[*Exit Falselight with the remainder of the cloth.*]

Easy. 'Tis true, i' faith.

Dust. I'm ready to your hands, gentlemen.

Sho. Come, master Easy.

Easy. I beseech you, sir.

265 *Sho.* It shall be yours, I say.

Easy. Nay, pray, master Blastfield.

Sho. I will not, i' faith.

Easy. What do you mean, sir?

Sho. I should show little bringing up, to take the way of a stranger. 270

Easy. By my troth, you do yourself wrong though, master Blastfield.

Sho. Not a whit, sir.

Easy. But to avoid strife, you shall have your will of me for once. 275

Sho. Let it be so, I pray.

Quo. [*while Easy signs the bond.*] Now I begin to set one foot upon the land: methinks I am felling of trees already: we shall have some Essex logs yet to keep Christmas with, and that's a comfort. 280

Tho. Now is he quart'ring out; the executioner Strides over him: with his own blood he writes: I am no dame that can endure such sights.

[*Aside, and exit above.*]

Sho. So, his right wing is cut; will not fly far Past the two city hazards, Poultry and Wood Street. [*Aside.*] 285

Easy. How like you my Roman hand, i' faith?

Dust. Exceeding well, sir, but that you rest too much upon your R's, and make your E's too little.

Easy. I'll mend that presently.

Dust. Nay, 'tis done now, past mending. [*Shortyard signs the bond.*]
—You both deliver this to master Quomodo as your deed? 290

Sho. We do, sir.

Quo. I thank you, gentlemen.

Sho. Would the coin would come away now! we have 295 deserved for 't.

Re-enter Falselight disguised as before.

Fal. By your leave a little, gentlemen.

Sho. How now? what's the matter? speak.

Fal. As fast as I can, sir; all the cloth's come back again,

Quo. How? 300

Sho. What's the news?

Fal. The passage to Middleburgh is stopt, and therefore neither master Stilliarddown nor master Beggarland, nor any other merchant, will deliver present money upon 't.

Quo. Why, what hard luck have you, gentlemen! 305

[*Exit Falselight.*]

Easy. Why, master Blastfield!

Sho. Pish!

Easy. You're so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speak to you.

310 *Sho.* Why, what would you say?

Easy. We must make somewhat on 't now, sir.

Sho. Ay, where? how? the best is, it lies all upon my neck.—Master Quomodo, can you help me to any money for 't! speak.

315 *Quo.* Troth, master Blastfield, since myself is so unfurnished, I know not the means how: there's one i' th' street, a new setter up; if any lay out money upon 't, 'twill be he.

Sho. His name?

Quo. Master Idem: but you know we cannot give but
320 greatly to your loss, because we gain and live by 't.

Sho. 'S foot, will he give anything?

Easy. Ay, stand upon that.

Sho. Will he give anything? the brokers will give nothing, to no purpose.

325 *Quo.* Falselight!

Re-enter Falselight above.

Fal. Over your head, sir.

Quo. Desire master Idem to come presently, and look upo' th' cloth.

Fal. I will, sir. [Exit above.]

330 *Sho.* What if he should offer but a hundred pound?

Easy. If he want twenty on 't, let's take it.

Sho. Say you so?

Easy. Master Quomodo, he will have four or five hundred pound for you of his own within three or four days.

Enter Thomasine.

335 *Sho.* 'Tis true, he said so indeed.

Easy. Is that your wife, master Quomodo?

Quo. That's she, little Thomasine.

Easy. Under your leave, sir, I'll show myself a gentleman.

Quo. Do, and welcome, master Easy.

340 *Easy.* I have commission for what I do, lady, from your husband. [Kisses her.]

Tho. You may have a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from myself.

Enter Sim.

Easy. You teach me the best law, lady.

Tho. Beshrew my blood, a proper springall and a sweet gentleman. 345
[*Aside and exit.*]

Quo. My son, Sim Quomodo :—here's more work for you, master Easy ; you must salute him too,—for he's like to be heir of thy land, I can tell thee. 350
[*Aside.*]

Sim. *Vim, uilam, spemque, salutem.*

Quo. He shows you there he was a Cambridge man, sir ; but now he's a Templar : has he not good grace to make a lawyer?

Easy. A very good grace to make a lawyer.

Sho. For indeed he has no grace at all. 355
[*Aside.*]

Quo. Some gave me counsel to make him a divine—

Easy. Fie, fie.

Quo. But some of our livery think it an unfit thing, that our own sons should tell us of our vices : others to make him a physician ; but then, being my heir, I'm afraid he would make me away : now, a lawyer they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade and increaseth the number of cloth gowns ; and indeed 'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for our word is, What do ye lack ? and their word is, What do you give? 365

Easy. Exceeding proper.

Re-enter Falselight, disguised as Idem.

Quo. Master Idem, welcome.

Fal. I have seen the cloth, sir.

Quo. Very well.

Fal. I am but a young setter up ; the uttermost I dare venture upon 't is threescore pound. 370

Sho. What?

Fal. If it be for me, so, I am for it ; if not, you have your cloth, and I have my money.

Easy. Nay, pray, master Blastfield, refuse not his kind offer. 375

Sho. A bargain then, master Idem, clap hands.—He's finely cheated ! [*Aside.*] Come, let's all to the next tavern and see the money paid.

Easy. A match.

Quo. I follow you, gentlemen ; take my son along with you. [*Exeunt all but Quomodo.*]—Now to my keys : I'm master Idem, he must fetch the money. First have I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound, and my two hundred pounds' worth a' cloth again for threescore pound. Admire me, all you students at inns of cozenage. 380
[*Exit.*]

C. THE CHANGELING

ACT II, SC. I.

Beatrice-Joanna, daughter of Vermandero, governor of the castle of Alicant, is betrothed to Alonso de Piracquo, but meeting Alsemero in church, they fall in love with one another. She has an instinctive antipathy for De Flores, one of her father's attendants, of an ill-favoured countenance, who is in secret passionately enamoured of her, but she dissembles her repugnance in order to use him as her tool for the murder of Piracquo, which he joyfully undertakes, to get her into his power.

Enter De Flores. Beatrice is already on the stage.

De F. Yonder's she;

- Whatever ails me, now a'late especially,
 I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her;
 Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,
 5 Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,
 To come into her sight; and I've small reason for't,
 And less encouragement, for she baits me still
 Every time worse than other; does profess herself
 The cruellest enemy to my face in town;
 10 At no hand can abide the sight of me,
 As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks;
 I must confess my face is bad enough,
 But I know far worse has had better fortune,
 And not endured alone, but doted on;
 15 And yet such pick-haired faces, chins like witches',
 Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
 As if they grew in fear of one of another,
 Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
 The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
 20 Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye;
 Yet such a one plucked sweets without restraint,
 And had the grace of beauty to his sweet.
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
 I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
 25 She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
 And I'll endure all storms before I part with't. [*Aside.*]
Beat. Again?
 This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me
 Than all my other passions. [*Aside.*]

De F. Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt me. 30
[*Aside.*]

Beat. Thy business? what's thy business?

De F. Soft and fair!
I cannot part so soon now. [*Aside.*]

Beat. The villain's fixed. [*Aside.*]
Thou standing toad-pool—

De F. The shower falls amain now. [*Aside.*]

Beat. Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave my sight!

De F. My lord your father charged me to deliver 35
A message to you.

Beat. What, another since?

Do 't, and be hanged then; let me be rid of thee.

De F. True service merits mercy.

Beat. What's thy message?

De F. Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.

Beat. A dallying, trifling torment! 40

De F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo—

Beat. Slave, when wilt make an end?

De F. Too soon I shall.

Beat. What all this while of him?

De F. The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomaso—

Beat. Yet again? 45

De F. Is new alighted.

Beat. Vengeance strike the news?
Thou thing most loathed, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?

De F. My lord your father
Charged me to seek you out.

Beat. Is there no other
To send his errand by?

De F. It seems 'tis my luck 50
To be i' th' way still.

Beat. Get thee from me!

De F. So :

Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be railed at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know 't; and like a common Garden-bull, 55

I do but take breath to be lugged again.
 What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
 Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
 Beloved beyond all reason; these foul chops
 60 May come into favour one day 'mongst their fellows:
 Wrangling has proved the mistress of good pastime;
 As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
 Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.
[*Aside, and exit.*]

Beat. I never see this fellow but I think
 65 Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
 I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:
 The next good mood I find my father in,
 I'll get him quite discarded. Oh, I was
 Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
 70 Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
 To bear down all my comforts!

SC. II.

Enter Diaphanta [*Beatrice's waiting-woman*] and Alsemero.

Dia. The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,
 And the reward of a just meeting bless you!
 I hear my lady coming: complete gentleman,
 75 I dare not be too busy with my praises,
 They're dangerous things to deal with. [*Exit.*]
Als. This goes well;
 These women are the ladies' cabinets,
 Things of most precious trust are locked into 'em.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. I have within mine eye all my desires:
 80 Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
 And bring 'em down to furnish our defects,
 Come not more sweet to our necessities
 Than thou unto my wishes.

Als. We're so like
 In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
 85 The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
 If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,
 It has an enemy, a hateful one,
 That wishes poison to 't: how well were I now,

If there were none such name known as Piracquo, 90
 Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
 I should be but too much blessed.

Als. One good service
 Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't too,
 Since you are so distressed; remove the cause,
 The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out 95
 With one and the same blast.

Beat. Pray, let me find you, sir:
 What might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als. The honourablest piece about man, valour:
 I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beat. How? call you that extinguishing of fear, 100
 When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
 Are not you ventured in the action,
 That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:
 Say you prevailed, you're danger's and not mine then;
 The law would claim you from me, or obscurity 105
 Be made the grave to bury you alive.
 I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh, keep not one
 Of this condition, sir! here was a course
 Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
 The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had choked 'em. 110
 Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—
 And now I think on one; I was to blame,
 I ha' marred so good a market with my scorn;
 'T had been done questionless: the ugliest creature
 Creation framed for some use; yet to see 115
 I could not mark so much where it should be! [*Aside.*]

Als. Lady—

Beat. Why, men of art make much of poison,
 Keep one to expel another; where was my art? [*Aside.*]

Als. Lady, you hear not me.

Beat. I do especially, sir;
 The present times are not so sure of our side 120
 As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
 As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
 Till the time opens.

Als. You teach wisdom, lady.

Beat. Within there! Diaphanta!

Re-enter Diaphanta.

Dia.

Do you call, madam?

125 *Beat.* Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.

Dia. I shall, madam.

Als. My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.

[*Exit with Diaphanta.*]

Enter De Flores.

De F. I've watched this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
130 Cannot be served unless she transgress; haply
Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman
Fly but one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand—

135 Proves in time sutler to an army royal.

Now do I look to be most richly railed at,

Yet I must see her.

[*Aside.*]

Beat.

Why, put case I loathed him

As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,

Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that secret,

140 And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.— [*Aside.*]

De Flores!

De F. Ha, I shall run mad with joy!

She called me fairly by my name *De Flores*,

And neither rogue nor rascal.

[*Aside.*]

Beat.

What ha' you done

To your face a'late? y'ave met with some good physician;

145 Y'ave pruned yourself, methinks: you were not wont

To look so amorously.

De F.

Not I—

'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,

Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago:

How is this?

[*Aside.*]

Beat.

Come hither; nearer, man.

De F. I'm up to the chin in heaven!

[*Aside.*]

150 *Beat.*

Turn, let me see;

Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't;

I thought it had been worse.

De F.

Her fingers touched me!

She smells all amber.

[*Aside.*]

Beat. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this

Within a fortnight.

155 *De F.*

With your own hands, lady?

Beat. Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.

De F. 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me. [*Aside.*]

Beat. When w'are used
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends; 160
I see it by experience.

De F. I was blest
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't. [*Aside.*]

Beat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

De F. 'Twould be soon seen, 165
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it;
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.

Beat. We shall try you.
Oh!—my De Flores!

De F. How's that? she calls me hers;
Already, my De Flores! [*Aside.*]—You were about 170
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

Beat. No, was I?
I forgot,—Oh!—

De F. There 'tis again,
The very fellow on't.

Beat. You are too quick, sir.
De F. There's no excuse for't now; I heard it twice,
Madam, 175

That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.

Beat. Would creation—
De F. Ay, well said, that is it.

Beat. Had formed me man 180
De F. Nay, that's not it.

Beat. Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forced to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.

De F. O blest occasion! [*Aside.*] 185

Without change to your sex you have your wishes;
Claim so much man in me.

Beat. In thee, De Flores?

There is small cause for that.

De F. Put it not from me,

It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*]

190 *Beat.* You are too violent to mean faithfully:

There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;

Can those be things to sue for?

De F. If you knew

How sweet it were to me to be employed

In any act of yours, you would say then

195 I failed, and used not reverence enough,

When I received the charge on 't.

Beat. This is much methinks;

Belike his wants are greedy; and to such

Gold tastes like angel's food. [*Aside.*—Rise, De Flores.

De F. I'll have the work first.

Beat. Possible his need

200 Is strong upon him. [*Aside.*—There's to encourage thee;
[*Gives money.*]

As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,

Thy reward shall be precious.

De F. That I've thought on;

I have assured myself of that beforehand,

And know it will be precious; the thought ravishes!

Beat. Then take him to thy fury!

205 *De F.* I thirst for him.

Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.

De F. [*rising.*] His end's upon him;

He shall be seen no more.

Beat. How lovely now

Dost thou appear to me! never was man

Dearlier rewarded.

De F. I do think of that.

210 *Beat.* Be wondrous careful in the execution.

De F. Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?

Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

De F. They ne'er shall rise to-hurt you.

Beat. When the deed's done,

I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;

215 Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

De F. Ay, ay;

We'll talk of that hereafter.

Beat. I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. [*Aside and exit.*]

De F. O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already; 220
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em.
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em: 225
Some women are odd feeders.—I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. De Flores!

De F. My kind, honourable lord?

Alon. I'm glad I ha' met with thee.

De F. Sir?

Alon. Thou canst show me 230

The full strength of the castle?

De F. That I can, sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

De F. And if the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.

Alon. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.

De F. I'm your servant then: 235
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.

Alon. Thanks, kind De Flores.

De F. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. [*Aside.*]
[*Exeunt severally.*]

D. WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

ACT I, SC. I.

Bianca, the daughter of a wealthy Venetian gentleman, has run away with a young factor named Leantio, and come to live with him at his mother's house in Florence.

An outer Room in the House of Leantio's Mother. Enter Leantio, Bianca, and Mother.

Moth. Thy sight was never yet more precious to me;
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,

That comfort can express from natural love !
 Since thy birth-joy—a mother's chiefest gladness,
 5 After sh' as undergone her curse of sorrows—
 Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
 Presents thee to my heart : welcome again !

Lean. 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys speak to me !
 I have observed it often, and I know it is
 10 The fortune commonly of knavish children
 To have the loving'st mothers. [Aside.]

Moth. What's this gentlewoman ?

Lean. Oh, you have named the most unvalu'dst purchase
 That youth of man had ever knowledge of !
 As often as I look upon that treasure,
 15 And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—
 It joys me that I ever was ordained
 To have a being, and to live 'mongst men ;
 Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
 Let a man truly think on't :

20 To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
 Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots ;
 Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
 When even the very sheets they commit sin in
 May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments.

25 Oh, what a mark were there for women then !
 But beauty, able to content a conqueror
 Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in compass :
 I find no wish in me bent sinfully
 To this man's sister, or to that man's wife ;

30 In love's name let 'em keep their honesties,
 And cleave to their own husbands,—'tis their duties :
 Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
 Nor come like gallants only to see faces,
 As if I just went to market still on Sundays.

35 I must confess I am guilty of one sin, mother,
 More than I brought into the world with me,
 But that I glory in ; 'tis theft, but noble
 As ever greatness yet shot up withal.

Moth. How's that ?

Lean. Never to be repented, mother,
 40 Though sin be death ; I had died, if I had not sinned ;
 And here's my masterpiece ; do you now behold her !
 Look on her well, she's mine ; look on her better ;
 Now say if't be not the best piece of theft

That ever was committed? and I have my pardon for 't,—
'Tis sealed from heaven by marriage.

Moth.

Married to her! 45

Lean. You must keep counsel, mother, I am undone else;
If it be known, I have lost her; do but think now
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to 't.
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage; 50
But let storms spend their furies; now we have got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented: little money sh'as brought me;
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies locked up in hidden virtues, 55
Like jewels kept in cabinets.

Moth.

Y'are to blame,

If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection—

Lean.

How?

Moth.

Such a creature;

To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have proved rich and noble; 60
You know not what you have done; may life can give you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes;
And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too:
What ableness have you to do her right then 65
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confined
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours. 70

Lean. Speak low, sweet mother; you are able to spoil
as many

As come within the hearing; if it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When she is in a good way to obedience; 75
To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough.
They are all of 'em a kind of spirits soon raised, 80
But not so soon laid, mother.

- So ever in all their quarrels and their courses;
 And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,
 They're very still, I thank my happiness,
 85 And sound asleep; pray let not your tongue wake 'em:
 If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
 With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to;
 To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband;
 To go after the rate of my ability,
 90 Not the licentious swinge of her own will,
 Like some of her old school-fellows; she intends
 To take out other works in a new sampler,
 And frame the fashion of an honest love,
 Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
 95 Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
 At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,
 And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
 With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
 Good mother, make not you things worse than they are
 100 Out of your too much openness; pray take heed on't,
 Nor imitate the envy of old people,
 That strive to mar good sport because they are perfit:
 I would have you more pitiful to youth,
 Especially to your own flesh and blood.
 105 I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
 Lay in provision, follow my business roundly.—
 Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.
Moth. [*saluting Bianca.*] Gentlewoman, thus much is a
 debt of courtesy,
 Which fashionable strangers pay each other
 110 At a kind meeting: then there's more than one
 Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness;
 I am bold to come again, and now salute you
 By th' name of daughter, which may challenge more
 Than ordinary respect.
Lean. Why, this is well now,
 115 And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it. [*Aside.*]
Moth. What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,
 But make it all your own; we are full of wants,
 And cannot welcome worth.
Lean. Now this is scurvy,
 And spoke as if a woman lacked her teeth;
 120 These old folk talk of nothing but defects,
 Because they grow so full of 'em themselves. [*Aside.*]

Bian. Kind mother, there is nothing can be wanting
 To her that does enjoy all her desires :
 Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
 And I am as rich as virtue can be poor, 125
 Which were enough after the rate of mind
 To erect temples for content placed here.
 I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
 And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,
 And few is the good number.—Thy successes, 130
 Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes ;
 Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome :
 Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
 As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
 Yet they must all be welcome, and used well. 135
 I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
 And rightly too, for here my love was born,
 And that's the birthday of a woman's joys.
 You have not bid me welcome since I came.

Lean. That I did questionless.

Bian. No, sure—how was't? 140
 I have quite forgot it.

Lean. Thus. [*Kisses her.*]

Bian. Oh, sir, 'tis true,
 Now I remember well ; I have done thee wrong,
 Pray take't again, sir. [*Kisses him.*]

Lean. How many of these wrongs
 Could I put up in an hour, and turn the glass
 For twice as many more !

Moth. Will't please you 145
 To walk in, daughter?

Bian. Thanks, sweet mother ; the voice
 Of her that bare me is not more pleasing.

[*Exit with Mother.*]

Lean. Though my own care and my rich master's trust
 Lay their commands both on my factorship,
 This day and night I'll know no other business 150
 But her and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterness
 To think upon to-morrow ! that I must leave
 Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end ;
 That pleasure should be so restrained and curbed
 After the course of a rich work-master, 155
 That never pays till Saturday night ! marry,
 It comes together in a round sum then,

- And does more good, you'll say. O fair-eyed Florence,
 Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel
 160 Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,
 Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
 Of all thy youthful sons! but 'tis great policy
 To keep choice treasures in obscurest places;
 Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder;
 165 Temptation is a devil will not stick
 To fasten upon a saint; take heed of that:
 The jewel is cased up from all men's eyes;
 Who could imagine now a gem were kept
 Of that great value under this plain roof?
 170 But how in times of absence? what assurance
 Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with her:
 Old mothers know the world; and such as these,
 When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys. [*Exit.*]

E. A GAME AT CHESS

ACT IV, SC. II,

This political satire on the proposed marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta Maria, younger daughter of Philip III, is expressed in terms of a game at chess between the Black and the White House, representing respectively Spain and England, in which the various pieces stand for prominent personages on either side. The Black Knight is Gondomar; the Fat Bishop Antonio di Dominis, first Archbishop of Spalato in Dalmatia, and then (on his secession to the Church of England) Dean of Windsor and Master of the Savoy. The Black King is Philip IV.

An apartment in the Black House. Enter Black Knight and Black Knight's Pawn.

- B. Knight.* Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop for thee;
 I'll get thee absolution from his own mouth.
 Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozenage;
 Seven thousand pounds in women, reach me that:
 5 I love a-life to sit upon a bank
 Of heretic gold. Oh, soft and gently, sirrah!
 I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound traitor
 With any he in Europe. How now? qualm?
 Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with;
 10 It cannot bear one suckling villany:

Mine can digest a monster without crudity,
A sin as weighty as an elephant,
And never wamble for 't.

B. Kl.'s P. Ay, you've been used to 't, sir;
That's a great help. The swallow of my conscience
Hath but a narrow passage; you must think yet 15
It lies i' the penitent pipe, and will not down:
If I had got seven thousand pounds by offices,
And gulled down that, the bore would have been bigger.

B. Knight. Nay, if thou prov'st facetious, I shall hug thee.
Can a soft, rear, poor poached iniquity 20
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm ashamed of thee.
Hadst thou betrayed the White House to the Black,
Beggared a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed the fair frame of peace and traffic,
Poisoned allegiance, set faith back, and wrought 25
Women's soft souls even up to masculine malice,
To pursue truth to death, if the cause roused 'em,
That stares and parrots are first taught to curse thee—

B. Kl.'s P. Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping sins indeed!

B. Knight. All these, and ten times trebled, hath this brain 30
Been parent to; they are my offsprings all.

B. Kl.'s P. A goodly brood!

B. Knight. Yet I can jest as lightly,
Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence 35
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by:
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalmed rather.

B. Kl.'s P. I'm sure there is a whirlwind huffs in mine, sir.

B. Knight. Sirrah, I've sold the groom-of-the-stole six 40
times,
And received money of six several ladies
Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives:
To three old mummy matrons I have promised
The mothership o' the maids: I've taught our friends too
To convey White-House gold to our Black Kingdom 45
In cold baked pasties, and so cozen searchers:
For venting hallowed oil, beads, medals, pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,
That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar;
Letters conveyed in rolls, tobacco-balls: 50

- When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,
 Some of our Jesuits turn gentlemen-ushers,
 Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some huntsmen;
 One took the shape of an old lady's cook once,
 55 And dispatched two chares on a Sunday morning,
 The altar and the dresser. Pray, what use
 Put I my summer-recreation to,
 But more t' inform my knowledge in the state
 And strength of the White Kingdom? no fortification,
 60 Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,
 But I got draft and platform; learned the depth
 Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
 Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion properest;
 A catalogue of all the navy royal,
 65 The burthen of each ship, the brassy murderers,
 The number of the men, to what cape bound:
 Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
 Never a shire but the state better known
 To me than to her best inhabitants;
 70 What power of men and horse, gentry's revenues,
 Who well affected to our side, who ill,
 Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality:
 Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduced, Pawn,
 Since the jails vomited with the pill I gave 'em.
- 75 *B. Kt.'s P.* Sure, you put oil of toad into that physic, sir.
B. Knight. I'm now about a masterpiece of play
 T'entrap the White Knight, and with false allurements
 Entice him to the Black House,—more will follow,—
 Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen;
 80 Then will our game lie sweetly.

Enter Fat Bishop with a book.

B. Kt.'s P. He's come now, sir.

F. Bish. Here's *Taxa Poenitentiarum*, Knight,
 The Book of General Pardons, of all prices:
 I have been searching for his sin this half hour,
 And cannot light upon't.

B. Knight. That's strange; let me see't.

- 85 *B. Kt.'s P.* Wretched that I am! hath my rage done that
 There is no precedent of pardon for?

B. Knight [reads]. *For wilful murder, thirteen pound four shillings and sixpence*,—that's reasonable cheap,—*For killing, killing, killing, killing, killing*—

Why, here's nothing but *killing*, Bishop, on this side. 90

F. Bish. Turn the sheet o'er, and you all find adultery
And other trivial sins.

B. Knight [reads]. *Simony, nine pound.*

F. Bish. They may thank me for that; it was nineteen
Before I came;

I've mitigated many of the sums. 95

B. Knight. What's here, sir? [reads] *Two old precedents
of encouragement—*

F. Bish. Ay, those are ancient notes.

B. Knight [reads]. *Given, as a gratuity, for the killing of
an heretical prince with a poisoned knife, ducats five thousand.* 100

F. Bish. True, sir; that was paid.

B. Knight [reads]. *Promised also to doctor Lopez for
poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom, ducats
twenty thousand; which said sum was afterwards given as
a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this
present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house at
Antwerp.* 105

B. Kt.'s P. What's all this to my conscience, worthy
holiness?

I sue for pardon; I've brought money with me.

F. Bish. You must depart; you see there is no precedent 110
Of any price or pardon for your fact.

B. Kt.'s P. Most miserable! Are fouler sins remitted,
Killing, nay, wilful murder?

F. Bish. True, there's instance:

Were you to kill him, I would pardon you;

There's precedent for that, and price set down. 115

B. Kt.'s P. I've picked out understanding now for ever
Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle:

I'll make away all my estate, and kill him,

And by that act obtain full absolution. [Aside and exit.]

Enter Black King.

B. King. Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes, 120
your traps?

Stand you now idle in the heat of game?

B. Knight. My life for yours, Black sovereign, the game's
ours;

I have wrought underhand for the White Knight

And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both.

F. Bish. Then for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal, sir, 125

In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry,
Trust my arch-subtlety with.

B. King. O eagle pride!

Never was game more hopeful of our side.

[*Exeunt B. King and F. Bishop.*]

B. Knight. If Bishop Bull-beef be not snapt next bout,
130 As the men stand, I'll never trust art more. [*Exit.*]

XV

WILLIAM ROWLEY

1585(?)—1640(?).

THE dates of the birth and death, and the birthplace of William Rowley, actor and playwright, are equally unknown. Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), mentions among the best for comedy 'Master Rowley, once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge,' but the registers of the college record only Ralph Rowley, afterwards rector of Chelmsford. William Rowley acted with the Duke of York's company (afterwards Prince Charles's), 1610–16 (*Fleay*). He shared with Middleton the composition of *The Spanish Gipsy*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *The Changeling* and *The World Tost at Tennis*. He also collaborated with Day, Dekker, Fletcher, Heywood, and possibly Massinger and Webster. Of the plays attributed to his sole authorship, *A Woman never Vext*, in which he probably in part worked over an older play, was printed in 1632, *A Match at Midnight* and *All's Lost by Lust* in the following year, and *A Shoemaker a Gentleman* in 1638, though probably acted by 1609. According to Langbaine he 'was beloved of those great men, Shakespeare, Fletcher and Jonson.' In 1637 he married Isabel Tooley at Cripplegate. Nothing is known as to the place or time of his death.

William Rowley had abilities which would have made him better known, had he not been content to merge his individuality in contributing to the works of more famous writers. A rough and ready playwright, with an instinct for stage effect, a coarse but vivid realism, he made up by vigour for what he lacked in polish. There is nothing amateurish or dilettante about his work: he '*tragica desaeuit et ampullatur in arte*,' laying his colours on thick, but producing powerful effects without apparent effort. *A Match at Midnight* has scenes delineating the manners and customs of the lower middle-class life of Elizabethan London, which show a keenness and accuracy of observation, and a power of comic description, scarcely surpassed by Dickens.

The two following extracts are taken from the original Quartos, compared with Hazlitt's *Dodsley*.

A. A NEW WONDER, A WOMAN NEVER VEXT

ACT V, SC. I.

Old Foster, once a wealthy London merchant, having lost his money by misfortune, is imprisoned for debt in Ludgate, where he is visited by his wife and his son, Robert, whom he had disinherited for relieving his profligate uncle, Stephen Foster, when confined in the same prison. Stephen, by marriage with a wealthy widow, the 'woman never vext', by misfortune, has become very rich, and, having adopted Robert, has forbidden him, on pain of his displeasure, to help his father.

Enter Stephen's Wife.

Mis. Fos. Here comes your brother's wife. Welcome, dear sister!

Wife. I thank you. How fare you, brother?

O. Fos. Better than your husband's hate could wish me,
That laughs to see my back with sorrows bow:
But I am rid of half my ague now. 5

Wife. Had you an ague, then?

O. Fos. Yes, and my heart had every hour a fit;
But now 't has left me well, and I left it.

Wife. Oh, 'tis well. Cousin, what make you here, I pray?

Rob. To support a weak house falling to decay. 10

Wife. 'Tis well if you can do't, and that the timber,
You underprop it with, be all your own.
Hark, coz, where's your uncle's money?

Rob. 'Faith, aunt, 'tis gone;
But not at dice nor drabbing.

Wife. Sir, I believe,
With your uncle's gold your father you relieve. 15

Rob. You are saved, believing so: your belief's true.

Wife. You cut large thongs of that's another's due,
And you will answer't ill.—Now, in good troth,
I laugh at this jest: much good do them both:
My wager I had won, had I but laid. [*Aside.*] 20

O. Fos. What has my poor boy done, that you have made
So much blood rise in's cheeks?

Wife. Nothing, dear brother;
Indeed all's well: the course that he has run
I like and love; let him hold on the same;
A son's love to a father none can blame: 25

I will not leave your brother's iron heart,
Till I have beat it soft with my entreats.

O. Fos. 'Twill ne'er be music, 'tis so full of frets.

Wife. Frets make best music: strings the higher racked
Sound sweetest.

30 *O. Fos.* And sound nothing when they're cracked,
As is his love to me, and mine to him.

Wife. I hope you both in smoother streams shall swim.
He's now the Sheriff of London, and in council
Set at the Guildhall in his scarlet gown,

35 With mayor and aldermen, how to receive the king,
Who comes to see Master Brewen's hospital
To-morrow consecrated by th' Cardinal,
And old St. Mary's Spital, here by Shoreditch.

Mis. Fos. Ay, sister, he and you may sit
40 'Bout what you will; heaven, I'm sure, prospers it;
But I am ever crossed: you have bin bound
For three great voyages, yet ne'er run aground—
Maid, wife, and widow, and wife again—have spread
Full and fair sails, no wracks you e'er did dread,
45 Nor e'er felt any; but even close ashore
I'm sunk, and 'midst of all my wealth made poor.

Wife. You must thank heaven.

Mis. Fos. I do, indeed, for all.

Wife. Sister, that hand can raise that gives the fall.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Master Foster, the new sheriff, your brother,
50 Is come to Ludgate, and I am come in haste
To know your pleasure, if you would see him.

O. Fos. I'll see

A fury first; hence! clap to the door, I prythee.

Wife. Why, 'tis your brother, sir.

Rob. Father, let's fly
The thunder of his rage.

Wife. Stand valiantly,
55 And let me bear the storm: all hurts that are,
And ruins in your bosoms, I'll repair.

Enter Stephen Foster.

Steph. Where's the Keeper? Go, sir, take my officers,
And see your prisoners presently conveyed
From Ludgate unto Newgate and the Counters.

Keeper. I shall, sir.

Steph. Let the constables of the wards 60

Assist you. Go, dispatch! and take these with you.

[*To Robert.*] How now! what mak'st thou here, thou
caitiff? Ha!

Com'st thou to stitch his wounds that seeks to cut

My throat? Darest thou in despite

Relieve this dotard?

O. Fos. Get thee from my sight, 65

Thou devil in red: com'st thou in scarlet pride

To tread on thy poor brother in a jail?

Is there but one small conduit-pipe that runs

Cold water to my comfort, and wouldst thou

Cut off that, thou cruel man?

Steph. Yes; 70

I'll stop that pipe, that thou may'st pining sit;

When drops but fell on me, thou poison'dst it:

Thou thrust'st a son's name from thy cruel breast

For clothing of his uncle; now that uncle

Shall thrust him naked forth for clothing thee, 75

Banished for ever from my wealth and me.

O. Fos. Thou canst not be to nature so uneven,

To punish that which has a pay from heaven,

Pity, I mean, and duty. [*Stephen offers to strike Robert.*]

Wouldst thou strike?

Wound me, then, that will kill thee, if I can: 80

Thou art no brother, and I'll be no man.

Steph. Thou rav'st.

O. Fos. How can I choose? Thou mak'st me mad:

For shame thou shouldst not make these white hairs sad.

Churl, beat not my poor boy: let him not lose

Thy love for my sake; I had rather bruise 85

My soul with torments for a thousand years,

Could I but live them, rather than salt tears

Thy malice draws from him: see, here's thy gold;

Tell it: none's stole. My woes can ne'er be told!

Rob. [*weeping.*] O misery! is nature quite forgot? 90

O. Fos. Choke with thy dunghill-muck! and vex me not.

Steph. No, keep it; he perhaps that money stole

From me to give it thee; for which, to vex thy soul,

I'll turn him forth of doors, make him thy heir

Of jails and miseries, curses and despair; 95

For here I disinherit him of all.

O. Fos. No matter ; lands to him in heaven will fall.

Wife. Good husband.

Mis. Fos. Gentle brother.

Rob. Dear uncle.

Steph. I am deaf.

O. Fos. And damned ; the devil's thumbs stop thine ears.

100 *Steph.* I'll make thee wash those curses off with tears.

Keeper, away with him out of my sight,

And do, sir, as I charged you.

Keeper. Yes, sir, I will.

O. Fos. Poor tyranny ! when lions weak lambs kill.

[*Exeunt all but Stephen and his Wife.*]

Steph. How now, wife, art vexed yet ?

105 *Wife.* Never so well content, believe me, sir ;

Your mildness wears this mask of cruelty well.

Steph. I am glad they're gone ; mine eyes with rain did swell,

And much ado they had from pouring down.

The keeper knows my mind. Wife, I have paid

110 My brother's debts ; and when he's out of door

To march to Newgate, he shall be set free.

Wife. Oh, let me kiss thee for this charity.

But for your cousin, sir ?

Steph. He's my life's best health.

The boy shall not miscarry for more wealth

115 Than London gates lock safe up every night.

My breath in black clouds flies : my thoughts are white.

Wife. Why from Ludgate do you remove the prisoners ?

Steph. This is my meaning, wife :

I'll take the prison down, and build it new,

120 With leads to walk on, rooms large and fair ;

For when myself lay there, the noisome air

Choked up my spirits ; and none better know

What prisoners feel than they that taste the woe.

The workmen are appointed for the business ;

125 I will have it dispatched, before 'tis thought on.

Wife. In good deeds I'll walk hand in hand with you ;

There is a fair tenement adjoining

Close to the gate, that was my father's ;

I'll give it freely : take it down, and add

So much ground to the work.

130 *Steph.* 'Tis fairly given ;

Thy soul on prisoners' prayers shall mount to heaven.

The plumbers and the workmen have surveyed
 The ground from Paddington; whence I'll have laid
 Pipes all along to London, to convey
 Sweet water into Ludgate from fresh springs: 135
 When charity tunes the pipe, the poor man sings.

B. A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT

ACT I, SC. I.

Bloodhound is a pawnbroker and usurer, engaged to marry the (supposed) widow Wag. His elder son, Alexander, is a prodigal; but Tim, the younger, takes after his father. Mary is Bloodhound's daughter.

Enter, as making themselves ready, Tim Bloodhound, and Sim the man.

Sim. Good morrow, Master Tim.

Tim. Morrow, Sim; my father stirring, Sim?

Sim. Not yet, I think; he heard some ill news of your brother Alexander last night, that will make him lie an hour extraordinary. 5

Tim. Hum, I am sorry the old man should lie by the hour; but, O these wicked elder brothers, that swear Refuse them, and drink nothing but wicked sack! when we swear nothing but niggers-noggers, make a meal of a bloat herring, water it with four-shillings beer, and then swear we have dined as 10 well as my lord mayor.

Sim. Here was goody Fin, the fishwoman, fetched home her ring last night.

Tim. You should have put her money by itself, for fear of wronging of the whole heap. 15

Sim. So I did, sir, and washed it first in two waters.

Tim. All these petty pawns, sirrah, my father commits to my managing, to instruct me in this craft, that, when he dies, the commonwealth may-not want a good member.

Enter Mistress Mary.

Sim. Nay, you are cursed as much as he already. 20

Mary. O brother, 'tis well you are up.

Tim. Why, why?

Mary. Now you shall see the dainty widow, the sweet widow, the delicate widow, that to-morrow morning must be our mother-in-law. 25

Tim. What, the widow Wag?

Sim. Yes, yes; she that dwells in Blackfriars, next to the sign of The Fool laughing at a Feather.

Mary. She, she; good brother, make yourself handsome, 30 for my father will bring her hither presently.

Tim. Niggers-noggers, I thought he had been sick, and had not been up, Sim.

Sim. Why, so did I too; but it seems the widow took him at a better hand, and raised him so much the sooner.

35 *Tim.* While I tie my band, prithee stroke up my foretop a little: niggers, and I had but dreamed of this an hour before I waked, I would have put on my Sunday clothes. 'Snails, my shoes are pale as the cheek of a stewed pander; a clout, a clout, Sim.

40 *Sim.* More haste, the worse speed; here's ne'er a clout now.

Tim. What's that lies by the hooks?

Sim. This? 'tis a sumner's coat.

Tim. Prithee, lend's a sleeve of that; 'had a noble on't last night, and never paid me my bill-money.

Enter Old Bloodhound, the Widow, her Maid, and Man.

45 *Blood.* Look, look, up and ready; all is ready, widow. He is in some deep discourse with Sim, concerning moneys out to one or another.

Wid. Has he said his prayers, sir?

Blood. Prayer before providence! When did ye know any 50 thrive and swell that uses it? He's a chip o' th' old block; I exercise him in the trade of thrift, by turning him to all the petty pawns. If they come to me, I tell 'em I have given over brokering, moiling for muck and trash, and that I mean to live a life monastic, a praying life: pull out the tale of 55 Croesus from my pocket, and swear 'tis called 'Charity's Looking-Glass, or an Exhortation to forsake the World.'

Maid. Dainty hypocrite!

[*Aside.*]

Wid. Peace!

60 *Blood.* But let a fine fool that's well feathered come, and withal good meat, I have a friend, it may be, that may compassionate his wants. I'll tell ye an old saw for't over my chimney yonder—

A poor man seem to him that's poor,

And prays thee for to lend;

65 *But tell the prodigal (not quite spent)*

Thou woo't procure a friend.

Wid. Trust me, a thrifty saw.

Blood. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers: give me these witty politic saws; and indeed my house is furnished with no other. 70

Wid. How happy shall I be to wed such wisdom!

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Save ye, Master Tim.

Tim. Who's this? goodman File, the blacksmith! I thought 'had been our old collier. Did you go to bed with that dirty face, goodman File? 75

Smith. And rise with it too, sir.

Tim. What have you bumming out there, goodman File?

Smith. A vice, sir, that I would fain be furnished with a little money upon.

Tim. Why, how will you do to work then, goodman File? 80

Smith. This is my spare vice, not that I live by.

Tim. Hum! ye did not buy this spare vice of a lean courtier, did ye?

Smith. No, sir, of a fat cook, that 'strained of a smith for's rent. 85

Sim. O hard-hearted man of grease!

Tim. Nay, nay, Sim, we must do't sometimes.

Blood. Ha, thrifty rascal!

Tim. And what would serve your turn, goodman File?

Smith. A noble, sir. 90

Tim. What! upon a spare vice to lend a noble?

Sim. Why, sir, for ten groats you may make yourself drunk, and so buy a vice outright for half the money.

Tim. That is no noble vice, I assure you.

Sim. How long would ye have it? 95

Smith. But a fortnight; 'tis to buy stuff, I protest, sir.

Tim. Look ye, being a neighbour, and born one for another—

Blood. Ha, villain, shalt have all!

Tim. There is five shillings upon't, which, at the fort- 100
night's end, goodman File, you must make five shillings
sixpence.

Smith. How, sir?

Tim. Nay, and it were not to do you a courtesy—

Blood. Ha, boy! 105

Tim. And then I had forgot threepence for my bill; so
there is four shillings and ninepence, which you are to tender

back five shillings sixpence, Goodman File, at the end of the fortnight.

- 110 *Smith*. Well, and it were not for earnest necessity—Hey, boys! I come, I come, you black rascals, let the cans go round. [*Exit Smith.*]

Tim. Sim, because the man's an honest man, I pray lay up his vice, as safe as it were our own.

- 115 *Sim*. And if he miss his day, and forfeit, it shall be yours and your heirs for ever.

XVI

THOMAS HEYWOOD

1575(?)—1650(?).

THOMAS HEYWOOD was born of good family in the county of Lincoln. The date of his birth is uncertain. He speaks of his own residence in Cambridge, and there is a tradition that he was Fellow of Peterhouse, but no evidence to that effect can be found either in the college or the university records. In 1596 his name appears in Henslowe's Diary as writing a play for the Lord Admiral's company, and in 1598 he was engaged as a player and sharer in the same company. He subsequently joined the Earl of Worcester's (afterwards Queen Anne's) company. *The Four Prentices of London*, not printed till 1615, was written, according to the dedication, 'some fifteen or sixteen years ago.' The First and Second Parts of *King Edward the Fourth* were printed anonymously in 1600. *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, or the *Troubles of Queen Elizabeth*, appeared, the first part in 1605, the second the following year. *A Woman killed with Kindness* and *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* were not printed till 1607, though the former was finished as early as 1602. In 1608 the first draft of *The Rape of Lucrece* was published. *The Fair Maid of the West*, in two parts, printed in 1631, may have been written about 1622. In 1624 *The Captives* (based upon the *Rudens* of Plautus) was acted. In 1633 *The English Traveller*, and the following year *A Maidenhead well Lost*, and *The late Lancashire Witches* (in which he was assisted by Brome), were published. *A Challenge for Beauty* and *Love's Mistress* appeared in 1636, followed in successive years by *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject* (written much earlier) and *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*. *Fortune by Land and Sea*, written in conjunction with William

Rowley was not printed till 1655. Besides these regular plays he wrote a series of mythological dramas, called respectively *The Golden*, *The Silver*, *The Brazen*, and *The Iron Age*. In the address to the reader, prefixed to *The English Traveller*, he speaks of that play as 'amongst two hundred and twenty in which I have had either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger.' According to Kirkman, the bookseller (quoted by J. A. Symonds, *Mermajd Series*), 'he was very laborious, for he not only acted every day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years together.' In addition to his dramatic works he wrote heroic and didactic poems, pageants, translations, historical and biographical treatises, and an interesting prose pamphlet entitled *An Apology for Actors*, in which he vindicates the beneficial influence of the stage. Nothing is known as to the time or place of his death, but he was mentioned as still living in 1648.

It is perhaps, on the whole, rather the personal charm of Heywood, as felt in the prologues, in the addresses to the reader, and in the pervading spirit and tone of his writings—his modesty, his gentleness, his simplicity—that wins an indulgent verdict from the affection of his readers, than any brilliance of genius or splendour of achievement that compels their critical admiration. Lamb instinctively responds to the attraction of a congenial spirit. 'In all those qualities,' he says, 'which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of gentle, he was not inferior to him—generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness: ~~Christianism, and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism, shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare; but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry.~~' J. A. Symonds compares him with Dekker in winning our confidence and love. Again, in a famous but frequently misunderstood phrase, Lamb speaks of him as 'a sort of *prose Shakespeare*, making his meaning clear by adding: 'his scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the Poet*, that which in Shakespeare always appears ~~out and above the surface of the nature.~~' Though perhaps a less enthusiastic judgement might prefer to substitute the words 'occasionally almost' for 'to the full,' this criticism justly indicates Heywood's chief merits as a dramatist—his naturalness and his pathos. But his naturalness, as Lamb implies, is rather of a prosaic cast, representing human nature under the influence of ordinary and commonplace circumstances, the smooth surface scarcely ruffled by the breath of emotion, than that higher and more poetic naturalness which reveals the dark and mysterious depths of human nature agitated by conflicting passions. His pathos is rather the sensibility of the *Man of Feeling*, than the poignant rush of 'but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity

of it, Iago!' But, these deductions from an exaggerated estimate made, much remains to his credit as a dramatist. His language is simple, plain, and unaffected, ~~scrupulously~~ avoiding all rant and rhetoric. He never tears a passion to tatters, or oversteps the modesty of nature, but by a studied simplicity and homeliness of phrase often produces a pathetic effect beyond the reach of a more ornate and artificial diction.

His plots are ~~ingenious~~, original, and sometimes (as in ~~The Woman of Troas~~) ingenious, but too often, as in the case of many of his contemporaries, disorganized by the interpolation of some incongruous underplots. It is characteristic of the journeyman character of much of his work that we find the *Mostellaria* of Plautus bodily transferred to the underplot of *The English Traveller*. His situations are often prepared with practised skill to produce a telling dramatic effect, and are stronger than his characters. 'It lies beyond his power to create living individualities, representatives in nature's own never-ending variety of the everlasting types of human character.' (*Ward*). His chief significance consists in his development of the drama of domestic incident and of foreign adventure. *A Woman killed with Kindness* is his masterpiece, 'the most tearful of tragedies, the most touching in story, the most pathetic in detail.' (*Retrospective Review*.) Symonds calls it 'the finest bourgeois tragedy of our Elizabethan literature.' His *Chronicle Histories* and his *Mythological Dramas* mark a retrogressive phase in the dramatic evolution.

The text of the following extracts is based upon the early Quartos, compared with the edition of certain plays prepared for the (old) Shakespeare Society by Barron Field (1842), and J. P. Collier (1850), and with that contained in the Mermaid Series, edited by A. W. Verity (1888).

A. THE FIRST PART OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

ACT III, Sc. II.

The king, in disguise, has met John Hobs, the honest tanner of Tamworth, and for a jest has promised to sup with him as Ned, the king's butler.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come, Nell! come, daughter. Is your hands and your face washed?

Nell. Ay, forsooth, father.

Hobs. Ye must be cleanly, I tell ye; for there comes a courtinor hither to-night, the King's mastership's butler, Ned,

a spruce youth ; but beware ye be not in love nor overtaken by him, for courtiers be slippery lads.

Nell. No, forsooth, father.

Hobs. God's blessing on thee ! That half-year's schooling at Lichfield was better to thee than house and land. It has 10 put such manners into thee—Ay, forsooth, and No, forsooth, at every word. Ye have a clean smock on. I like your apparel well. Is supper ready ?

Nell. Ay, forsooth, father.

Hobs. Have we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of fat 15 bacon, a good cow-heel, a hard cheese, and a brown loaf ?

Nell. All this, forsooth, and more. Ye shall have a posset ; but indeed the rats have spoiled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now, the devil choke them ! So they have eat me 20 a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon (within). What, master, master !

Hobs. How now, knave ? what say'st thou, Dudgeon ?

Dud. Here's guests come. Where's Helen ?

Hobs. What guests be they ?

Dud. A courtinol ; one Ned, the king's butcher, he says, 25 and his friend too.

Hobs. Ned, the king's butcher ? Ha, ha ! the king's butler. Take their horses and walk them, and bid them come near house. Nell, lay the cloth and clap supper o' th' board.

[*Exit Nell.*]

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Mass, here's Ned, indeed, and another misproud ruffian. 30 Welcome, Ned ! I like thy honesty ; thou keepest promise.

King. I' faith, honest tanner, I'll ever keep promise with thee. Prithee, bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth, ye are both welcome to Tamworth. Friend, I know not your name. 35

Sel. My name is Tom Twist.

Hobs. Believe, ye that list.

But ye are welcome both ; and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sel. What's that ? 40

Hobs. Nay, that I keep to myself ; for I sigh to see and think that pride brings many one to extruction.

King. Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay raga. 'Tis not your bare wages and thin fees ye have of the 45

king can keep ye thus fine ; but either ye must rob the king privily, or his subjects openly, to maintain your probicality.

Sel. Think'st thou so, tanner ?

Hobs. 'Tis no matter what I think. Come, let's go to supper. What Nell ! What Dudgeon ! Where be these folks ?

Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a table covered.

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nell. Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say.

Sel. I thank ye, fair maid. [*Kiss her both.*]

55 *King.* A pretty wench, by my fay !

Hobs. How likest her, Ned ?

King. I like her so well, I would ye would make me your son-in-law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well, Ned, that, hadst thou an occupation (for service is no heritage : a young courtier, an old beggar), I could find in my heart to cast her away upon thee ; and if thou wilt forsake the court and turn tanner, or bind thyself to a shoemaker in Lichfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles ready money with my Nell, and trust thee with
65 a dicker of leather to set up thy trade.

Sel. Ned, he offers ye fair, if ye have the grace to take it.

King. He does, indeed, Tom ; and hereafter I'll tell him more.

Hobs. Come, sit down to supper : go to, Nell ; no more
70 sheep's eyes ; ye may be caught, I tell ye : these be liquorish lads.

Nell. I warrant ye, father ; yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serve ; but Ned's a pearl in mine eye.

75 *Hobs.* Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows. We'll have a three-men song, to make our guests merry.

[*Exit Nell.*]

Nails, what courtnols are ye ? ye'll neither talk nor eat.

What news at the court ? Do somewhat for your meat.

King. Heavy news there : King Henry is dead.

80 *Hobs.* That's light news and merry for your master, King Edward.

King. But how will the commons take it ?

Hobs. Well, God be with good King Henry !

Faith, the commons will take it as a common thing.

85 Death's an honest man ; for he spares not the king.

For as one comes, another's ta'en away;
And seldom comes the better, that's all we say.

Sel. Shrewdly spoken, tanner, by my fay!

Hobs. Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetstone's ale;
I may drink to my friends and drive down my tale. 90
Here, Ned and Tom, I drink to ye; and yet if I come to
the court, I doubt you'll not know me.

King. Yes, Tom shall be my surety, tanner; I will know
thee.

Sel. If thou dost not, Ned, by my troth, I beshrew thee. 95

King. I drink to my wife that may be.

Sel. Faith, Ned, thou mayest live to make her a lady.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, having no more
children but her.

Hobs. I would I had not, condition she had all. But I 100
have a knave to my son; I remember him by you; even
such an unthrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay
clothes and new fashions; and no work will down with him,
that I fear he'll be hanged. God bless you from a better
fortune, yet you wear such filthy breeks. Lord, were not 105
this a good fashion? Ay, and would save many a fair
penny.

King. Let that pass, and let us hear your song.

Hobs. Agreed, agreed! Come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa! 110
Say, Dudgeon.

Here they sing the three-man's Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt! know ye not Agencourt?

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen?

With our guns and bills brown,

Oh, the French were beaten down, 115

Morris-pikes and bowmen.

Sel. Well sung, good fellows! I would the king heard ye.

Hobs. So should I, faith; I should strain a note for him.
Come, take away, and let's to bed. Ye shall have clean
sheets, Ned; but they be coarse, good strong hemp, of my 120
daughter's own spinning.

King. No matter, Hobs; we will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then?

King. Even what thou wilt; for it is near day.
Tanner, gramercies for our hearty cheer! 125

If e'er it be thy chance to come to court,
 Enquire for me, Ned, the king's butler,
 Or Tom, of the king's chamber, my companion,
 And see what welcome we will give thee there.

130 *Hobs.* I have heard of courtiers have said as much as you,
 and when they have been tried, would not bid their friends
 drink.

Sel. We are none such. Let our horses be brought out ;
 for we must away ; and so, with thanks, farewell !

135 *Hobs.* Farewell to ye both ! Commend me to the king ;
 and tell him I would have been glad to have seen his worship
 here. [*Exit.*]

King. Come, Tom, for London ! horse, and hence, away !
[*Exeunt.*]

B. THE SECOND PART OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

ACT IV, SC. III.

On the death of Edward IV, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the regent, ordered Jane Shore, the late king's mistress, to do penance in a white sheet before the people. During her elevation she had saved the life of Stranguide, Sir Robert Brackenbury's kinsman, procured the king's pardon for Ayre's son, and given offence to Rufford by refusing to further his petition for a licence to transport corn and lead to foreign countries. Mrs. Blague, who first tempted her to sin, and then basely turned against her on her downfall, was sentenced, for harbouring her, to be stripped to the petticoat and turned out of doors. Shore is disguised and not recognized by his wife.

Enter the two Parators, with Mistress Shore in a white sheet, barefooted, with her hair about her ears, and in her hand a wax-taper.

1 *Par.* Now, mistress Shore, here our commission ends.
 Put off your robe of shame ; for this is Algate,
 Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

Jane. My robe of shame ? Oh, that so foul a name
 5 Should be applied unto so fair a garment !
 Which is no more to be condemned of shame

Than snow of putrefaction is deserved,
 To cover an infectious heap of dung.
 My robe of shame, but not my shame, put off,
 For that sits branded on my forehead still; 10
 And therefore in derision was I wrapt
 In this white sheet; and in derision bore
 This burning taper to express my folly,
 That, having light of reason to direct me,
 Delighted yet in by-ways of dark error. 15

2 *Par.* Well, mistress Shore, I hope you grudge not us :
 We showed you all the favour poor men could.

Jane. Oh, God forbid! I know the king's edict
 Set you a work, and not your own desires.

1 *Par.* Ay, truly, mistress; and for our parts 20
 We could be well content 'twere otherwise,
 But that the law's severe. And so we leave you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jane. Farewell unto you both! and London too!
 Farewell to thee, where first I was enticed,
 That scandalized thy dignity with shame; 25
 But now thou hast returned me treble blame;
 My tongue, that gave consent, enjoined to beg;
 Mine eyes adjudged to hourly laments;
 Mine arms, for their embracings, catch the air;
 And these quick nimble feet, that were so ready 30
 To step into a king's forbidden bed,
 London! thy flints have punished for their pride,
 And thou hast drunk their blood for thy revenge.
 What now avails to think what I have been?
 Then welcome nakedness and poverty! 35
 Welcome, contempt! welcome, you barren fields!
 Welcome the lack of meat and lack of friends!
 And, wretched Jane, according to thy state,
 Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be!
 All things that breathe, in their extremity, 40
 Have some recourse of succour: thou hast none.
 The child, offended, flies unto the mother;
 The soldier, struck, retires unto his captain;
 The fish, distressed, slides into the river;
 Birds of the air do fly unto their dams, 45
 And underneath their wings are quickly shrouded;
 Nay, beat the spaniel, and his master moans him.
 But I have neither where to shroud myself,

- Nor any one to make my moan unto.
 50 Come, patience, then; and, though my body pine,
 Make then a banquet to refresh my soul.
 Let heart's deep-throbbing sighs be all my bread;
 My drink salt tears; my guests repentant thoughts;
 That whoso knew me, and doth see me now,
 55 May shun by me the breach of wedlock's vow.

*Enter Brackenbury, with a prayer-book, and some relief
 in a cloth for Mistress Shore.*

- Bra.* O God, how full of dangers grows these times,
 And no assurance seen in any state!
 No man can say that he is master now
 Of any thing is his, such is the tide
 60 Of short disturbance running through the land!
 I have given over my office in the Tower,
 Because I cannot brook their vile complots,
 Nor smother such outrageous villanies.
 But mistress Shore to be so basely wronged
 65 And vildly used, that hath so well deserved,
 It doth afflict me in the very soul!
 She saved my kinsman Harry Stranguidge' life;
 Therefore in duty am I bound to her
 To do what good I may, though law forbid.
 70 See where she sits! God comfort thee, good soul!
 First, take that to relieve thy body with;
 And next receive this book, wherein is food,
 Manna of heaven to refresh thy soul.
 These holy meditations, mistress Shore,
 75 Will yield much comfort in this misery,
 Whereon contemplate still, and never lin,
 That God may be unmindful of thy sin.

- Jane.* Master Lieutenant! in my heart I thank ye
 For this kind comfort to a wretched soul.
 80 Welcome, sweet prayer-book, food of my life,
 The sovereign balm for my sick conscience!
 Thou shalt be my soul's pleasure and delight,
 To wipe my sins out of Jehovah's sight.

- Bra.* Do so, good mistress Shore. Now I must leave ye,
 85 Because some other business calls me hence;
 And God, I pray, regard your penitence! [*Exit.*]

Jane. Farewell, sir Robert! and for this good to me,
 The God of heaven be mindful still of thee!

As she sits weeping and praying, enters at one door young Master Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far off;
For but even now I met the officers, 90
That were attendant on her in her penance.
Yonder she sits! now then, Aire, show thyself
Thankful to her that sometime saved thy life,
When law had made thee subject to base death.
Give her thy purse; for here comes somebody. 95
Stand by awhile, for fear thou be discovered.

Ruf. What, mistress Shore? King Edward's concubine,
Set on a molehill? oh, disparagement!
A throne were fitter for your ladyship.
Fie, will you slubber these fair cheeks with tears? 100
Or sit so solitary? Where's all your servants?
Where is your gown of silk, your periwigs,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly jewels?
What, not so much as a shoe upon your foot?

Aire. The villain slave gibes at her misery. 105

Ruf. Now, whether is it better to be in court,
And there to beg a licence of the king
For transportation of commodities,
Than here to sit forsaken as thou dost?
I think upon condition Edward lived, 110
And thou were still in favour as before,
Thou wouldst not say that Rufford had deserved
To have his ears rent for a worser suit
Than licence to ship over corn and lead.

Aire. Inhuman wretch, why dost thou scorn her so? 115
And vex her grievèd soul with bitter taunts?

Ruf. Because I will. She is a courtesan,
And one abhorrèd of the world for lust.

Aire. If all thy faults were in thy forehead writ,
Perhaps thou wouldst thyself appear no less, 120
But much more, horrible than she doth now.

Ruf. You are no judge of mine, sir.

Aire. Why, nor thou of her.

Ruf. The world hath judged and found her guilty,
And 'tis the king's command she be held odious.

Aire. The King of heaven commandeth otherwise; 125
And if thou be not willing to relieve her,

Let it suffice thou seest her miserable,
And study not to amplify her grief.

*Enter Mistress Blage, very poorly, a-begging, with her
basket and clap-dish.*

What other woeful spectacle comes here?

*[When Rufford looks away, Aire throws his purse to
Mistress Shore.]*

¹³⁰ Mistress, take that and spend it for my sake.

Bla. Oh, I am pinched with more than common want.
Where shall I find relief? Good gentleman,
Pity a wretched woman, like to starve,
And I will pray for ye. One halfpenny,

¹³⁵ For Christ's sake to comfort me withal.

Ruf. What, mistress Blage? is't you? no marvel, sure,
But you should be relieved: a halfpenny, quotha?
Ay, marry, sir; and so be hanged myself!
Not I: this gentleman may, if he please.

¹⁴⁰ Get you to your companion, mistress Shore,
And then there is a pair of queans well met.
Now I bethink me, I'll go to the king,
And tell him that some will relieve Shore's wife,
Except some officer there be appointed

¹⁴⁵ That carefully regards it be not so.

Thereof myself will I make offer to him,
Which questionless he cannot but accept;
So shall I still pursue Shore's wife with hate.

[Exit.]

Bla. Good gentleman, bestow your charity,

¹⁵⁰ One single halfpenny to help my need.

Aire. Not one, were I the master of a mint.
What? succour thee that didst betray thy friend?
See where she sits! whom thou didst scorn indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou scorned again.

¹⁵⁵ Thou thought'st to be enrichèd by her goods,
But thou hast now lost both thy own and hers;
And, for my part, knew I 'twould save thy life,
Thou shouldst not get so much as a crumb of bread.
Pack, counterfeit pack; away, dissembling drab!

¹⁶⁰ *Bla.* Oh, misery, but shall I stay to look
Her in the face whom I so much have wronged?

Jane. Yes, mistress Blage, I freely pardon you.
You have done me no wrong. Come, sit by me.
'Twas so in wealth; why not in poverty?

SECOND PART, KING EDWARD THE FOURTH 251

Bla. Oh, willingly, if you can brook her presence, 165
Whom you have greater reason to despise.

Jane. Why, woman, Richard, that hath banished me,
And seeks my ruin (causeless though it be)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still.
Come thou, and share with me what God hath sent: 170
A stranger gave it me; and part thereof
I do as freely now bestow on you.

Bla. I thank you, mistress Shore: this courtesy
Renews the grief of my inconstancy.

Enter Master Shore, with relief for his wife.

Shore. Yonder she sits; how like a withered tree, 175
That is in winter leaveless and bereft
Of lively sap, sits the poor abject soul!
How much unlike the woman is she now,
She was but yesterday! so short and brittle
Is this world's happiness! But who is that? 180
False mistress Blage? how canst thou brook her, Jane?
Ay, thou wast always mild and pitiful!
Oh, hadst thou been as chaste, we had been blest!
But now no more of that: she shall not starve,
So long as this, and such as this, may serve. 185
Here, mistress Shore, feed on these homely cates,
And there is wine to drink them down withal.

Jane. Good sir, your name, that pities poor Jane Shore?
That in my prayers I may remember you.

Shore. No matter for my name; I am a friend 190
That loves you well. So farewell, mistress Shore!
When that is spent, I vow to bring you more.

Jane. God's blessing be your guide, where'er you go!
Thus, mistress Blage, you see, amidst our woe,
For all the world can do, God sends relief, 195
And will not yet we perish in our grief.
Come, let us step into some secret place,
Where undisturbed we may partake this grace.

Bla. 'Tis not amiss, if you be so content,
For here the field's too open and frequent. [Exeunt.] 200

Master Shore enters again.

Shore. What, is she gone so soon? alack, poor Jane,
How I compassionate thy woeful case!
Whereas we lived together man and wife,

Oft on an humble stool by the fire-side
 205 Sat she contented, whenas my high heart
 Would chide her for it; but what would she say?
 'Husband, we both must lower sit one day.'
 When I dare swear she never dreamed of this.
 But see, good God, what prophesying is!

C. THE SECOND PART OF IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NO BODY

ACT II, SC. II.

John Goodfellow is an honest pedlar, who some time ago bought goods to the value of ten pounds from Hobson, a London haberdasher, and inadvertently left the shop without paying. As he was dressed in a tawny coat, the apprentices, ignorant of his name, entered the debt in the ledger under the name of John Tawnycoat. He now returns to pay the money.

Enter John Goodfellow.

Good. Ay, sure, 'tis in this lane: I turned on the right
 hand, coming from the Stocks. Nay, though there was
 master careless, man careless, and all careless, I'll still be
 honest John, and scorn to take any man's ware but I'll pay
 5 them for it. I warrant they think me an arrant knave for
 going away and not paying; and, in my conscience, the
 master cudgelled the men, and the men the master, and all
 about me; when, as God save me, I did it innocently. But,
 sure, this is the lane: there 's the Windmill; there 's the Dog's
 10 Head in the Pot; and here 's the Friar whipping the Nun.
 'Tis hereabout, sure.

Enter in the shop two of Hobson's folks, and opening the shop.

1. Come, fellow Crack, have you sorted up those wares?
 marked them with 54? they must be packed up.
 15 2. I have done 't an hour ago. Have you sealed up my
 master's letter to his factor, John Gresham? It is at Deepe,
 in France, to send him matches, for he must use them at
 Bristow fair.

1. Ay, and the post received it two hours since.
 20 Good. Sure, it is hereabout: the kennel was on my right
 hand; and I think, in my conscience, I shall never have the

grace of God and good luck, if I do not pay it. God'sfoot, look here, look here, I know this is the shop, by that same stretch-halter.—Oh, my masters! by your leave, good fellows.

1. You are welcome, sir; you are welcome. 25

Good. Indeed, that's the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1. Oh, sir, money customers to us are best welcome.

Good. You say well; so they should be. Come, turn o'er your books: I am come to pay this same ten pound. 30

1. And we are ready to receive money. What might we call your name?

Good. Why, my name is John Goodfellow. I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

1. Your kin are the more beholding unto you. Fellow 35
Crack, turn o'er the Kalendar, and look for John Goodfellow.

2. What comes it to?

Good. Ten pound.

1. You will have no more wares with you, will you, sir? 40

Good. Nay, prithee, not too fast: let's pay for the old, before we talk of any new.

2. John Goodfellow?—Fellow Nimblechaps, here's no such name in all our book.

1. I think thou art mop-eyed this morning: give me the 45
book. Letter I, letter I, letter I.—When had you your ware?

Good. I had it some ten days ago.

1. Your name's John Goodfellow, you say.—Letter I, letter I, letter I.—You do not come to mock us, do you?— 50
Letter I, letter I, letter I.—By this hand, if I thought you did, I would knock you about the ears, afore we parted.—Fellow Crack, get me a cudgel ready. Letter I, letter I, letter I.—Foot! here's no such name in all our book. Do you hear, fellow? Are you drunk, this morning, to make us look for 55
moonshine in the water?

Good. Fut! art not thou drunk this morning? Canst not receive the money that's due to thee? I tell thee, I had ten pounds' worth of ware here.

1. And I tell thee, John Goodfellow, here's no such name 60
in our book, nor no such ware delivered.

Good. God's precious! there's a jest, indeed: so a man may be sworn out of himself. Had not I ten pounds' worth of ware here?

65 2. No, goodman goose, that you had not.

Good. Heyday! here's excellent fellows, are able to make their master's hair grow through his hood in a month! They can not only carelessly deliver away his ware, but also they will not take money for it when it comes.

70 1. Do you hear, hoyden? and my master were not in the next room, I'd knock you about th' ears for playing the knave with us, ere you parted.

Good. I think your master had more need knock you for playing the Jacks with him. There's your ten pounds; tell
75 it out, with a wanion, and take it for your pains.

1. Fut! here's a mad slave, indeed, will give us ten pound, in spite of our teeth.

2. Fellow Nimblechaps, alas! let the poor fellow alone: it appears he is beside himself.

80 *Good.* Mass, I think you will sooner make your master stark mad, if you play thus with everybody.

Enter old Hobson.

Hob. Heyday, bones-a-me, here's lazy knaves! Past eight o'clock, and neither ware sorted, nor shop swept.

Good. Good morrow to you, sir: have you any more
85 stomach to receive money than your men have, this morning?

Hob. Money is welcome chaffer: welcome, good friend, welcome, good friend.

Good. Here's Mounsieur Malapart, your man, scorns to receive it.

90 *Hob.* How, knaves! think scorn to receive my money? Bones-a-me, grown proud, proud, knaves, proud?

1. I hope we know, sir, you do not use to bring up your servants to receive money unless it be due unto you.

Hob. No, bones-a-me, knaves, not for a million. Friend,
95 come to pay me money? for what, for what, for what come you to pay me money?

Good. Why, sir, for ware I had some month ago,
Being pins, points, and laces,
Poting-sticks for young wives, for young wenches glasses,
100 Ware of all sorts, which I bore at my back,
To sell where I come, with What do you lack?
What do you lack? What do you lack?

Hob. Bones-a-me, a merry knave. What's thy name?

Good. My name, sir, is John Goodfellow, an honest poor
105 pedlar of Kent.

Hob. And had ten pound in ware of me a month ago? Bones, give me the book. John Goodfellow, of Kent.

Good. Oh, sir, *nomine et natura*, by name and nature, I am as well known for a good fellow in Kent, as your city Sumner's known for a knave. Come, sir, will you be 110 telling?

Hob. Tell me of no tellings: bones of me, here's no such matter. Away, knave, away, thou owest me none. Out of my doors!

Good. How, owe you none, say you? This is but a trick 115 to try my honesty now.

Hob. There's a groat: go drink a pint of sack; comfort thyself; thou art not well in thy wits. God forbid! pay me ten pound not due to me?

Good. God's dickens, here's a jest, indeed! master mad, 120 men mad, and all mad; here's a mad household. Do you hear, Master Hobson, I do not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to spend it; yet you shall know I am John, honest John, and I will not be outfaced of my honesty. Here I had ten pounds' worth of ware, and I will 125 pay for it.

Hob. Nimblechaps! call for help, Nimblechaps. Bones of me, the man begins to rave.

2. Master, I have found out one John Tawnycoat, had ten pounds' worth of ware a month ago. 130

Good. Why, that's I, that's I! I was John Tawnycoat then, though I am John Gray-coat now.

Hob. John Tawnycoat! Welcome, John Tawnycoat!

Good. Foot, do you think I'll be outfaced of my honesty?

Hob. A stool for John Tawnycoat! sit, good John Tawny- 135 coat! honest John Tawnycoat! welcome, John Tawnycoat!

Good. Nay, I'll assure you, we are honest, all the generation of us. There 'tis, to a doit, I warrant you: you need not tell it after me. Foot, do you think I'll be outfaced of mine honesty? 140

Hob. Thou art honest John, honest John Tawnycoat. Having so honestly paid for this, sort up his pack straight worth twenty pound. I'll trust thee, honest John; Hobson will trust thee;

And any time the ware that thou dost lack, 145 Money, or money not, I'll stuff thy pack.

Good. I thank you, Master Hobson; and this is the fruit of honesty.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Purs. By your leave, Master Hobson, I bring this favour
150 to you.

My royal mistress, queen Elizabeth,
Hath sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

Hob. How! bones-a-me, Queen know Hobson, Queen
know Hobson? and send but for one hundred pound?
155 Friend, come in; come in, friend; shall have two; Queen
shall have two.

If Queen know Hobson once, her Hobson's purse
Must be free for her; she is England's nurse.

Come in, good friend. Ha! Queen know Hobson? Nay,
160 come in, John; we'll dine together too.

Good. Make up my pack, and I'll along from you,
Singing merrily on the way:

'Points, pins, gloves, and purses,
Poting-sticks, and black jet rings,
165 Cambrics, lawns, and pretty things.
Come, maids, and buy: my back doth crack:
I have all that you want: what do you lack?
What do you lack?'

D. A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

ACT II, SC. III.

Master Frankford, an English gentleman, wealthy, cultured, and well connected, has just wedded the sister of Sir Francis Acton, 'a fair, a chaste, and loving wife; perfection all, all truth, all ornament,' as he felicitates himself; and has taken to his heart one Wendoll, a gentleman of good family, but of small means and broken fortunes, treating him with the utmost liberality and consideration; which Wendoll basely requites by tempting Mistress Frankford to sin.

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

Wen. I am a villain if I apprehend
But such a thought: then, to attempt the deed,—
Slave, thou art damned without redemption.

I'll drive away this passion with a song.

5 A song! ha, ha! a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul

Lies drenched and drownèd in red tears of blood.
 I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
 Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;
 And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!), 10
 It is on her divine perfections.
 I will forget her; I will arm myself
 Not to entertain a thought of love to her;
 And when I come by chance into her presence,
 I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack 15
 From being pulled and drawn to look that way.

Enter over the stage, Frankford, his wife, and Nicholas.

O God, O God! with what a violence
 I am hurried to my own destruction.
 There goest thou, the most perfectest man
 That ever England bred a gentleman; 20
 And shall I wrong his bed? Thou God of thunder,
 Stay, in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
 Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
 From speedy execution on a villain,
 A villain, and a traitor to his friend! 25

Enter Jenkin [Wendoll's man].

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely
 Money to spend—

Jen. By my faith, so do not you me; I cannot get a
 cross of you. 30

Wen. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert: 35

Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
 A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
 He hath placed me in the height of all his thoughts,
 Made me companion with the best and chiefest
 In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me, 40
 Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
 As necessary as his digestion;
 And equally do make him whole or sick:
 And shall I wrong this man? Base man! ingrate!
 Hast thou the power straight with thy gory hands 45

To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,
 To scratch thy name from out the holy book
 Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
 That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his heart
 50 To whom thy heart was joined and knit together?
 And yet I must. Then, Wendoll, be content.
 Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! pray
 God he be not mad; if he should be so, I should never have
 55 any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he is mad for
 missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! where's your mistress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

60 *Jen.* Because you are my master, and if I have a mis-
 tress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty
 to her.

Wen. I mean, where's Mistress Frankford?

Jen. Mary, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she
 65 went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do
 you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish. [Exit Jenkin.]

Enter Mistress Frankford. [Anne.]

Anne. You are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,
 Before he took horse, had a great desire
 70 To speak with you: we sought about the house,
 Halloo'd into the fields, sent every way,
 But could not meet you: therefore, he enjoined me
 To do unto you his most kind commends.
 Nay, more, he wills you, as you prize his love,
 75 Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
 To make bold in his absence, and command
 Even as himself were present in the house;
 For you must keep his table, use his servants,
 And be a present Frankford in his absence.

80 *Wen.* I thank him for his love.—

[*Aside.*] Give me a name, you whose infectious tongues
 Are tipped with gall and poison, as you would
 Think on a man that had your father slain,
 Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets,
 85 So call me, call me so: print in my face
 The most stigmatic title of a villain,

For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Anne. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.— 90

[*Aside.*] I will not speak to wrong a gentleman

Of that good estimation, my kind friend;

I will not, zounds, I will not! I may choose,

And I will choose. Shall I be so misled?

Or shall I purchase to my father's crest 95

The motto of a villain? If I say

I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?

What can compel me? What sad destiny

Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?

I will not. Ha! some fury pricks me on: 100

The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,

And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must;

Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust.

Anne. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance. 105

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.

I love you: start not, speak not, answer not.

I love you: nay, let me speak the rest:

Bid me to swear, and I will call to record

The host of heaven.

Anne. The host of heaven forbid 110
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought!

Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit I was born,

To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Anne. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Anne. He esteems you

Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart. 115

Wen. I have tried it.

Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it.

Anne. Oh, with what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you unblushing speak this to the face 120

Of the espoused wife of so dear a friend?

It is my husband that maintains your state;

Will you dishonour him that in your power

Hath left his whole affairs? I am his wife:

It is to me you speak.

- 125 *Wen.* Oh, speak no more!
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leaved table of my heart.
Fair, and of all beloved, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
130 And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone: I care not, I;
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me:
I care not; 'twas for you. Say I incur
135 The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend: I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
For you I'll live, and in your love I'll die.
140 *Anne.* You move me, sir, to passion and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.
Wen. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life.
Mistake me not, the augmentation
145 Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night;
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
150 *Anne.* What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll, oh!
Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
155 My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face.
I blush, and am ashamed. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
160 That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in,
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

E. THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

ACT IV, SC. VI.

While the Romans were encamped before Ardea, Sextus, son of king Tarquin, returned to Rome and wronged Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus. Valerius is 'the merry Lord among the Roman Peeres.'

The camp at Ardea. Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns, Scevola, and Collatine.

Bru. What, so early, Valerius, and your voice not up yet? thou wast wont to be my lark, and raise me with thy early notes.

Val. I was never so hard set yet, my lord, but I had ever a fit of mirth for my friend. 5

Bru. Prithee, let's hear it then while we may, for I divine thy music and my madness are both short-lived; we shall have somewhat else to do ere long, we hope, Valerius.

Hor. Jove send it!

SONG.

<i>Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!</i>	10
<i>With night we banish sorrow;</i>	
<i>Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,</i>	
<i>To give my love good morrow.</i>	
<i>Wings from the wind, to please her mind,</i>	
<i>Notes from the lark I'll borrow;</i>	15
<i>Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,</i>	
<i>To give my love good morrow.</i>	
<i>To give my love good morrow,</i>	
<i>Notes from them all I'll borrow.</i>	
<i>Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast;</i>	20
<i>Sing birds in every furrow,</i>	
<i>And from each bill let music shrill</i>	
<i>Give my fair love good morrow;</i>	
<i>Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,</i>	
<i>Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,</i>	25
<i>You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,</i>	
<i>Sing my fair love good morrow.</i>	
<i>To give my love good morrow,</i>	
<i>Sing birds in every furrow.</i>	

- 30 *Bru.* Methinks our wars go not well forwards, Horatius :
we have greater enemies to bustle with than the Ardeans, if
we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting !

- Bru.* Then we married men should have the advantage of
35 the bachelors, Horatius, especially such as have revelling
wives, those that can caper in the city, while their husbands
are in the camp. Collatine, why are you so sad ? the thought
of this should not trouble you, having a Lucrece to your
bedfellow.

- 40 *Col.* My lord, I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot
I be merry.

See. Come, come, make him merry ; let's have a song in
praise of his Lucrece.

Val. Content.

The fourth new song : in the praise of Lucrece.

- 45 *On two white columns arched she stands ;
 Some snow would think them, sure,
 Some crystal, other lilies stripped,
 But none of those so pure.*

- This beauty when I contemplate,
50 What riches I behold !
'Tis roofed within with virtuous thoughts,
 Without, 'tis thatched with gold.*

- Whether the porch be coral clear,
 Or with rich crimson lined,
55 Or rose-leaves lasting all the year,
 It is not yet divined.*

- Her eyes not made of purest glass,
 Or crystal, but transpareth ;
 The life of diamonds they surpass,
60 Their very sight ensnareth.*

*That which without we rough-cast call,
 To stand 'gainst wind and weather,
 For its rare beauty equals all
 That I have named together.*

- 65 *For, were it not by modest art
 Kept from the sight of skies,
 It would strike dim the sun itself,
 And daze the gazer's eyes.*

*The case so rich, how may we praise
The jewel lodged within?* 70
*To draw their praise I were unwise,
To wrong them it were sin.*

Ar. I should be frolic if my brother were but returned to the camp.

Hor. And, in good time, behold prince Sextus. 75

Enter Sextus.

All. Health to our general!

Sex. Thank you.

Bru. Will you survey your forces, and give order for a present assault? Your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans. 80

Sex. No.

Col. Have you seen Lucretia, my lord? how fares she?

Sex. Well. I'll to my tent.

Ar. Why, how now! what's the matter, brother?

[Exeunt the brothers.]

Bru. 'Thank you.' 'No.' 'Well. I'll to my tent.' Get thee to thy tent, and a coward go with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy encounter. 85

Val. Shall I go after him, and know the cause of his discontent?

Sec. Or I, my lord? 90

Bru. Neither; to pursue a fool in his humour is the next way to make him more humorous. I'll not be guilty of his folly; thank you, no! Before I wish him health again when he is sick of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate! 95

Sec. Perhaps he's not well.

Bru. Well, then, let him be ill.

Val. Nay, if he be dying, I could wish he were. I'll ring out his funeral peal, and this it is—

Come, list and hark; 100
*The bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.
And was not that
Some ominous fowl,* 105
The bat, the night-

Crow, or screech-owl?
 To these I hear
 The-wild wolf howl,
 110 In this black night
 That seems to scowl.
 All these my black-
 Book shall enroll.
 For hark! still, still
 115 The bell doth toll
 For some but now
 Departing soul.

XVII

JOHN DAY

1574—1640(?).

JOHN DAY was born at Cawston in Norfolk in 1574. He was the son of a husbandman, and was educated at Ely, and at Caius College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as a sizar in 1592, but expelled the next year for stealing a book¹. In 1598 he is entered in Henslowe's Diary as collaborating with Chettle in *The Conquest of Brute*, and from then to 1603 he was engaged with Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and others in the composition of twenty-two plays. *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, written with Chettle, was produced in 1600, but not printed till 1659. *The Ile of Guls* was printed in 1606, *Humour out of Breath*, and *Law Tricks*, in 1608. *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, written with William Rowley and George Wilkins, was published in 1607. *The Parliament of Bees* was apparently not printed till 1641. *Peregrinatio Scholastica*, a sort of autobiographical allegory in prose, was first printed from a MS. in the British Museum by Mr. A. H. Bullen in 1881. The so-called *Parnassus Plays* and *The Maid's Metamorphosis* have on slender evidence been attributed to Day. An elegy was written in 1640 by John Tabham to commemorate his death.

Day's genius was lyric rather than dramatic. He had lively wit; quaint, dainty, delicate fancy; and the gift of writing

¹ Venn., *Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College*, vol. i. p. 176. I am indebted for this reference to the kindness of Dr. A. W. Ward.

idyllic and romantic poetry with sweetness and grace; but he lacked profound insight into human nature, and the power of developing character by action. His note is rather imitative than original, yet not without a certain individuality and distinctive character. Like the bee in *The Battle of the Books* he might plead, 'I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste.' Lyly and the early comedies of Shakespeare are his chief models. In *Humour out of Breath* he reproduces the mannerisms of Shakespeare's early work. In *The Parliament of Bees* the versification is smooth and tuneful, the language *simplex munditiis*, plain, but graceful and elegant. The text is taken from Mr. Bullen's reprint (1881), modernized and corrected.

A. THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES

CHARACTER VIII.

Inamorato. The Passionate Bee.

*In this the poet spends some art
To character a lover's heart :
And, for a sigh his love let fall,
Prepares a solemn funeral.*

Speakers.

Chariolus. Arethusa.

Char. Oh, Arethusa, cause of my soul's moving,
Nature, save thee, hath no work worth the loving;
For, when she fashioned thee, she summoned all
The Graces and the Virtues cardinal;
Nay, the whole swarm of Bees came loaden home, 5
Each bringing thee a rich perfection;
And laid them up with such art in the hive
(Thy brain) as, since that, all thy beauties thrive :
For, being mixt at thy creation,
They made thee fair past art or imitation. 10
Areth. 'Tis he:—is not your name Chariolus,
Son to our Master Bee?
Char. What art, that thus

Bluntly salut'st me?

Areth. One that has to say
Somewhat to you from lovely Arethusa.

Char. How doth she?

Areth. Well.

15 *Char.* Ill-tutored Bee, but 'well'?

The word's too sparing for her; more than well,

Nay, more than excellent, 's an epithet

Too poor for Arethusa.

Areth. This is right

As the Bee told me. [*Aside.*—Can she be better well

Than with the gods?

Char.

The gods?

20 *Areth.* A passing-bell

Proclaimed her death, and the whole swarm of Bees
Mourned at her hearse in sable liveries.

Long she lay sick, yet would not send till death

Knocked at life's gate to fetch away her breath;

25 But, just as he came in, 'Go thou' (quoeth she)

'Seek out Chariolus; greet him from me,

And pray him that he would no longer shroud

His fair illustrate splendour in a cloud;

For I am gone from the world's vanities

30 Unto the gods, a pleasing sacrifice:

Yet there I'll wish him well; and say, good youth,

I bequeath nothing to him but my truth.

And even as death arrested her, she cried,

Oh, my Chariolus!—so, with a sigh, she died.

Char. So, with a sigh, she died.

35 *Areth.* What mean you, sir?

—I have told him, like a foolish messenger,

What I shall first repent. [*Aside.*]

Char.

Come, let us divide

Sorrows and tears; for, with a sigh, she died.

Areth. Nay then, she lives.

Char.

'Tis false; believe it not.

40 I'll have that sigh drawn on a chariot

(Made of the bones of lovers who have cried,

Beaten their breasts, sighed for their loves, and died)

Covered with azure-coloured velvet, where

The sun of her affections shall shine clear.

45 In careless manner, 'bout the canopy,

Upon the blue, in quaint embroidery,

Arethusa and Chariolus shall stand
 As newly married, joined hand in hand.
 The chariot shall be drawn by milk-white swans,
 About whose comely necks, as straight as wands, 50
 Instead of reins, there shall hang chains of pearl,
 As precious as her faith was. The prime girl
 That shall attend this chariot shall be Truth,
 Who, in a robe composed of ruined youth,
 Shall follow weeping, hanging down the head, 55
 As who should say, 'My sweet companion's dead.'
 Next shall the Graces march, clad in rich sables,
 With correspondent hoods, 'bout which large cables
 Of pearl and gold, in rich embroidery,
 Shall hang sad mottoes of my misery. 60

Areth. Oh no; *my* misery! [*Aside.*]

Char. Next these shall go

All Arethusa's virtues in a row:
 Her wisdom first, in plain habiliments,
 As not affecting gawdy ornaments;
 Next them her chastity, attired in white 65
 (Whose chaste eye shall her epitaph indite),
 Looking as if it meant to check desire
 And quell th' ascension of the Paphian fire;
 Next these, her beauty, that immortal thing,
 Decked in a robe that signifies the spring, 70
 The loveliest season of the quartered year;
 Last shall her virgin modesty appear,
 And that a robe, nor white nor red, shall wear,
 But equally participating both;
 Call it a maiden blush, and so the cloth 75
 Shall be her hieroglyphic; on her eye
 Shall sit Discretion, who, when any spy
 Would at that casement, like a thief, steal in,
 Shall, like her heart's true porter, keep out sin.
 These shall be all chief mourners; and, because 80
 This sigh killed Arethusa, here we'll pause
 And drop a tear, the tribute of her love.
 Next this, because a sigh did kill my dove
 (A good conceit, I pray forget it not),
 At the four corners of this chariot 85
 I'll have the four winds statued, which shall blow
 And sigh my sorrows out, above, below,
 Into each quarter. Then, sir, on the top;

Over all these gaudy trim things, I'll set up
 90 My statue in jet; my posture this—
 Catching at Arethusa, my lost bliss:
 For over me, by geometric pins,
 I'll have her hang betwixt two cherubins,
 As if they had snatched her up from me and earth,
 95 In heaven to give her a more glorious birth;
 The word this:—'What should virtue do on earth?'
 This I'll have done; and when 'tis finished, all
 That love, come to my poor sigh's funeral.
 Swell gall, break heart, flow tears like a full tide,
 100 For, with a sigh, fair Arethusa died.
Areth. Rather than thus your youthful flame should
 smother,
 Forget her thought, and entertain another.
Char. Oh, never, never! with the turtle-dove,
 A sigh shall bear my soul up to my love.

B. HUMOUR OUT OF BREATH

ACT II, SC. II.

Octavio, duke of Venice, having defeated Antonio, duke of Mantua, and driven him into banishment, dispatches his two sons, Hippolito and Francisco, disguised as shepherds, in quest of wives, himself following them, without their knowledge, in the disguise of a serving-man. Wandering in the country between Venice and Mantua, they encounter Lucida and Hermia, the daughters of Antonio, who have been fishing in a brook, to provide food for themselves and their father.

*Enter Hippolito and Francisco like shepherds,
 Octavio in disguise.*

Oct. Look you, sir, I am like an Irish beggar, and an English burr, will stick close where I find a good nap; I must and will dwell with you.

Fran. What canst do?

5 *Oct.* Still aquavitaë, stamp crabs, and make mustard;
 I can do as much as all the men you keep.

Fran. Prithee, what?

Oct. Why, undo you, and twenty could do no more. But business; come, my wits grow rusty for employment.

Fran. Canst keep counsel?

10

Oct. My mother was a midwife.

Hip. Hast any skill in love?

Oct. I am one of Cupid's agents; have Ovid's *Ars Amandi ad unguis*; know *causam*, and can apply *remedium*, and minister *effectum*, to a hair. But why do you ask? have 15 you traversed an action in love's spiritual court?

Fran. Not to dissemble, we have.

Oct. And without dissembling, you'll never come out of it; but tell me true, are you in love already? or have you but desire to be in love?

20

Fran. Indeed I am in love to be in love.

Hip. And I desire to live in fond desire, And yet I doubt to touch blind fancy's fire.

Oct. 'Tis good to doubt, but 'tis not good to fear,

Yet still to doubt will at the last prove fear;

25

Doubt love, 'tis good, but 'tis not good to fear it;

Love hurts them most, that least of all come near it.

Fran. Then to doubt love is the next way to love.

Oct. Doubtless it is, if you misdoubt not love.

Hip. Doubt and misdoubt, what difference is there here? 30

Oct. Yes, much; when men misdoubt, 'tis said they fear.

Fran. But is it good in love to be in doubt?

Oct. No, not in love, doubt then is jealousy;

'Tis good to doubt before you be in love;

Doubt counsels how to shun love's misery.

35

Fran. Your doubtful counsel counsels us to love.

Oct. To equal love, I like experience speak.

Hip. Experienced lover, you have spoken well.

Oct. Experience-wanting lovers, truth I tell;

Young wits be wise, in love live constant still,

40

You need nor doubt good hap, nor misdoubt ill.

Enter Lucida and Hermia with angles.

And see, your discourse has conjured up beauty in the likeness of two country maids,—but you shall not come in the circles of their arms, if I can keep you out. [*Aside.*]

Fran. These are too mean for love; brother, let's leave 45 them.

Oct. What, speechless? will you make dumb virgins of them?

Hip. Oh, we are sons of a great father.

- 50 *Oct.* So is the sun of heaven, yet he smiles on the bramble as well as the lily; kisses the cheek of a beggar as lovingly as a gentlewoman; and 'tis good to imitate him, 'tis good.

Her. Say, sister, had we not fine sport to-day?

Luc. We had, if death may be accounted play.

- 55 *Her.* Why, 'tis accounted pleasure to kill fish.

Luc. A pleasure nothing pleasant to the fish.

Her. Yet fishes were created to be killed.

Luc. Cruel creation then, to have lives spilled.

Her. Their bodies, being food, maintain our breath.

- 60 *Luc.* What bodies then have we, to live by death?

Her. Come, come, you vainly argue; it is good.

Luc. What, is it good to kill? O God, O God!

Her. If it be sin, then you yourself's a sinner.

Luc. I thank proud fortune for't, my woes' beginner.

- 65 *Oct.* 'Foot, are ye not ashamed to stand by like idle ciphers, and such places of account void? and they had bin rich offices, and you poor courtiers, you would have been in them in half the time.

Fran. Though against stomach—

- 70 *Oct.* Nothing against stomach, and you love me.

Hip. Fair maids, if so you be, you are well met.

Her. Shepherds, or be what else you are, well met.

Fran. 'Tis well, if that well met we be to you.

Luc. If not to us, you are unto yourselves.

- 75 *Hip.* We did not meet, you saw us come together.

Her. Whate'er we saw, you met ere you came hither.

Fran. We did, we met in kindred, we are brothers.

Luc. So, shepherds, we did meet, for we are sisters.

Hip. Then, sisters, let us brothers husbands be.

- 80 *Her.* So, brothers, without our leaves, you well may be.

Fran. Say, we desire to husband it with you.

Luc. Know we desire no husbands such as you.

Hip. A shepherd is an honest trade of life.

Her. Yet shepherd has with honest trade some strife.

- 85 *Hip.* He seldom swears but by his honesty.

Her. So honest men do too, as well as he.

Fran. But will you trust a shepherd when he vows?

Luc. No, never; if his oath be that he loves.

Hip. Yet, if I swear, that needs must be mine oath.

- 90 *Her.* Swear not, for we are misbelievers both.

Fran. Let us persuade you to believe we love you.

Luc. First, we entreat you give us time to prove you.

Hip. Take time, meantime we'll praise ye to our powers.

Her. O time, sometime shepherds have idle hours.

Fran. I'll say thy cheek no natural beauty lacks. 95

Luc. Good, if it had bin spoke behind our backs.

Hip. I'll say this is the heaven of heavenly graces.

Her. O heaven, how they can flatter's to our faces.

[*Exeunt Hermia and Lucida.*]

Fran. Brother, the last is fairest in my eye.

Hip. Ay, but the first, brother, is first in beauty. 100

Fran. First in your choice, but not in beauty, sir.

Oct. [*aside.*] Come ye so near as choice? then 'tis time
for me to stop, for fear the music run too far out of tune.—
How now, gallants? in dumps?

Fran. No, but in love. 105

Oct. That's a dump; love's nothing but an Italian dump
or a French brawl.

Hip. Methinks 'tis sweeter music.

Oct. And 'twere in tune, I confess it; but you take your
parts too low, you are treble courtiers, and will never agree 110
with these country minnikins; the music's too base, never
meddle in 't.

Fran. Peace, dotard, peace; thy sight of love is done,
Thou canst not see the glory of love's sun:
Spent age with frosty clouds thy sight doth dim, 115
That thou art blind to see, and apt to sin.

Oct. Is it accounted sin to speak the truth?

Hip. And worse, when age spits poison against youth.

Oct. They do not fit your callings; let them go.

Fran. Yet they are fair: we love; thou art love's foe. 120

Oct. I am your friend, and wish you from this love.

Hip. Canst thou heave hills? then thou my thoughts
mayst move,

But never else.

Oct. Never?

Fran. No, never.

Oct. Stay.

Hip. We are bound for love.

Oct. Hate.

Fran. Hinder not our way. [*Exeunt brothers.*]

Oct. Ay, boys; will eagle's eaglets turn to bastards? 125
Then must I change my vein, and once more prove
To teach you how to hate as well as love. [*Exit.*]

C. LAW TRICKS

ACT IV, SC. I and II.

Fernese, duke of Genoa, hearing that his daughter, Emilia, had been carried off by the Turks from Pisa, where she had lived from infancy, goes to rescue her, leaving his son, Polymetes, vicegerent. Emilia, who had escaped from the Turks, comes to Genoa, disguised as Tristella. Polymetes, hitherto a scholar and a recluse, 'turns absolute prodigal,' and in the midst of his revels is surprised by his father's sudden return. Julio is 'a noble youthful gallant,' and Joculo, page to Emilia.

Enter Joculo, the Page.

Joc. My lord, my lord, the duke your father with a great train is coming.

Poly. From heaven or hell?

Joc. That's more than I know; but by the faith of a page, 5 or the word of a gent., which you will, he is armed, and in great state entered the city.

Jul. Zounds, where's the slave that brought the false report of his death?

Poly. But art sure 'tis my father?

10 *Joc.* Or else your mother did you the more wrong. Shift for yourselves, for he is come.

Poly. My father alive and come home! heart a' me, what shift? come home, and find the court turned ale-house, dicing-house, dancing-school! I am undone, horse and foot.

15 *Em.* Some *rosa solis* or *aqua mirabilis*, ho! for our general coward's in a swoon.

Poly. I know you are a hot shot, Tris; but that will not serve turn now. Therefore fall off, the enemy is too strong, 'deed, Tris: every lamb to his fold and coney to her burrow, 20 for the old fox is abroad. No? will 't not be? Why, then, God 'a mercies, brain.—*Cedant arma togæ*: my gown and books, boy: some sudden device to keep him back half an hour, and win my good opinion for ever.

Joc. And I do not, let me die of the bastinado. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Duke Fernese; Angelo and other Nobles, attendants.

25 *Duke.* Lords, make a stand. I wonder that our son Glads not our wished arrival with his presence.

Ang. No doubt, my lord, his honourable ear
Is not acquainted with your sudden landing.

Duke. We take it so; and whilst ourself in person
Enquire the cause, attend us in the hall.— 30
Little thinks he his father is so near;
But unexpected I'll go startle him,
And put his wit unto the present trial. [*Aside.*]

Enter Joculo.

Page, where's the prince?

Joc. My most honoured lord, in private conference with an 35
English post.

Duke. An English post?

Joc. An English post, my lord. The effect of his letters
I know not, but I heard him begin a most strange discourse.

Duke. Of what, I prithee? 40

Joc. Please your honour take a turn or two, I shall relate.
—[*Aside, to Polymetes within.*] Quickly, my lord—He
reports there fell such an inundation of waters in the month
of July, about the third of dog-days, that the oars and
scullers that use to work in the Thames rowed over houses, 45
and landed their fares in the middle aisle of Paul's.

Duke. Is 't possible?

Joc. Very easily possible.—[*Aside, to Polymetes within.*]
'sfoot, quickly!—and more, the fishermen that rid between
Dover and Calais took red spurling and she-mackerel in the 50
midst of the Exchange; which made mutton so cheap and
stale that it is thought the better half of the townsmen will
run mad about it.

Duke. It cannot be.

Joc. Not be? Why, look you, sir— 55

Duke. Nay.

Joc. But hear the conclusion. Just on Saint Luke's day,
coming shall be a twelve-month, Westminster and Winchester,
drinking a quart of wine together on Salisbury plain, fell into
hard words and strange terms. There was 'thou knave,' and 60
'ay, knave,' and such foul words as if two young barristers
had been breathing their wits for a wager:—[*Aside, to Poly-
metes within.*] 'sfoot, make an end!—now it was thought
Westminster stood most upon his terms, yet in the end
Winchester got one of his best terms from him, spite on 65
his teeth; which so vexed Westminster that it grew to

a deadly feud, which was so hotly pursued that the taking up of the matter cost many broken heads.

Duke. How!

70 *Joc.* So, sir,—[*Aside, to Polymetes within.*] 'sfoot, not done yet?—and had not Charing-cross, a tall bow-legged gentleman, taken up the matter, 'tis thought Westminster stones would have been too hot for some of them. And in parting the fray Charing-cross got such a box o' the ear that he will
75 carry it to his death's-day: some say 'a got a wry neck by parting the fray,—marry, Winchester says flatly 'a got a crick in his neck with looking westward for termers.

Duke. Thou shouldst have told me,—

Joc. Of the English post? Why, look you, my lord, the
80 post, coming in post-haste to show his duty to the prince, stumbled at a post that lay in his way, and broke his sinister shank; and so I break off my discourse, and bid your honour welcome home. [Exit.]

Duke. What a strange tale is here, of floods and hills,
85 Of Charing-cross, terms, and I know not what!
And, when I looked for the conclusion,
'A breaks off all, and leaves me in a cloud.

Enter Julio.

There is some trick in't. Honoured Julio!

Jul. Health to my sovereign!

90 *Duke.* How fares our son?

Have your inducements drawn him from his humour?

Jul. 'Faith, my lord, I have done a child's part, and almost spent a child's part, to draw him to society; but 'tis labour lost.

95 *Duke.* What is his business with the English post?

Jul. The English post, my lord? your grace is merry.

Duke. His boy informed me 'a held conference

'Bout serious matters with an English post.

Jul. Alas, my lord, the boy is lunatic.

100 *Duke.* How, lunatic! and, afore God, methought

'A told a mad discourse; but the occasion?

Jul. I tell you, my lord. Coming abruptly, as your honour or any else may do, to the prince's chamber about some ordinary service, 'a found him in his study and a company of bottle-
105 nosed devils dancing the Irish hay about him, which on the sudden so startled the poor boy as 'a clean lost his wits, and ever since talks thus idle as your excellence hath heard him.

Duke. But, tell me, doth my son converse with devils?

Jul. As familiarly as you and I: they are his only company-keepers. When 'a hath been dulled at his study, I have known 110 a devil and he play at tick-tacks for philips by the whole day together.

Duke. 'Tis passing strange; but may we without danger Go near his study?

Jul. At your honour's pleasure. 115

Discover Polymetes in his study.

Jul. See where 'a sits: be patient and observe.

Poly. Prevented still? now by Medusa's snakes,
And black Erinnys' ever burning lamp,
If all the skill in pyromantic rules,
Deep aeromancy, or the precious soul 120
Of geomantic spells and characters
Graven in the surface of our mother earth,
Can work this strange achievement—

Ang. How his brain sweats in pursuit of learning!

Duke. Oh, attend. 125

Poly. The first house is vulgarized the horoscope or angle of the orient, and his ascendant betokeneth beginning of life, merchandise, marriage and—

Duke. Let's break him off.

Jul. So please your excellence. 130

Poly. The second and third house: the third house is cadent from the angle of the orient and ascendant to the angle septentrional, signifying fathers, sisters and daughters, absent and lost. Here then I find my demand: the maid lost, my sister! Thus then I proportion my figure; there I 135 place my witnesses and here my judge, and thus proceed to the invocation.

Jul. Renowned prince, prince Polymetes! Zounds, prince!

Poly. Discourteous Julio, give my study leave. 140

Jul. Heart, not a jot: the duke your father!

Poly. I'll make my father joyful by my toil:
Had not thy folly interrupted me,
My hopes ere this had met their period.

Ang. Your princely father!

Poly. Oh, torment me not 145
With his remembrance.

Jul. 'Sblood, he's safe returned.

Poly. Oh, would 'a were, then should not Genoa's crown,
 For want of strong supportance, be pressed down.
 Is't not enough that, like a harmless prince,
 150 Spending my hours in contemplation,
 I let you hold the reins of government,
 Unfit for me. My father hath a deep
 And searching judgement that can brush and sweep
 Such idle-brained and antic parasites
 155 Forth of his presence. 'Pray, your absence.
Duke [aside]. I can but smile to see how, Proteus-like,
 They turn the shape of their discourse and project,
 Thinking to lead me in an idle maze
 After their folly. Well, I'll temporize,
 160 And note the issue.—Come, my lords, let's in :
 His humour's grounded, and, like subtle fire,
 The more suppressed it mounts so much the higher.

[*Exeunt.*]

XVIII

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584—1616.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, son of Sir Francis Beaumont, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, was born at Grace-Dieu in Leicestershire, in 1584, some five years after Fletcher. At the age of twelve he was admitted gentleman-commoner at Broadgates Hall (Pembroke College), Oxford, and in 1600 entered the Inner Temple. About 1607 he seems to have become intimate with Ben Jonson and Fletcher, and to have begun writing for the stage. He married Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley, of Sundridge, in Kent, about the year 1613, and died in 1616, leaving two daughters. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FLETCHER

1579—1625.

JOHN FLETCHER was the son of Richard Fletcher, Fellow of Bene't (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, Dean of Peter-

borough, and Bishop, successively, of Bristol and of London. He was born in December, 1579, at Rye, in Sussex, where his father was then minister. He entered Bene't College as a pensioner in 1591, and was appointed to a bible-clerkship in 1593. In 1607 he, as well as Beaumont, addressed commendatory verses to Jonson's *Volpone*. In addition to working with Beaumont, he was associated with Field, Massinger, Middleton, Rowley, Shirley, and possibly Shakespeare, in the composition of plays. He died of the plague in 1625, and was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Of the fifty plays contained in the second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works (1679) not more than fifteen can be assigned to their joint authorship, and about the same number to Fletcher alone, the remainder being written by Fletcher in collaboration with one or more of the dramatists above mentioned, especially Massinger. *The Woman-Hater*, published in 1607, seems to be by Beaumont only. The most important of those generally ascribed to Beaumont and Fletcher are *The Maid's Tragedy*, first printed in 1619, and *Philaster*, in 1620; *A King and No King*, licensed in 1611, but not printed till 1619; *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, printed in 1613, after having been in the hands of the publisher for two years; and *The Coxcomb*, which was performed at court in 1612 and 1613, but not printed before its appearance in the First Folio (1647). To these we may add *Love's Cure*, probably acted before 1608, and *Cupid's Revenge*, performed in 1612. Of the eighteen plays supposed to have been written by Fletcher alone, *The Faithful Shepherdess* was printed in 1609 or 1610; *Bonduca*, *Valentinian*, and *The Mad Lover* must, from the evidence supplied by the actor-lists, have been performed before 1619; *The Loyal Subject* was acted in 1618, followed in successive years by *The Humorous Lieutenant* and *Women Pleased*; *The Island Princess*, *The Pilgrim*, and *The Wild-Goose Chase* were acted at court in 1621; *A Wife for a Month*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, were both performed in 1624; *A Woman's Prize* in 1633, as 'an old play'; *Wit without Money* and *Monsieur Thomas* were printed in 1639 (though the latter must have been written much earlier) and *The Chances* in 1647.

The remaining plays are attributed to Fletcher in collaboration with other dramatists, especially Massinger. The authority for this is, in the first instance, the statement of Sir Aston Cockayne, in verses prefixed to the First Folio, 1647, that 'my good friend, old Philip Massenger With Fletcher writ in some' of the plays which follow. The elaborate system of metrical tests commenced by Mr. Fleay in 1874 has thrown new light on the problem, and without pressing unduly the conclusions to which this leads us, we must admit its great value as corroborative evidence. Of those thus assigned to Fletcher and Massinger,

The Beggars' Bush probably dates about 1615; *Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt* was acted in 1619; *The Prophetess*, *The Sea-Voyage*, and *The Spanish Curate* were licensed in 1622, *The Fair Maid of the Inn* in 1626; *The Custom of the Country* was acted as 'an old play' in 1628; *The Lovers' Progress* in 1634 (also an old play), and *The Elder Brother* in 1637; *The Double Marriage*, *The False One*, and *The Little French Lawyer* were published in the First Folio in 1647. The hand of a third collaborator has been traced in *The Honest Man's Fortune* (1613), *Thierry and Theodore* (published 1621), *The Knight of Malta* (before March, 1619, when Burbage, who acted in it, died), *The Queen of Corinth* (1618), *Love's Pilgrimage* (an old play 'renewed' in 1635), and *Wit at several Weapons*. *The Maid in the Mill*, by Fletcher and William Rowley, was acted in 1623. *The Night-Walker* was acted in 1634 as the work of Fletcher corrected by Shirley. *The Bloody Brother*, acted in 1637, was printed in 1639 as by 'B. J. F.', and the following year as by Fletcher. It is generally assigned to Fletcher and Jonson, possibly with the collaboration of one, two, or even three others. In *The Nice Valour* (printed 1647) Fletcher is thought to have been associated with Middleton. His co-worker in *The Captain* (acted 1613) and *The Noble Gentleman* (acted 1626) is unknown. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, printed in 1634 as by Fletcher and Shakespeare, was not included in the First Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, nor in any of the folios of Shakespeare, and the question of its authorship is still one of the unsolved problems of literary criticism. *Henry VIII* has been variously assigned to Shakespeare and Fletcher, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Massinger, and even to Fletcher and Massinger.

Though less than a third of the plays contained in the first folio were composed by Beaumont and Fletcher in collaboration, it is convenient to retain the traditional title. Critics contemporaneous with them or immediately succeeding the period of their literary activity declared that in circumstances, habits, affection, and mutual influence, they were so inseparably united as to exemplify the old definition of friendship, *μία ψυχὴ ἐν δυοῖν σώμασιν*, 'one bosom, one tongue, one soul; two bodies and one heart,' and to render it an useless and unprofitable task to put asunder what Nature had joined together. Most modern critics, Coleridge for instance, have come to the same conclusion, though admitting that a careful analysis of the plays composed during the lifetime of Beaumont reveals certain peculiarities of language and versification which are not found (at any rate to the same extent) in those written by Fletcher alone, or in collaboration with Massinger and others. [Beaumont's verse, running on from line to line with a soft and rounded cadence, a periodic structure, and a delicate romantic manner, recalls the early work of Shakespeare. Fletcher affects the 'end-stopped' line with an extra syllable at the close, sometimes even adding words like

'sir,' 'too,' 'now,' to produce this. For a typical passage of Beaumont, see B. ll. 58-114; and of Fletcher, D. ll. 102-30 (S).]

Beaumont and Fletcher enter into such deliberate and not always unsuccessful competition with Shakespeare, whom, in the popular estimation of their contemporaries and successors, especially in the Restoration period, they actually surpassed, that it is necessary to consider carefully wherein the real difference consists. Some of the characteristics which Coleridge gives as distinguishing Shakespeare from other dramatists seem particularly applicable to the distinction between Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. They are—(1) expectation in preference to surprise, (2) keeping at all times in the high road of life, (3) independence of the dramatic interest on the plot, (4) independence of the interest on the story as the groundwork of the plot. Contrasting Beaumont and Fletcher directly with Shakespeare, Coleridge speaks of their lack of organic unity and inevitableness, their descriptions of character by the poet rather than the unfolding by action, the unreality of their characters, the forced and unnatural incidents of their tragedies, the improbability and occasional impossibility of their plots, their ridicule of virtue and encouragement of vice. Lamb calls the manner of what he considers to be the finest scene in Fletcher slow and languid compared with Shakespeare's finest scenes. 'Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. They do not run into one another like a running hand. Every step that we go we are stopped to admire some single object, like walking in beautiful scenery with a guide.' Fletcher, as contrasted with Shakespeare, had a fondness for unnatural and violent situations. 'He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way.' Shakespeare 'had none of that craving after romantic incidents and flights of strained and improbable virtue' which 'always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility.' Hazlitt speaks of Beaumont and Fletcher as the first writers who in some measure departed from the genuine tragic style of the age of Shakespeare. 'They thought less of their subject, and more of themselves, than some others. . . . They availed themselves too often of commonplace extravagances and theatrical tricks. . . . Shakespeare was alone master of his subject; but Beaumont and Fletcher were the first who made a plaything of it, or a convenient vehicle for the display of their own powers. . . . There wants something of the sincerity and modesty of the older writers. They do not wait Nature's time, or work out her materials patiently and faithfully, but try to anticipate her, and so far defeat themselves. They would have a catastrophe in every scene; so that you have none at last: they would raise admiration to its height in every line; so that the impression of the whole is comparatively loose and desultory. They pitch the characters at first in too high a key, and exhaust themselves by

the eagerness and impatience of their efforts.' The tone of Shakespeare's writings is manly and bracing; theirs is at once insipid and meretricious in the comparison. They cannot, as Mr. Strachey well says, draw from life the noble lessons of conduct, of virtue, and of divine guidance that Shakespeare teaches.

But though, judged by this lofty standard to which it is a virtual acknowledgement of merit to refer them, they must inevitably fall very short of perfection, Beaumont and Fletcher have qualities which place them very high, if not highest, in the rank of dramatic poets who worked on the same lines as Shakespeare. 'There is hardly a passion, character, or situation which they have not touched in their devious range, and whatever they touched they adorned with some new grace or striking feature: they are masters of style and versification in almost every variety of melting modulation or sounding pomp of which they are capable: in comic wit and spirit they are scarcely surpassed by any writers of any age' (*Haslitt*). Somewhat to the same effect Dryden had said that the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: 'what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental.' In short, with every advantage of social position, intellectual endowment, and poetic temperament, working under the most favourable conditions, with the traditions of a great school and the example of a consummate master to guide them, they failed through lack of that *σπουδαίτης*, or serious and profound view of life, which distinguishes the great poets of the world.

The text is formed from the early editions, compared with Dyce.

A. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

ACT V, SC. IV.

Amintor, betrothed to Aspatia, whom he loves, has, at the king's command, deserted her and wedded Evadne, not knowing her to be the king's mistress. To avenge her dishonour, Evadne, at the instigation of her brother, Melantius, kills the king in his chamber by night. Aspatia, disguised in male apparel, provokes Amintor to single combat, that she may die by his hand.

Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Amintor and Aspatia (who is mortally wounded) are on the stage.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,

That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

5

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again ;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stayed.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze ;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair ?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now ?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foul within to look fair then :
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

10

15

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor ! for the King is dead.

20

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love ;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his height,
And found one to outname thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill :
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.

25

'Joy to Amintor !' Thou hast touched a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

30

Evad. 'Tis done ; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stained with a king's blood
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

35

40

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. No more ; pursue me not.

- 45 *Evad.* Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part. [*Kneels.*]
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.
- Evad.* If it must be,
50 I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of all cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For heaven's sake look more calm: thine eyes are
sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence;
55 I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant: for heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
60 And says, I loved thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*]
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee. [*Kills herself.*]
- 65 *Amin.* I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. [*Returns.*]
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! The heavy sleep makes haste. [*She dies.*]
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
- 70 *Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
75 That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold.
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet which I am loath to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, would it were done!
80 I can find nothing in the whole discourse

Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
 Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
 The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
 I have not such another fault to answer.
 Though she may justly arm herself with scorn 85
 And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled
 When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
 I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
 If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still, 90
 Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
 Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
 There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did. 95

Asp. And talked of tears and sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true; and till these happy signs in thee
 Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
 Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge, 100
 But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
 I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well:
 A kind of healthful joy wanders within me. 105

Amin. The world wants lives to expiate thy loss!
 Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay: I must rest here;
 My strength begins to disobey my will.
 How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live 110
 Now, if I could: wouldst thou have loved me then?

Amin. Alas,

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thine hand; mine hands grope up and down,
 And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick. 115
 Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh! I must go. Farewell! [Dies.]

Amin. She sounds.—Aspatia!—Help! for heaven's sake, 120
 water,

Such as may chain life ever to this frame!—

- Aspatia, speak! What, no help yet? I fool;
 I'll chafe her temples: yet there's nothing stirs.
 Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
 125 And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—
 I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
 The body thus, and it will show itself.
 Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
 Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
 130 I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
 You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few years
 The blessed soul to this fair seat again!
 No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.
 I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—
 135 The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
 Myself, so long to lose her company.
 Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[Stabs himself.]

B. PHILASTER

ACT III, SC. II.

Euphrasia, in love with Philaster, enters his service disguised as a page under the name of Bellario, and is by him transferred to Arethusa, the king's daughter, to whom he is secretly betrothed, to act as their go-between. False reports, spread about the court, have roused the jealousy of Philaster, and caused the king to command Arethusa to dismiss Bellario.

Enter Philaster. Arethusa is on the stage.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me!

Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?

5 And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,

Your creature, made again from what I was,

And newly spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me—

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him. 10

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*—Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel!

Are you hard-hearted too? who shall now tell you
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you; 15
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures, 20
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!'

Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made me know 25
This lady was not loyal! [*Aside.*—Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever 30
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy? 35

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits, 40
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talk
And do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience. Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes? 45

Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
 Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
 Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
 And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
 50 And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
 Under this tyrant king, that languishing
 Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
 Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
 Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
 That cursèd boy!

55 *Are.* Nay, then, I am betrayed;
 I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
 Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
 To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
 60 For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
 Where never womankind durst set her foot
 For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
 And live to curse you:
 There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
 65 What woman is, and help to save them from you;
 How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
 More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
 Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
 With thousand changes in one subtle web,
 70 And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a woman's face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
 How all the good you have is but a shadow,
 I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you
 75 Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
 80 Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
 So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit.*]

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
 What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
 Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
 85 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
 To find out constancy?

Enter Bellario.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spok'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies 96
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame 95
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease 100
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys. 105
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods 110
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die. [*Exit.*]

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once; 115
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets.

C. THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

ACT I, SC. III and IV.

The play is a good-humoured satire upon (1) the fantastic romances of knight-errantry, such as are ridiculed in Don Quixote; (2) the plays of foreign adventure, especially those of

London apprentices, such as Heywood's Four Prentices of London; (3) the interference by spectators, seated on the stage, with the actors.

The scene is laid in a London theatre, where, as an actor is beginning the prologue of a play, a citizen leaps upon the stage, on which several gentlemen are already sitting on stools, and insists on having some play connected with the city of London performed. He 'will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.' His wife, from below, suggests that he should 'kill a lion with a pestle,' and is thereupon assisted to the stage and accommodated with a stool. The two then insist upon the actors allowing their apprentice, Ralph, of whose histrionic accomplishments they are immensely proud, to give the audience a taste of his quality, with the result that (with the assistance of Tim and George, two of his fellow apprentices) he interpolates burlesque scenes between the scenes of the original play. This is a romantic comedy, in which Jasper, the factor of Venturewell, a merchant, has fallen in love with his master's daughter, Luce, and been dismissed his service. Jasper is the son of Merrythought, a happy-go-lucky né'er-do-well, and Mistress Merrythought, who coddles her younger son, Michael.

Enter Ralph, like a Grocer in's shop, reading 'Palmerin of England,' with two Prentices, Tim and George.

[*Wife.* Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first.—Peace!—Begin, Ralph.]

Ralph [reads]. Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, 'Stay, traitorous
 10 thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world'; and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroke him beside his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with
 15 his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, 'All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.' I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred
 20 thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer, and destroy these giants; they do

much hurt to wand'ring damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

[*Wife.* Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants 25 and the ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!]

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor 30 ladies.

[*Wife.* Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.]

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his 35 shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess? 40

[*Cit.* Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.]

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our Company? for amongst all 45 the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wand'red unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue 50 apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight o' th' Burning Pestle.

[*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.] 55

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but 'the right courteous and valiant Knight of the 60 Burning Pestle'; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but 'fair lady,' if she have her desires, if not, 'distressed damsel;' that you call all forests and heaths 'deserts,' and all horses 'palfreys.'

65 [*Wife.* This is very fine, faith.—Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.]

Ralph. My beloved squire, Tim, stand out. Admit this
70 were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus: 'Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant
75 Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise.'

[*Cit.* Blockhead, cannot remember!

Wife. I' faith, and Ralph told him on 't before: all the
80 gentlemen heard him.—Did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on 't?]

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

85 [*Wife.* That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.]

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentices, but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle.

[*Exeunt Tim and George.*]

90 [*Cit.* Go thy ways, Ralph! As I'm a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What say you, mistress?

Wife. I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

95 *Ralph.* By and by.] [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Merrythought's House. Enter Mistress Merrythought and Jasper.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing! no, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hanged first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Th' art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts. I may curse the time

that e'er I knew thy father ; he hath spent all his own and 100
mine too ; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances,
and sings, and cries, ' A merry heart lives long-a.' And thou
art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master that
loved thee well, and art come to me ; and I have laid up a little
for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to bezzle 105
that, but thou shalt never be able to do it.—Come hither,
Michael !

Enter Michael.

Come, Michael, down on thy knees ; thou shalt have my
blessing.

Mich. [kneels.] I pray you, mother, pray to God to 110
bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee ! but Jasper shall never have
my blessing ; he shall be hanged first : shall he not, Michael ?
how sayst thou ?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God. 115

Mist. Mer. That's a good boy !

[Wife. I' faith, it's a fine-spoken child.]

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,
I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return 120

To have your stock maintain my idleness.

[Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him ; hark, how he
chops logic with his mother !—Thou hadst best tell her she
lies ; do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the 125
heels, and flea him, and salt him, halter-sack !]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,

Which I must ever, though I never gain it ;

And, howsoever you esteem of me,

There is no drop of blood hid in these veins 130

But, I remember well, belongs to you

That brought me forth, and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I' faith, I had sorrow enough for thee, God
knows ; but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, 135
thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

[Exeunt Jasper and Michael.]

Mer. [singing within.]

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,

And who gave thee this jolly red nose ?

Mist. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting;
 140 and I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.—Husband!
 Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Merrythought.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
 And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would
 145 have little list to sing, i-wis.

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an
 estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an
 old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty
 150 shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good
 drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How! why, how have I done hitherto this forty
 155 years? I never came into my dining room, but, at eleven and
 six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table;
 my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor
 brought me a new suit: and without question it will be so
 ever; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but
 160 a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to
 death.

[*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?

Cit. Yes, cony.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

165 *Cit.* Ay, by lady, cony, hold thee there.]

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles; you promised to provide for
 Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you, pay
 Jasper his portion: he's come home, and he shall not
 consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him
 170 away, but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

[*Wife.* No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought; though he be
 a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him
 away, even in this place; 'twas, i' faith, within this half-hour,
 about his daughter; my husband was by.

175 *Cit.* Hang him, rogue! he served him well enough: love
 his master's daughter! By my troth, cony, if there were
 a thousand boys, thou would'st spoil them all with taking
 their parts; let his mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay, George; but yet truth is truth.]

Mer. Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call 180
him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mist. Mer. Ah, foul chive him, he is too merry!—Jasper!
Michael!

Re-enter Jasper and Michael.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou runn'st away,
welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou 185
shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and
I hope hast learned experience enough to govern it; thou
art of sufficient years; hold thy hand—one, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee.

[*Gives money.*] Thrust thyself into the world with that, and 190
take some settled course: if fortune cross thee, thou hast
a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings
left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat
the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give
to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods. 195

Jasp. Long may you live, free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father—

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone. Thou hast
my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell, Jasper! 200

[*Sings.*] But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)

Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!
So, now begone; no words. [*Exit Jasper.*]

Mist. Mer. So, Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's 205
blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing;
thou hast my blessing; begone. I'll fetch my money and
jewels, and follow thee; I'll stay no longer with him,
I warrant thee. [*Exit Michael.*]—Truly, Charles, I'll be 210
gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mist. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. [*sings.*] Heigh-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can. 215

Mist. Mer. You shall not think, when all your own is
gone, to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife; I expect it not: all I have to

do in this world, is to be merry ; which I shall, if the ground
220 be not taken from me ; and if it be,

[*Sings.*] When earth and seas from me are reft,

The skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt severally.*]

[*Wife.* I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all
that. [*Music.*] Hark, hark, husband, hark ! fiddles, fiddles !
225 now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for
these fiddlers to tune their rebecks before the great Turk's
grace ; is't not, George ? [*Enter a Boy and dances.*] But, look,
look ! here's a youth dances !—Now, good youth, do a turn
o' th' toe.—Sweetheart, i' faith, I'll have Ralph come and do
230 some of his gambols.—He'll ride the wild mare, gentlemen,
'twould do your hearts good to see him.—I thank you, kind
youth ; pray, bid Ralph come.

Cit. Peace, cony !—Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players
send Ralph ; or, and they do not, I'll tear some of their
235 periwigs beside their heads : this is all riff-raff.] [*Exit Boy.*]

D. THIERRY AND THEODORET

ACT V, SC. II.

Brunhalt, mother of Thierry, king of France, and Theodoret, prince of Austracia, having been rebuked by her sons for her wickedness, procures the death of Theodoret by means of her paramour, Protaldy, and, with a poisoned handkerchief, which she gives to Thierry, takes from him the power of sleeping. She had, before this, suborned a false magician to make him believe that he would have children if he sacrificed the first woman he met at sunrise coming out of the temple of Diana. This proves to be his wife, Ordella, who, hearing the prophecy, entreats Thierry to slay her ; and, when he refuses, tries to kill herself, but is prevented by Martell, a noble follower and friend of Theodoret, who tells Thierry that she is dead.

The Palace of Thierry. Enter Bawdber [one of Brunhalt's creatures], and three Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* Not sleep at all ? no means ?

2 *Cour.*

No art can do it ?

Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk ; a sentinel to him,
Or one of the city constables, are tops.

3 *Cour.* How came he so ?

Baw. They are too wise that dare know: 5
Something's amiss; Heaven help all!

1 *Cour.* What cures has he?

Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clysters, some with lettuce-caps,
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him. 10
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk;
After him,

A wise Italian, and he cries, 'Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble, 15
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer!' after him,

An English doctor with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out, 'Endive and succory,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!' 20
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity.
Yet still he wakes.

1 *Cour.* But your good honour has a prayer in store,
If all should fail?

Baw. I could have prayed, and handsomely, but age 25
And an ill memory—

3 *Cour.* Has spoiled your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' th' court,
And can pray for a pension—

Thierry is brought in on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doc.* How does your grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that? 30

1 *Doc.* Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,

Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night,
And rest for human labours? do not you,
And all the world, as I do, outstare Time, 35
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguished?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth,) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?

- 40 Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
 The happiness of him that drinks his water
 After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
 Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
 And gaping strangely upon one another?
 When shall I rest?
- 45 2 *Doc.* Oh, sir, be patient!
Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endured
 More than a mangy dog among your doses?
 Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
 Unwholesome fools sleep for a garded footcloth;
- 50 Yet I must crave,
 That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
 Because my power is far above your searching,
 Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
 But those of equal ignorance? dare ye kill me?
- 55 1 *Doc.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaimed!
 This talk doth but distemper you.
Thi. Well, I will die,
 In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
 Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
 What blessed rest it is my eyes are robbed of.
- 60 See, he can sleep, sleep anywhere, sleep now,
 When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
 Is't not a dainty ease?
- 2 *Doc.* Your grace shall feel it.
Thi. Oh, never I, never! The eyes of heaven
 See but their certain motions, and then sleep;
- 65 The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
 And quiet silver calms; each violence
 Crowns in his end a peace; but my fixed fires
 Shall never, never set!—Who's that?
- Enter Martell, Brunhalt, De Vitry, and Soldiers.*
- Mart.* No, woman,
 Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
- 70 And all good things live in a worse than thou art,
 Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
- Brun.* Yes, and curse him;
 And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
- Mart.* Why art thou such a monster?
- Brun.* Why art thou
 So tame a knave to ask me?

Mart.

Hope of hell,

By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs, 75
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience, 80
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Wretch, this shall be! Do ye nod? I'll waken ye
With my sword's point.

Brun.

I wish no more of heaven,

Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger 85
To torture thee!

Mart.

See, she that makes you see, sir!

And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother! 90

Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!—
Is it so, mother?

Brun.

Yes, it is so, son;

And, were it yet again to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods again; swinge her!

Thi.

But, mother,

(For yet I love that reverence, and to death 95
Dare not forget you have bin so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crowned with eternal time are proud to finish, 100
Done by your will?

Brun.

It was, and by that will—

Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of nature in you, tenderness!

'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children, 105
Nor how you have groaned for um; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not 110
How round about your hearse they hang like pennons!

Brun. Holy fool,
 Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has killed thee,
 Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
 115 Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
 A woman in her liberal will defeated,
 In all her greatness crossed, in pleasure blasted!
 My angers have bin laughed at, my ends slighted,
 And all those glories that had crowned my fortunes,
 120 Suffered by blasted virtue to be scattered.
 I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
 And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin!
Thi. Heaven forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
 125 Are now apparent: Protaldy we have taken,
 An equal agent with her, to whose care,
 After the damned defeat on you, she trusted
 The bringing-in of Leonor, the bastard
 Son to your murdered brother.

Enter Messenger.

Her physician
 130 By this time is attached too, that damned devil!
Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for, ere we came,
 Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
 He drenched himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!
Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night,
 135 To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldy
 See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy. Bring the lady,
 And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet!

Enter Ordella.

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. I do forgive you;
 140 And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go, carry her, without wink of sleep or quiet,
 Where her strong knave Protaldy's broke o' th' wheel,
 And let his cries and roars be music to her!
 I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong! 145

Mart. No, right, as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;

And if there be new curses in old nature,

I have a soul dare send um!

Mart. Keep her waking!

[*Exit Brunhalt with a Guard.*]

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? there's that face—

Mart. Be moderate, lady!

Thi. That angel's face—

Mart. Go nearer. 150

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long. See, the soul

(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,

The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!

Forgive me, gods! it comes! divinest substance!

Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex, 155

If it be for my cruelty thou comest—

Do you see her, ho?

Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.

Thi. Down, down again!—to be revenged for blood,

Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!

Oh, blessed sign of peace!

Mart. Go nearer, lady. 160

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, sirs?

She comes to crown my soul. Away, get sacrifice!

Whilst I with holy honours—

Mart. She's alive, sir.

Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:

Oh, happy, happy soul!

Ord. Alas, I live, sir, 165

A mortal woman still.

Thi. Can spirits weep too?

Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray, kiss her.—Lady,

Be very gentle to him!

Thi. Stay!—She is warm;

And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, brightness,

Are you the same Ordella still?

Mart. The same, sir, 170

Whom Heavens and my good angel stayed from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again!

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, sweet.

- Oh, blest and happiest woman! A dead slumber
 175 Begins to creep upon me. Oh, my jewel!
Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me.
Enter Messenger and Memberge [Theodoret's daughter].
Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
 Prot.aldy tortured, has choked herself.
Mart. No more:
 Her sins go with her!
Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
 Close up my glasses!
 180 1 *Doc.* The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiss!
Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest!
 And now, close my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
 Martell, the kingdom's yours: take Memberge to you,
 And keep my line alive.—Nay, weep not, lady.—
 Take me! I go. [Dies.]
 185 *Ord.* Take me too! Farewell, honour! [Dies.]
 2 *Doc.* They are gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after um!
 Bear um unto their last beds, whilst I study
 A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
 I am your king in sorrows.
 190 *All.* We your subjects!
Mart. De Vitry, for your services be near us.
 Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
 From court and all good people; and, because
 She was born noble, let that title find her
 195 A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour.
 And now lead on. They that shall read this story,
 Shall find that virtue lives in good, not glory. [Exeunt.]

E. THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

ACT IV, Sc. IV.

Amarillis, rejected by Perigot, has herself dipped thrice, with magic charms, into the Holy Well, by which she is changed into the likeness of Amoret, whom Perigot loves. In that shape she tempts him to sin, for which he tries to kill her; but, she escaping by flight, he presently meets Amoret, and wounds her

with his spear, not knowing that she is innocent. She is found wounded by the Sullen Shepherd, who flings her into the Holy Well, where she is healed by the God of the River, and restored to earth.

A Dale in the Wood. Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
 To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
 That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
 Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
 Round as a ring, and bring a second night, 5
 To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
 Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
 And read my falling; give me some black place,
 Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
 That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite 10
 Like running water, never to be known
 After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,
 My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
 Calls on thy loved name. 15

Peri. What art thou dare
 Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
 Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
 Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
 To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
 I have forgot those pains and dear annoy 20
 I suffered for thy sake, and am content
 To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
 Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
 Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
 Waters distilled, to make thee fresh and gay, 25
 Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
 Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
 Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
 From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
 Showers of more price, more orient, and more round, 30
 Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
 Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
 The same I ever was, as kind and free,

And can forgive before you ask of me ;
Indeed, I can and will.

- 35 *Peri.* So spoke my fair !
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent ?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
40 Had Amoret ; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue ; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft ; all is the same,
The robe, and buskins, painted hook, and frame
45 Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret !

- Amo.* Shepherd, what means this riddle ? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt my self and me,
That I am grown another ? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
50 That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret ?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith ?

- Peri.* Still nearer to my love !
These be the very words she oft did prove
55 Upon my temper ; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
'Shepherd, remember this another day.'

- Amo.* Am I not Amoret ? where was I lost ?
60 Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant ? Faith, where art thou fled ?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart ?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
65 Of all these to be found ? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

- Peri.* Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and woman forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles ;
70 Whose actions are all double, full of wiles ;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

- Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent
 Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall; 75
 The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
 And of a nature more refusing good,
 Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.
- Peri.* Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
 When she created all—frowns, joys, content, 80
 Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
 Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
 Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
 Your actions ever driven to the most,
 Then down again as low, that none can find 85
 The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
- Amo.* Can there be any age, or days, or time,
 Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
 As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
 Thou that wast yesterday without a blot; 90
 Thou that wast every good and every thing
 That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
 From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
 Thou that wast always just and always blest
 In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name 95
 Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
 Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
 That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
 Is this, to have been so, and now to be
 The only best in wrong and infamy! 100
 And I to live to know this! and by me,
 That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
 Which we esteemed our honour, virgin-state!
 Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
 Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn; 105
 Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
 Another, and far dearer than the last;
 Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
 The self-love were within thee that did fall
 With that coy swain that now is made a flower, 110
 For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
 And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
 Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
 Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
 And noise it to the world, my love is dead! 115
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,

And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
130 When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name:
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot
135 With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
130 And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
135 That yet-untainted Amoret, that played
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more vild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled:
140 I am that maid, that have delayed, denied,
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no less
Soul of affection; and have often had
145 Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
150 Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
155 That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.

Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet

Any so like as this to Amoret?
 For whose dear sake I promise, if there be 160
 A living soul within thee, thus to free
 Thy body from it! [*He hurts her again.*]
Amo. [*falling.*] So, this work hath end.
 Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
 That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr. Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break, 165
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
 Whilst the morning doth unfold;
 Now the birds begin to rouse,
 And the squirrel from the boughs 170
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
 The early lark, that erst was mute,
 Carols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay:
 Therefore here I end my watch, 175
 Lest the wandering swain should catch
 Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
 I am ready; speak, I say;
 By the dawning of the day, 180
 By the power of night and Pan,
 I enforce thee speak again!

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!

Sat. Yet more blood!
 Sure, these wanton swains are wood.
 Can there be a hand or heart 185
 Dare commit so vild a part
 As this murder? By the moon,
 That hid herself when this was done,
 Never was a sweeter face:
 I will bear her to the place 190
 Where my goddess keeps, and crave
 Her to give her life or grave.

[*Exit, carrying Amoret.*]

F. THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

ACT III, SC. VI.

The three kings, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy, have declared war against Antigonus, who has sent his son, the young prince Demetrius, against them, under the guidance of the tried and faithful officer Leontius. In the first battle Demetrius is defeated, and the young gentlemen forming his suite left at the mercy of the enemy, but by the generosity of Seleucus restored unharmed to Demetrius, in honour of his youthful valour. The Humorous Lieutenant is afflicted with a chronic malady, which causes him to perform prodigies of valour under the influence of pain, but leaves him reluctant to fight when his ailment is temporarily mitigated.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to die; we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.

5 We are not sick, nor our souls pressed with sorrows,
Nor go we out, like tedious tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty, to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets in blood, let's fall.

Lys. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em;
10 Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonorable ends we can 'scape though,
And, worse than those, captivities; we can die,
And, dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massy burthens,
15 Our living souls fly crowned with living conquests!

[*Alarum within.*]

Ptol. They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that seeks to save his life now
By price or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

20 *Sel.* How now? who charges first? I seek a brave hand
To set me off in death.

Sold.

We are not charged, sir;

The prince lies still.

Sel.

How comes this 'larum up then?

Sold. There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him

(He never durst do this else), has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him, 25
Here five or six; ventures upon whole companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded?

Sold. Not a man follows.

Sel. Nor cut a' pieces?

Sold. Their wonder yet has stayed 'em.

Sel. Let's in and see this miracle.

Ptol. I admire it! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leontius and a Gentleman.

Leo. Fetch him off! fetch him off! I am sure he's clouted. 30
Did not I tell ye how 'twould take?

Gent. 'Tis admirable! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lieutenant with colours in his hand, driving
soldiers before him.*

Lieu. Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your cox-
comb!

I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.

Leo. How the knave curries 'em!

Lieu. Ye cannot, rogues,

Till ye have my diseases, fly my fury. 35

Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?

And my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,

Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Leo. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast done bravely.

Enter Demetrius and Physicians.

Dem. Mirror of men!

Lieu. There's a flag for ye, sir: 40

I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for 't.

I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.

Dem. No more, my soldier.—Beshrew my heart, he's
hurt shrewdly. [*Aside.*]

Leo. Hang him, he'll lick all these whole.

Phys. Now will we take him,

And cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him. 45

Lieu. Let me live but two year, and do what ye will with me.

I never had but two hours yet of happiness.

Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;

For I am even as weary of this fighting——

50 *Phys.* Ye shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,
And there the surgeons presently shall search ye;
Then to your rest.

Lieu. A little handsome litter

To lay me in, and I shall sleep. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Look to him. [*Exeunt Physicians.*]

Dem. I do believe a horse begot this fellow;
55 He never knew his strength yet.—Come, Leontius,
Let's now up to these conquerors: they are our own.

Leo. I think so; I am cozened else. I would but see now

A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.

Dem. Only their lives.

Enter a Trumpet and a Herald.

Leo. Pray ye, take no way of peace now,
60 Unless it be with infinite advantage.

Dem. I shall be ruled. Let the battles now move forward;
Ourself will give the signal.—Stay, a Trumpet!
Now, Herald, what's your message?

Her. From my masters

This honourable courtesy, a parley

For half an hour; no more, sir.

65 *Dem.* Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy.

Her. They are here to attend ye.

Dem. Now, princes, your demands?

Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our honours;
Peace, and we'll buy it too.

Dem. At what price?

Lys. Tribute.

Ptol. At all the charge of this war.

70 *Dem.* That shall not do it.

Sel. Leontius, you and I have served together,
And run through many a fortune with our swords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;
One tent a thousand times from cold night covered us;
75 Our loves have been but one; and, had we died then,
One monument had held our names and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,
And sacrifice to giddy chance such trophies?

Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
 Less in afflictions constant than our fortunes? 80
 Ye are deceived, old soldier.

Leo. I know your worths,
 And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.
 Were this my wars, or led my power in chief here,
 I knew then how to meet your memories:
 They are my king's employments; this man fights now, 85
 To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;
 This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,
 That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,
 And then an easy price may sheath our swords up.
 I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes, 90
 Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.
 Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
 That made you famous soldiers, and next, kings,
 And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.
 Will ye unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners? 95

Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: no gyves
 Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
 Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.

Leo. Expect our charge then.

Lys. 'Tis the nobler courtesy!
 And so we leave the hand of heaven to bless us. 100

Dem. Stay! have ye any hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
 But that one comfort of our deaths together:
 Give us but room to fight.

Leo. Win it, and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us
 Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us. 105

Dem. Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,
 And we'll draw off. To show I dare be noble,
 And hang a light out to ye in this darkness,
 (The light of peace!) give up those cities, forts,
 And all those frontier countries, to our uses. 110

Sel. Is this the peace? Traitors to those that feed us,
 Our gods and people, give our countries from us?

Lys. Begin the knell; it sounds a great deal sweeter.

Ptol. Let loose your servant Death!

Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
 Our memories shall never stink behind us! 115

Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!

Sold. The prince calls, sir.

Dem. Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,
Thou father of the war!

Leo. What means the prince now?

Dem. Give me my standard here.

Lys. His anger's melted.

120 *Dem.* You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,
The standard of the kingdom. Take it, soldier!

Ptol. What will this mean?

Dem. Thou hast won it; bear it off;
125 And draw thy men home, whilst we wait upon thee.

Sel. You shall have all our countries.

Lys. Ptol. All, by heaven, sir.

Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble:

No, in the way of courtesy, I'll start ye.—

Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,

130 That these, that have subdued us, may march through us,

Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;

I'll bear your standard for ye, follow ye—

Dem. By heaven, it shall be so: march through me fairly,
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus!

Lys. Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!

135 *Leo.* I cannot speak now!

Well, go thy ways! at a sure piece of bravery

Thou art the best! These men are won by th' necks now.

[*Exeunt.*]

G. THE SPANISH CURATE

ACT IV, SC. V.

Arsenio and Milanes, two young gentlemen of Cordova, have conspired with Lopez, the Curate, to trick Bartolus, a pettifogging lawyer, by pretending that the Sexton, Diego, has secretly amassed a large fortune, which he wishes to bequeath on his deathbed, making Bartolus his executor.

*A room in the Curate's house, with a curtain in the background.
A table set out, with a standish, pens and paper.*

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?

Lop.

Most possible;

He hath bin long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor sexton ;
Honest, poor Diego.

Lop. I assure ye, a close fellow ;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir. 5

Bar. A notable good fellow too.

Lop. Sometimes, sir ;
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.

Bar. So many thousands ?

Lop. Heaven knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange : but we see, by endeavour, 10
And honest labour—

Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many : 'tis the progress.

Bar. You say true : but he loved to feed well also, 15
And that, methinks—

Lop. From another man's trencher, sir ;
And where he found it seasoned with small charge,
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the graves he made : at home he lived
Like a chameleon, sucked the air of misery, 20
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell ;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick.
say you ?

Lop. Oh, very sick !

Bar. And chosen me executor ? 25

Lop. Only your worship.

Bar. No hope of his amendment ?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither ?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he ?

Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needless things in such extremities. 30
Who draws the good man's will ?

Lop. Marry, that do I, sir;
And to my grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, sir;
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel ye.
An honest man; but such men live not always.
Who are about him?

35 *Lop.* Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love; yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred:
Rich men can want no heirs, sir.

Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir:
But we shall take a care.

[*The curtain is drawn. Diego is discovered in a bed, and brought forward. Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners about him.*]

40 *Lop.* Will ye come near, sir?
'Pray ye bring him out. Now ye may see in what state—
Give him fresh air.

Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find ye in so weak a state.

Die. Ye are welcome;
But I am fleeting, sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks well;
45 His colour fresh and strong; his eyes are cheerful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do ye note that?

Die. My learned sir, 'pray ye, sit. I am bold to send
for ye,
To take a care of what I leave.

Lop. Do you hear that?

Ars. Play the knave finely! [*Aside to Diego.*]

50 *Die.* So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.

Bar. 'Pray ye, do not trouble him;
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.

Die. My honest neighbours, weep not I must leave ye;
I cannot always bear ye company:

55 We must drop still; there is no remedy.—
'Pray ye, Master Curate, will ye write my testament,
And write it largely, it may be rememb'ed?
And be witnesses to my legacies, good gentlemen.

Your worship I do make my full executor ; [*To Bartolus.*]
 You are a man of wit and understanding.— 60

Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
 For I speak low. [*Drinks.*—I would, before these
 neighbours,

Have ye to swear, sir, that you will see it executed,
 And what I give let equally be rend'red,
 For my soul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, neighbour :— 65

Let not that trouble ye ; before all these,
 Once more I give my oath.

Die. Then set me higher ;
 And, 'pray ye, come near me all.

Lop. We're ready for ye.

Mil. Now spur the ass, and get our friend time. [*Aside.*]

Die. First, then, 70

After I have given my body to the worms,
 (For they must be served first, they're seldom cozened)—

Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.

Die. You speak truly ;

I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,
 And pray it may be mended : to the poor of it
 (Which is to all the parish), I give nothing ; 75
 For nothing unto nothing is most natural :
 Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,
 Their children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it ?

Die. Set down two thousand ducats.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
 And will be long rememb'red.

Die. To your worship, 80

Because you must take pains to see all finished,
 I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
 A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large sums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred ; 85
 Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir ;
 But there be more to serve.

Bar. This fellow coins, sure. [*Aside.*]

Die. Give me some more drink. [*Drinks.*—'Pray ye,
 buy books, buy books,

You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,

90 And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.
 Run not the parish mad with controversies,
 I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy
 The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th'
 parish.

Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel;
 95 'Pray you, set that down. To poor maidens' marriages—
Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will in
 that point?

A meritorious thing.

Bar. No end of this will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram.

To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,

100 And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

Ars. You may remember us.

Die. I do, good gentlemen;

And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,

A legacy ye have need of more than money;

I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,

And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.

105 *Lop.* He raves now;

But 'twill be quickly off.

Die. I do bequeath ye

Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,

Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and Jews-trumps,

Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper; take 'em,

110 Take 'em even where you please, and be cozened with 'em:

I should bequeath ye executions also;

But those I'll leave to the law.

Lop. Now he grows temperate.

Bar. You'll give no more?

Die. I am loth to give more from ye,

Because I know you will have a care to execute:

115 Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever.

Die. I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,

A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and knaves in:

Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are ye not weary?

120 *Die.* Never of well-doing.

Bar. These are mad legacies.

Die. They were got as madly;

My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,

My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;—
I have no heirs—

Bar. This cannot be; 'tis monstrous. [*Aside.*]

Die. Three ships at sea too.

Bar. You have made me full executor? ¹²⁵

Die. Full, full, and total; would I had more to give ye!

But these may serve an honest mind.

Bar. You say true,

A very honest mind; and make it rich too;

Rich, wondrous rich. But where shall I raise these moneys?

About your house I see no such great promises: ¹³⁰

Where shall I find these sums?

Die. Even where you please, sir;

You're wise and provident, and know business:

Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I am reasonable.

Bar. Think good! will that raise thousands? What do
you make me?

Die. You have sworn to see it done; that's all my ¹³⁵
comfort.

Bar. Where I please! This is packed, sure, to dis-
grace me.

Die. You're just and honest, and I know you will do it;

Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abused, betrayed! I am laughed at, scorned,
Baffled, and bored, it seems!

Ars. No; no; ye are fooled. ¹⁴⁰

Lop. Most finely fooled, and handsomely, and neatly;

Such cunning masters must be fooled sometimes, sir,

And have their worships' noses wiped; 'tis healthful.

We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys

In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us. ¹⁴⁵

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha!—some more drink, for my heart,
gentlemen!—[*Drinks.*]

This merry lawyer—ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—

I think this fit will cure me—this executor—

I shall laugh out my lungs!

Bar. This is derision above sufferance; villany ¹⁵⁰
Plotted and set against me!

Die. 'Faith, 'tis knavery;

In troth, I must confess thou art fooled indeed, lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich—

Bar. 'Tis well, sir.

Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,

- 155 A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
 And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
 And, catching at all flies that pass his pitfalls
 Puts powder to all states to make 'em caper,—
 Would he trust you? do you deserve—
- 160 *Die.* I find, gentlemen,
 This cataplasm of a well-cozened lawyer,
 Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
 Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I am cheated,
- 165 How grossly and maliciously made a May-game!
 A damned trick!—My wife, my wife!—some rascal—
 My credit, and my wife!—some lustful villain,
 Some bawd, some rogue, some crafty—
Ars. Fool, has found ye:
 This 'tis, sir, to teach ye to be too busy,
 170 To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
 To have a stirring oar in all men's actions.
Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. God yield ye, and God thank ye! I am fooled,
 gentlemen!
 The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
- 175 A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!—
 Vicar, remember, vicar!—Rascal, remember,
 Thou notable rich rascal!
Die. I do remember, sir.
 'Pray ye, stay a little; I have even two legacies
 To make your mouth up, sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets;
 180 Quake and remember, rogues. [Exit.]

H. THE BEGGARS' BUSH

ACT II, SC. I.

Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, and Snap are knavish beggars, haunting the Beggars' Bush on the outskirts of Bruges. Clause is Gerrard, the stepfather of Florez (the rightful Earl of Flanders), who has been forced by the usurper, Wolfort, to flee from Ghent and take refuge in disguise among the beggars.

Goswin is Flores, disguised as a rich merchant of Bruges. The beggars are met to elect a king, and Clause has asked Goswin to recommend him for the position.

The Beggars' Bush near Bruges. Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Snap, Ginks, and other Beggars.

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment ;
 You o' the blood, Prigg, my most *upright* lord,
 And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *abram-man* ; I speak to all 5
 That stand in fair election for the title
 Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining ;
 Higgen, your orator, in this interregnum,
 That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth beseech you
 All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank, 10
 That the first comer may, at his first view,
 Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord Higgen.

Hig. Thanks to Prince Prigg, Prince Ferret.

Fer. Well, 'pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen ;
 Y'are like to have a merciful mild prince of me. 15

Prigg. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
 If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to 't!)
 Except you do provide me *hum* enough,
 And *lour* to *bouse* with! I must have my capons
 And turkies brought me in, with my green geese, 20
 And ducklings i' the season ; fine fat chickens ;
 Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants
 Or partridges are kept, see they be mine :
 Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
 Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit, 25
 Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
 Forced eyes and teeth, with your dead arms ; not leave you
 A dirty clout to beg with o' your heads,
 Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
 Brimstone and rosin, birdlime, blood, and cream, 30
 To make you an old sore ; not so much soap
 As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness ;
 The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
 Shall be escheated ; then, some one cold night,
 I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in, 35
 And there I'll smother you all i' the musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed. But what would Ginks
Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?

Clause. Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,
40 What he would be; or a dog, and he were a lion!

Ginks. I care not what you are, sirs; I shall be
A beggar still, I am sure; I find myself there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. Oh, here a judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge!

Gos. What ail you, sirs? What means this outcry?

45 *Hig.* Master,

A sort of poor souls met, God's fools, good master,
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his call. Now, 'cause we thought
50 We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed
'Tis hard to say, we all dissolved to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it. Which,
85 Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

Gos. I should judge this the man, with the grave beard;
And if he be not—

Clause. Bless you, good master, bless you!

60 *Gos.* I would he were. There's something too amongst
you,

To keep you all honest. [*Gives money, and exit.*]

Snap. King of heaven go with you!

All. Now good reward him; may he never want it,
To comfort still the poor, in a good hour!

Fer. What is't? see, Snap has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prigg. A crown of gold.

65 *Ginks.* For our new king: good luck!

Fer. To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,
Thither it must.

Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ferret!

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,
After this golden token of a crown.

Where's orator Higgen with his gratuling speech now 70
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.

Ginks. H' has coughed the second time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all! Expect now—

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the *maunders*, 75

Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats* first for joy,

And then our *filches*; last, we clap our *fambles*;

Three subject signs, we do it without envy;

For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,

Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so, 80

Nay, swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.

When last in conference at the *bousing-ken*,

This other day, we sat about our dead prince,

Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!),

And that I saw thee at the table's end 85

Rise moved, and gravely leaning on one crutch,

Lift t'other like a sceptre at my head,

I then presaged thou shortly wouldst be king;

And now thou art so. But what need presage

To us, that might have read it in thy beard 90

As well as he that chose thee? By that beard

Thou wert found out, and marked for sovereignty.

Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard

Was so remarked, as marked out our prince,

Not bating us a hair! Long may it grow, 95

And thick, and fair, that who lives under it

May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,

Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

All. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!

Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen! 100

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,

Under whose gold or silver reign, 'twas said,

So many ages since, we all should smile.

No impositions, taxes, grievances,

Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject, 105

Lie lurking in this beard, but all kembered out.

If now the beard be such, what is the prince

That owes the beard? A father? no, a grandfather;

Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people!

He will not force away your hens, your bacon, 110

When you have ventured hard for 't, nor take from you
 The fattest of your puddings. Under him,
 Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs and butter,
 In his own shade, or sunshine; and possess
 115 What he can purchase, *back* or *belly chetes*,
 To his own *prop*; he will have no purveyors
 For pigs and poultry.

Clause. That we must have, my learnèd orator,
 It is our will; and every man to keep
 In his own path and circuit.

120 *Hig.* Do you hear?

You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*, he says.

Clause. And what they get there is their own: besides,
 To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? To *cut bene whids*;
 That is the second law.

Clause. And keep afoot

125 The humble and the common phrase of begging,
 Lest men discover us.

Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
 To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
 That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em
 Be perfect in their crutches, their feigned plasters,
 130 And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,
 And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.
 There, all the halting paces are set down,
 I' th' learnèd language.

Clause. Thither I refer them;
 Those you at leisure shall interpret to them:

135 We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

All. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good King
Clause!

Hig. A song to crown him!

Fer.

Set a sentinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A *cove* comes, and *fumbumbis* to it. [*Exit Snap.*]

Song.

140 Cast our caps and cares away:
 This is beggars' holyday!
 At the crowning of our king,
 Thus we ever dance and sing.

In the world look out and see,
 Where so happy a prince as he?
 Where the nation live so free 145
 And so merry, as do we?
 Be it peace, or be it war,
 Here at liberty we are,
 And enjoy our ease and rest:
 To the field we are not pressed; 150
 Nor are called into the town,
 To be troubled with the gown.
 Hang all offices, we cry,
 And the magistrate too, by.
 When the subsidy's increased, 155
 We are not a penny 'sessed;
 Nor will any go to law
 With the beggar for a straw.
 All which happiness, he brags,
 He doth owe unto his rags. 160

XIX

PHILIP MASSINGER

1584—1640.

PHILIP MASSINGER, son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman in the service of Henry, the second earl of Pembroke, was born at Salisbury in 1584. In 1602 he entered St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, leaving in 1606 without a degree. We next hear of him, with Daborne and Field, about 1613, as borrowing money from Henslowe; and, about the same time, his long connexion with Fletcher seems to have begun. *The Virgin Martyr*, by Dekker and Massinger, was licensed in 1620, and printed the following year. *The Duke of Milan*, which was not printed till 1623, was probably produced three years earlier. *The Bondman*, acted in 1623, was printed in 1624; and, in the same year, *The Renegade* and *The Parliament of Love* were licensed, the former being printed in 1630, the latter acted in 1624. *The Maid of Honour* and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* were printed in 1632, but the latter was probably acted in 1625. *The Roman Actor*, produced in 1626, was published in 1629, the year in which

The Picture was first acted. It was printed the next year. *The Great Duke of Florence*, though licensed in 1627, was not printed till 1635. In 1631 *The Emperor of the East* was licensed and printed, and *Believe as You List* licensed, but (having for a long time been supposed to have been burnt by Warburton's cook) not printed before 1848. In 1632 was produced *The City Madam* (printed 1658); the following year *The Guardian*; and in 1636 *The Bashful Lover* (printed 1655). *The Unnatural Combat* was printed as 'an old tragedy' in 1639. Beside these plays, which he wrote alone, he is said to have written some twenty more in collaboration with other dramatists. *The Fatal Dowry*, in which he was assisted by Nathaniel Field, was printed in 1632; and *A Very Woman*, probably by Massinger and Fletcher, was licensed in 1634 as by Massinger alone. Among the plays burnt by Warburton's cook were said to have been twelve written by Massinger. He died in 1640, at his house in the Bankside, and was buried in the same grave as Fletcher in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.

Massinger belongs to the same school as Beaumont and Fletcher, but he is more regular, more rhetorical and has greater moral earnestness. With him we miss more and more the rapture, the abandonment, the spontaneity of the earlier dramatists. The art is more conscious, the workmanship more finished, the mastery of technique more assured. He is stately and dignified, but he never seems to let himself go; he can describe passion from without, but not express it from within; he lacks Shakespeare's power of identifying himself with his character. He delights in scenes, such as trials, where the emotions can be eloquently described in set speeches of formal declamation. He cannot, like Shakespeare, Middleton, and Webster, condense a world of feeling in one terse, pregnant phrase of concentrated passion; but dilutes the strength of the poetic nucleus by diffusing it into a full, graceful, and sonorous period. Contrast Adorni and Camiola in *The Maid of Honour* with De Flores and Beatrice in *The Changeling*, or Caesar's speech in *The Roman Actor* when he learns the infidelity of Domitia,

'Thou hast robbed me of
All rest and peace, and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it
With the loss of empire,'

with Frankford's exclamation under similar circumstances in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*:

'Oh, God! Oh, God! That it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!'

Yet with this want of passion, due perhaps partly to temperament, partly to the restraints of religion, the decorum of courtly environment, and the subsidence of dramatic enthusiasm, he

was a careful and conscientious artist, and (excepting the apparently inevitable concessions to the groundlings which disfigure his best work in common with that of his greatest contemporaries) an earnest moralist with a serious view of life. His theory of life postulates a moral government of the universe, and the actions of his characters are not fortuitous or unmotivated, but follow, in most cases, inevitably as the results of adequate causes. His style is universally praised. 'He wrote,' says Lamb, 'with that equability of all the passions which made his English style the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries.' Coleridge speaks of his 'excellent metre,' as being 'the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre.' His language, especially in the set speeches, is harmonious, elevated, and singularly lucid. In fine, as Professor Saintsbury says, if we take into account bulk of work, sustained excellence, and general competence, instead of reckoning by brilliant flashes, we shall rank him next to Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson.

The text is based on the early Quartos, compared with Gifford's edition (1805).

A. THE VIRGIN MARTYR

ACT IV, SC. III.

The scene is laid at Caesarea during the persecution of the Christians in the reign of Diocletian. Dorothea, the virgin martyr, having been tortured, is led out to execution, accompanied by Angelo, a good spirit, who serves her in the habit of a page. Antoninus, son of Sapritius, governor of Caesarea, himself in a dying state through love of her, comes with his friend Macrinus to see her die. Theophilus is a zealous persecutor of the Christians, attended by Harpax, an evil spirit in the shape of a secretary.

The place of execution.

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, and servants.

Ant. Is this the place where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus? [A scaffold thrust forth.]

Mac. By this preparation,
You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
 The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
 Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
 Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
 10 Take my last leave both of this light and her:
 For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
 To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Mac. Strange affection!
 Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
 And kills, instead of giving life.

Ant. Nay, weep not;
 15 Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
 On me they are cast away. It is decreed
 That I must die with her; our clue of life
 Was spun together.

Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
 That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
 20 Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
 To add to your calamity, an eye-witness
 Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,
 And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. Oh, Macrinus!
 'Twould linger out my tortures else, not kill me,
 25 Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
 What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
 Than what is made sharp by my constant love
 And true affection? It may be, the duty
 And loyal service, with which I pursued her,
 30 And sealed it with my death, will be rememb'ed
 Among her blessed actions; and what honour
 Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a guard, bringing in Dorothea, a headsman before her;
 followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, and Harpax.*

See, she comes;
 How sweet her innocence appears! more like
 To heaven itself, than any sacrifice
 35 That can be offered to it. By my hopes
 Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
 In my belief; nor can I think our gods
 Are good, or to be served, that take delight
 In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
 40 Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,

Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
 And every step raises her nearer heaven.
 What god so'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
 Receive in her a boundless happiness!

Sap.

You are to blame

To let him come abroad.

Mac.

It was his will ;

45

And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Ant. Good sir, be not offended ; nor deny

My last of pleasures in this happy object,

That I shall e'er be blest with.

Theo.

Now, proud contemner

Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think

50

It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.

Not all the riches of the sea, increased

By violent shipwracks, nor the unsearched mines

(Mammon's unknown exchequer) shall redeem thee ;

And, therefore, having first with horror weighed

55

What 'tis to die, and to die young ; to part with

All pleasures and delights ; lastly, to go

Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,

Furies behind, about thee, and before thee ;

And, to add to affliction, the remembrance

60

Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,

Hadst thou not turned apostata to those gods

That so reward their servants ; let despair

Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold

Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant.

She smiles

65

Unmoved, by Mars ! as if she were assured

Death, looking on her constancy, would forget

The use of his inevitable hand.

Theo. Derided too ! dispatch, I say.

Dor.

Thou fool !

That gloriest in having power to ravish

70

A trifle from me I am weary of :

What is this life to me ? not worth a thought ;

Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it

To win a better : ev'n thy malice serves

To me but as a ladder to mount up

75

To such a height of happiness, where I shall

Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world ;

Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above

- The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
 80 To think at what an easy price I bought it.
 There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth :
 No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
 Famine, nor age, have any being there.
 Forget, for shame, your Tempe ; bury in
 85 Oblivion your feigned Hesperian orchards :—
 The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
 Which did require Hercules to get it,
 Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
 Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,
 90 Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
 Elysian shades, for He hath made His bowers
 Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

Ant. Oh, take me thither with you !

Dor.

Trace my steps,

And be assured you shall.

Sap.

With my own hands

- 95 I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
 And rob thy killing fever.

Theo.

By no means ;

- Let him go with her : do, seduced young man,
 And wait upon thy saint in death ; do, do :
 And, when you come to that imagined place,
 100 That place of all delights,—pray you, observe me,—
 And meet those cursed things I once called daughters,
 Whom I have sent as harbingers before you ;
 If there be any truth in your religion,
 In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
 105 Your journey thither, pray you send me some
 Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself ?

Theo. The gates to hell are open.

Dor.

Know, thou tyrant,

- 110 Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
 Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
 I can, and will.

Enter Angelo, in the Angel's habit.

Harp.

Oh, mountains fall upon me,
 Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
 Where light may never find me !

Theo. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft. 115

Theo. Harpax, my Harpax, speak!

Harp. I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.

Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursèd place,

To which compared, and with what now I suffer,

Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [Exit.]

Sap. Follow him. 120

Theo. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.—

Thy charms upon my servant, cursèd witch,

Gives thee a short reprieve. Let her not die

Till my return. [Exeunt Sapritius and Theophilus.]

Ant. She minds him not: what object

Is her eye fixed on?

Mac. I see nothing.

Ant. Mark her. 125

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve

(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,

Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave

Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,

Though glorified, to take my servant's habit? 130

For, put off thy divinity, so looked

My lovely Angelo.

Ang. Know, I am the same;

And still the servant to your piety.

Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first won me

(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent 'em) 135

To guide your steps. I tried your charity,

When in a beggar's shape you took me up,

And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,

As you believed, my famished mouth. Learn all,

By your example, to look on the poor 140

With gentle eyes! for in such habits often

Angels desire an alms. I never left you,

Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry

Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,

Your martyrdom once suffered; and before it, 145

Ask anything from me, and rest assured

You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid

For all my torments. Since I find such grace,

Grant that the love of this young man to me,

150 In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
155 My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to,
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amazed.

Ant. I feel a holy fire,
160 That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite altered from the thing I was.
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss.

Re-enter Sappritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

165 *Theo.* It matters not;
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain!

Ant. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

Theo. I'll quickly make a separation of 'em.
Hast thou aught else to say?

170 *Dor.* Nothing, but blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight: strike, oh, strike quickly!
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
175 Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
'She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies.'

[*Her head struck off.*]

Ant. Oh, take my soul along, to wait on thine!

Mac. Your son sinks too. [Antoninus sinks.]

Sap. Already dead!

Theo. Die all 180

That are, or favour this accursed sect :
 I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
 A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook
 The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
 These superstitious fools, and leave the world 185
 No name of Christian.

*Loud music. Exit Angelo, having first laid his hand
 upon the mouths of Antoninus and Dorothea.*

Sap. Ha! heavenly music!

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

Theo. Illusions of the devil,
 Wrought by some one of her religion,
 That fain would make her death a miracle;
 It frights not me. Because he is your son, 190
 Let him have burial; but let her body
 Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
 And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [*Exeunt.*]

B. THE DUKE OF MILAN

ACT I, SC. III.

*Sforza, duke of Milan, being passionately enamoured of his
 wife, Marcelia, commissions his favourite, Francisco, to kill
 her if he should not return from the journey he was taking,
 lest she should fall into the hands of another.*

Sfor. Stay you, Francisco.

You see how things stand with me?

Fran. To my grief:

And if the loss of my poor life could be
 A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
 I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so; 5

For I have ever found you true and thankful;
 Which makes me love the building I have raised
 In your advancement, and repent no grace

I have conferred upon you. And, believe me,
 10 Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
 The titles I have given you, and the means
 Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
 Worthy my sister and my family,
 And in my dukedom made you next myself;
 15 It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
 I find you are worthy of them, in your love
 And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
 And any shape, that you would have me wear,
 I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
 20 I now am to deliver to your trust
 A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
 And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
 That you will tremble in the execution,
 As much as I am tortured to command it;
 25 For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
 Would strike into a ruffian fleshed in murders,
 Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
 And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
 And from me most deserving, such my state
 30 And strange condition is, that thou alone
 Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
 Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
 Might appear useful; but to me they are
 35 Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
 Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it;
 And put into thy oath all joys or torments
 That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
 Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
 40 But, whatsoe'er my will shall speak. Strike now,
 To fall upon 't like thunder.

Fran. Minister
 The oath in any way or form you please,
 I stand resolved to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
 What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
 45 It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
 For being the instrument; and the blest angels

Forsake me at my need, for being the author :
 For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
 In which the memory of all good actions
 We can pretend to, shall be buried quick : 50
 Or, if we be rememb'ed, it shall be
 To fright posterity by our example,
 That have outgone all precedents of villains
 That were before us ; and such as succeed,
 Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come 55
 near us.

Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me :

But to a man confirmed——

Sfor. I'll try your temper :

What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred ;

To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
 These signs of duty.

Sfor. Is she not the abstract 60

Of all that's rare, or to be wished, in woman?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it :

But to the purpose, sir.

Sfor. Add too her goodness,

Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
 Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equalled ; 65
 Her innocence, her honour—oh, I am lost
 In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
 When I think of them!

Fran. Now I find the end

Of all your conjurations ; there's some service 70

To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies

That she would have removed——

Sfor. Alas! Francisco,

Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover ;

Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.

One smile of her's would make a savage tame ; 75

One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,

Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.

Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,

Should I miscarry in this present journey

(From whence it is all number to a cipher,

I ne'er return with honour), by thy hand 80

Must have her murdered.

Fran. Murthered!—she that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Picked out the instrument!

- Sfor.* Do not fly off:
85 What is decreed can never be recalled;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wished companion to me in both fortunes,
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
90 Racks should not have forced from me. Oh, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
95 Her purer soul from his unspotted body.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world:
100 Nor will I be less honoured, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.

- Fran.* 'Tis not fear
105 Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.

- Sfor.* I will, Francisco:
110 But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm, concealed; but poison, if discovered.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—but
I know thee honest.

- 115 *Fran.* 'Tis a character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*]

C. THE BONDMAN

ACT II, SC. I.

Cleora, daughter of Archidamus, praetor of Syracuse, betrothed to Leosthenes, a young gentleman who is going to the war, indignant at his jealous suspicions of her fidelity during his absence, vows to keep her eyes bound and to remain dumb till his return.

Leosthenes. Cleora.

Leo. We are alone;
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.

Cleo. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you. 5

Leo. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fanned by it and cherished, 10
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleo. May it yet burn here,
And, as a sea-mark, serve to guide true lovers,
Tossed on the ocean of luxurious wishes,
Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour 15
Of pure affection! rising up an example,
Which after times shall witness, to our glory,
First took from us beginning.

Leo. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country and mine honour
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these, 20
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion
And strength of reason, for the general good
That I should go.

Cleo. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fixed
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended 25
To look into the vale of certain dangers,

Through which you were to cut your passage to it.

Leo. I'll stay at home then.

Cleo. No, that must not be;

For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain

30 A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turned a handmaid to blind Fortune.

How is my soul divided! to confirm you,

In the opinion of the world, most worthy

35 To be beloved (with me you are at the height,
And can advance no further), I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamoured of you.

Leo. Sweet, take comfort!

40 And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
Or I am wretched: all the dangers that
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contemned;
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.

Cleo. With me?

45 *Leo.* Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are armed
To fight against me.

Cleo. Where?

Cleo. There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.

Cleo. This is strange!

50 *Leo.* But true, sweet;

Excess of love can work such miracles!
Upon this ivory forehead are intrenched
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit

55 Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
Through hell and horror to the Elysian springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name

60 Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.

Cleo.

Can you think

I may be tempted?

Leo.

You were never proved.

For me, I have conversed with you no further
 Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
 Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich presents 65
 For my artillery, to batter down
 The fortress of your honour; nor endeavoured
 To make your blood run high at solemn feasts
 With viands that provoke (the speeding philtres):
 I worked no bawds to tempt you; never practised 70
 The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
 That wander in the wild maze of desire;
 Honest simplicity and truth were all
 The agents I employed; and when I came
 To see you, it was with that reverence 75
 As I beheld the altars of the gods;
 And Love, that came along with me, was taught
 To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
 Quenched in my fear to give offence.

Cleo.

And 'twas

That modesty that took me and preserves me, 80
 Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
 Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
 Loses both scent and beauty.

Leo.

But, Cleora,

When I am absent, as I must go from you
 (Such is the cruelty of my fate), and leave you, 85
 Unguarded, to the violent assaults
 Of loose temptations; when the memory
 Of my so many years of love and service
 Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
 By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests 90
 Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
 Is here to owe you, brother to advise you,
 Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
 By lust instructed how to undermine
 And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses, 95
 At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
 And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
 How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
 The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
 I should acquit you.

- 100 *Cleo.* Will you then confirm
 That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
 Must of necessity be twins; the younger
 Created only to defeat the elder,
 And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
 105 But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
 Nor with one syllable or tear express
 How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
 Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,
 At your return, how I have borne myself,
 110 And what an austere penance I take on me,
 To satisfy your doubts; when, like a Vestal,
 I show you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
 Committed to my charge by true affection,
 The people joining with you in the wonder;
 115 When, by the glorious splendour of my suff'rings,
 The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
 The monster too that feeds on fears, ev'n starved
 For want of seeming matter to accuse me;
 Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
 From my just anger.

Leo.

What will you do?

- 120 *Cleo.* Obey me,
 Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;
 And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,
 Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
 Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
 125 'Till the return of this distrustful man!
 Now bind 'em sure;—nay, do't: [*he binds her eyes.*] If
 uncompelled,
 I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
 Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
 Fall heavy on me! pray you, guide me to your lips.
 130 This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin
 To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:
 I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,
 No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,
 My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
 135 My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
 Shall be reported of me to my glory,
 And you confess it, whether I live or die,
 My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*]

D. THE MAID OF HONOUR

ACT III, SC. III.

Adorni, a faithful follower and secret lover of Camiola, the Maid of Honour, has challenged Fulgentio, the king's minion, who has insulted her, to single combat, and forced him to write an apology in his own blood. Camiola, who loves Bertoldo, a Knight of Malta and natural brother of Roberto, king of Sicily, hearing of his captivity and the king's refusal to help him, sends Adorni to ransom him with two-thirds of her estate.

Enter Adorni, wounded.

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!

Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl, for which the savage Indian dives 5
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give
To those that have, what they themselves want, aim at
A glad return with profit: yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour, 10
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented, since it is
A precious jewel, almost forfeited
And dimmed with clouds of infamy, redeemed,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition 15
Restored to the true owner.

Cam. How is this?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Plucked out and trod on. That proud man, that was 20
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compelled by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*] 25

Cam. I am amazed!

Ador. It does deserve it, madam. Common service
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportioned

To their conditions : therefore, look not on me
 As a follower of your father's fortunes, or
 30 One that subsists on yours :—you frown ! my service
 Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
 I might say bounties, hath begot and nourished
 This more than rude presumption ? Since you had
 An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
 35 Went you not to the war ? Couldst thou suppose
 My innocence could ever fall so low
 As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
 Against malicious slander ? Oh, how much
 Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when
 40 The clearness and integrity of their actions
 Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
 On their own bases ! Such as in a colour
 Of seeming service give protection to 'em,
 Betray their own strengths. Malice scorned, puts out
 45 Itself ; but argued, gives a kind of credit
 To a false accusation. In this, this your
 Most memorable service, you believed
 You did me right ; but you have wronged me more
 In your defence of my undoubted honour,
 Than false Fulgentio could.

50 *Ador.* I am sorry what was
 So well intended is so ill received ;

Enter Clarinda [Camiola's woman].

Yet, under your correction, you wished
 Bertoldo had been present.

Cam. True, I did :
 But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
 Nor must you think yourself so.

55 *Ador.* I am what
 You'll please to have me.

Cam. If Bertoldo had
 Punished Fulgentio's insolence, it had shown
 His love to her whom, in his judgement, he
 Vouchsafed to make his wife ; a height, I hope,
 60 Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
 Suit not all men alike ;—but I perceive
 Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me ;
 I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly :

Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.

You will be sought for; yet, if my estate 65

[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*]

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

Ador. [*aside.*] This is something yet, though I missed
the mark I shot at. [*Exit.*]

Cam. This gentleman is of a noble temper;

And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:

Was I not, Clarinda?

Clar. I am not to censure 70

Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand

Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause

Would be proud of such a servant.

Cam. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncalled for?

Serv. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio, 75

Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,

Put ashore this morning.

Cam. Without him?

Serv. I think so.

Cam. Never think more then.

Serv. They have been at court,

Kissed the king's hand; and, their first duties done

To him, appear ambitious to tender 80

To you their second service.

Cam. Wait 'em hither. [*Exit Servant.*]

Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,

Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder

As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,

Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence 85

Enter Antonio and Gasparo.

So soon miscarry!—Pray you, forbear; ere you take

The privilege, as strangers, to salute me

(Excuse my manners), make me first understand

How it is with Bertoldo.

Gasp. The relation

Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

Ant. I wish 90

Some other should inform you.

Cam.

Is he dead?

You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.

Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt were paid then

Kings in their birth owe nature.

Cam.

Is there aught

More terrible than death?

95 *Ant.*

Yes, to a spirit

Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that

Without the hope of freedom.

Cam.

You abuse me:

The royal king cannot, in love to virtue

(Though all springs of affection were dried up),

But pay his ransom.

100 *Gasp.*

When you know what 'tis,

You will think otherwise: no less will do it

Than fifty thousand crowns.

Cam.

A pretty sum,

The price weighed with the purchase; fifty thousand!

To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more

105 To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom

Such a brother at a million. You wrong

The king's magnificence.

Ant.

In your opinion.

But 'tis most certain: he does not alone

In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids

All other men.

Cam.

Are you sure of this?

110 *Gasp.*

You may read

The edict to that purpose, published by him;

That will resolve you.

Cam.

Possible! pray you, stand off.—

If I do not mutter treason to myself,

My heart will break; yet I will not curse him;

115 He is my king. [*Aside.*]—The news you have delivered

Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute

When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.

Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

Gasp.

One thing more,

And that's substantial: let your Adorni

Look to himself.

120 *Ant.*

The king is much incensed

Against him for Fulgentio.

Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.

Both. Farewell, sweet lady. [*Exeunt Gasparo and Antonio.*]

Cam. O more than impious times! when not alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves, 125
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
Are broken, or disjointed! could it be, else,
A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so far
Forsake his honour, as at once to break
The adamant chains of nature and religion, 130
To bind up atheism as a defence
To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripped of 135
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties
Of her own natural shape? Oh, my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearness
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all 140
The benefits to the general good dispensed,
Gaining a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fanned with honour's breath, 145
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurped splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved:
Call in Adorni.

Clar. I am happy in 150
Such an employment, madam. [*Exit.*]

Cam. He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures
Am I to undergo! but good intents 155
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter Clarinda with Adorni.

Ador. I obey
Your summons, madam.

Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda ;
 One woman, in a secret of such weight,
 Wise men may think too much. [*Exit Clarinda.*]
 Nearer, Adorni.

I warrant it with a smile.

160 *Ador.* I cannot ask
 Safer protection ; what's your will ?

Cam. To doubt
 Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
 With the repetition of former merits,
 Would, in my diffidence, wrong you : but I will,
 165 And without circumstance, in the trust that I
 Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.

Ador. I foster none of you.

Cam. I know you do not.
 You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me—

Ador. The surest conjuration.

Cam. Take me with you,—
 170 Love born of duty ; but advance no further.
 You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
 To undertake a task, in which your faith,
 Judgement, discretion,—in a word, your all
 That's good, must be engaged ; nor must you study,
 175 In the execution, but what may make
 For the ends I aim at.

Ador. They admit no rivals.

Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's
 Captivity, and the king's neglect ; the greatness
 Of his ransom—fifty thousand crowns, Adorni,
 Two parts of my estate !

180 *Ador.* To what tends this ?

Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman,—for to you
 I will confess my weakness,—that I purpose
 Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
 And his own hopes, to ransom him and receive him
 185 Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—

[*Adorni starts and seems troubled.*]

Why change you colour ?

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
 Your virtue, madam.

Cam. You must therefore, to
 Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
 This ransom for his liberty ; you shall

Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear 190
 A solemn contract to me, for you must be
 My principal witness, if he should—but why
 Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?

Ador. Faithfully, madam—but not live long after. [*Aside.*]

Cam. One thing I had forgot: besides his freedom, 195
 He may want accommodations; furnish him
 According to his birth: and from Camiola
 Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*]
 Sealed on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:
 I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*]

Ador. I am half 200
 Hanged out o' the way already.—Was there ever
 Poor lover so employed against himself
 To make way for his rival? I must do it,
 Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
 Recompense beyond hope or imagination, 205
 Let it fall on me in the other world,
 As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*]

E. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

ACT III, SC. II.

Frank Wellborn, reduced to poverty by extravagance and the fraud of his usurious uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, devises 'a new way to pay old debts' by inducing Lady Allworth, a wealthy widow, to invite him to dinner and show him marked attention before Overreach's creature, Marrall, who thereupon reports to Overreach that she is going to marry his nephew. Tom Allworth, her son, pays to Lord Lovell, is in love with Overreach's daughter, Margaret, whom her father wishes to marry Lord Lovell; and he pretends to make love to her, that Tom Allworth, as his page, may procure admission to Margaret. Greedy is 'a hungry justice of peace.'

The scene is laid in Overreach's house, where he has made preparations to entertain Lord Lovell sumptuously, and to tempt him to woo Margaret.

Loud music. Enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth and Marrall.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
 Above my worth and fortunes.

All. Strange! so humble. [*Aside.*]

Over. A justice of peace, my lord. [*Presents Greedy to him.*]

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

5 *Greedy.* This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [*Aside.*]

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.

10 *Lov.* You'll be obeyed, sir. [*Exeunt all but Overreach.*]

Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

Enter Margaret.

How! tears in your eyes!
Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
15 That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, 'Put on';
Or, 'Father, you forget yourself'. No more:
But be instructed, or expect—he comes!

Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth and Marrall.

A black-browed girl, my lord.

[*Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*]

20 *Lov.* As I live, a rare one.

All. He's took already: I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Over. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it. [*Aside.*—Quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but Over., Lov., and Marg.*]

A little bashful, my good lord; but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but—

25 *Over.* I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Remember.

[*Aside to Margaret, and exit.*]

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty. 30

Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow; 35

Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.
Oh, my good lord, I could say more, but that 40
I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter Overreach behind, listening.

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter Greedy behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon. 45
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

Over. [*striking him.*] Marry, and shall, you barathrum of
the shambles!

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason 50
Edward's quintet: but that you are my friend,
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day; disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is't a time to talk 55
When we should be munching?

Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*]

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it ;
60 I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good ; howe'er, you must put on
65 An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles !

Where is Sir Giles ? [Overreach comes forward.]

Re-enter Allworth, Marrall and Greedy.

Over. My noble lord ; and how
Does your lordship find her ?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming ;
And I like her the better.

70 *Over.* So do I too.

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant ; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

75 *Over.* With all my soul.—A towardly gentleman !
Your hand, good master Allworth ; know my house
Is ever open to you.

All. 'Twas shut till now. [Aside.]

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter !
Thou'rt so already : know this gentle youth,
80 And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[Noise within, as of a coach.]

Over. A coach !

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner ! O my guts !

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it ; if not, I'll back again,
85 Now I know your ends ; for I come armed for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended!

[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth salutes Margaret.*]

Mar. No, I am a dolt;

The spirit of lies hath ent'red me.

Over. Peace, Patch;

'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment

That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady, 90

This is a favour, to prevent my visit,

The service of my life can never equal.

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped

You would have made my poor house your first inn:

And therefore doubting that you might forget me, 95

Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,

In this unequalled beauty, for your stay;

And fearing to trust any but myself

With the relation of my service to you,

I borrowed so much from my long restraint, 100

And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*]

How dost thou, Marrall? Liked you my meat so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please, 105

And it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, master Greedy;

If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.

And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,

[*Presents Wellborn.*]

His inward linings are as fine and fair 110

As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:

And howsoe'er his humour carries him

To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever

For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,

He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself 115

With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!

He has been too long a stranger: faith, you have;

Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*]

Mar.

Why, sir, what do you mean?

120 This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself; no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over.

Well, sirrah, we shall reckon

For this hereafter.

Mar.

I'll not lose my jeer,

Though I be beaten dead for 't.

Well.

Let my silence plead

125 In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov.

I would hear, and help 'em.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov.

Pray you lead, we follow.

L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master
Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*]

130 *Greedy.* 'Dear Master Wellborn!' So she said; heaven!
heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, 'Dear Master Well-
born!'

135 And 'My good nephew!'—but I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter Marrall.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar.

Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar.

In troth, I must; my master

Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,

140 And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy.

How! no dinner,

After all my care?

Mar.

'Tis but a penance for

A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was 145
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir;
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship, 150
And sit with the waiting-women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn! 155
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him. 160
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him. 165

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue
The lady scorned to look on?

Over. You are a wag. 170

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two.

In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,

If your ladyship please to use it.

175 *L. All.* Come, Master Wellborn.

[*Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.*]

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet

Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote

Pasiphae was enamoured of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous.

Enter Lord Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

My good lord,

Excuse my manners.

180 *Lov.* There needs none, Sir Giles,

I may ere long say Father, when it pleases

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter Wellborn and Lady Allworth.

Marg. My lady is returned.

L. All. Provide my coach,

185 I'll instantly away; my thanks, Sir Giles,

For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness

To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.

190 *L. All.* Good mistress Margaret; nay, come, Master
Wellborn,

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,

And, after some small conference between us,

Soon overtake your ladyship.

195 *L. All.* Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: [*kisses Margaret.*] You shall
every day hear from me.

By my faithful page.

All.

'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt* Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth and Marrall.]

Over. Daughter, to your chamber. [*Exit* Margaret.]—

You may wonder, nephew,

After so long an enmity between us, 200

I should desire your friendship.

Well.

So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

Over.

But I'll make it no wonder;

And what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand 205

To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;

As, I must yield, with you I practised it:

But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you; this rich lady 210

(And I am glad of't) is enamoured of you;

'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well.

No such thing:

Compassion rather, sir.

Over.

Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen

No more in this base shape; nor shall she say, 215

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*]

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,

In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and that no clamour

May taint your credit for your petty debts, 220

You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well.

Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are stayed for: ere y've 225

supped,

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well.

Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,

That say you are hard-hearted!

Over.

My deeds, nephew,

Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not. [*Exeunt.*] 230

F. THE CITY MADAM

ACT I, SC. I.

Sir John Frugal is a wealthy London merchant, Goldwire junior and Tradewell junior being his apprentices, and Holdfast his steward. Stargaze is an astrologer, and Millicent Lady Frugal's woman.

A Room in Sir John Frugal's House.

Enter Goldwire junior and Tradewell junior.

Gold. The ship is safe in the Pool then?

Trade.

And makes good,

In her rich fraught, the name she bears, 'The Speedwell.'
My master will find it; for, on my certain knowledge,
For every hundred that he ventured in her,
She hath returned him five.

5 *Gold.*

And it comes timely;

For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

Trade.

Who? Nan and Mall?

Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,

10 Or 'tis more punishable in our house

Than *scandalum magnatum*.

Trade.

'Tis great pity

Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.

15 *Gold.*

The want of one

Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,
With hopes above their birth and scale: their dreams are
Of being made countesses, and they take state
As they were such already. When you went

20 To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,

25 Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:

There are few great ladies going to a masque
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

Trade. 'Tis strange my master, in his wisdom, can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.

Gold. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home. 30
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for Sir John Frugal,
By some styled Sir John Prodigal.

Trade. Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?

Gold. Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!

Trade. Still in the Counter? 35

Gold. In a worse place. He was redeemed from the Hole,
To live, in our house, in hell; since, his base usage
Considered, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table—marry, ever
Beneath the salt—and there he sits, the subject 40
Of her contempt and scorn; and, dinner ended,
His courteous nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman,
And not an uncle.

Trade. I wonder, being a scholar,
Well read and travelled, the world yielding means 45
For men of such desert, he should endure it.

Gold. He does, with a strange patience; and to us,
The servants, so familiar, nay humble!

*Enter Stargaze, Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary and Millicent, in
several postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?

Trade. In their habits 50
They appear other things; but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?

Gold. The young wagtails
Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir
Of the Lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second, Master Plenty, 55
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.

L. Frug. You have done your parts here :
 To your study, and be curious in the search
 Of the nativities. [Exit Stargaze.]

60 *Trade.* Methinks the mother,
 As if she could renew her youth, in care,
 Nay curiosity, to appear lovely,
 Comes not behind her daughters.

Gold. Keeps the first place ;
 And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
 65 That say she can write thirty, more offend her
 Than if they taxed her honesty: t'other day,
 A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
 But one she never saw, being brought before her,
 For saying only, 'Good young mistress, help me
 70 To the speech of your lady-mother,' so far pleased her,
 That he got his lease renewed for 't.

Trade. How she bristles !
 Prithee, observe her.

Mill. As I hope to see
 A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you
 When you are a countess, as you may be one
 75 When my master dies, or leaves trading ; and I, continuing
 Your principal woman, take the upper hand
 Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
 By the place you give me ; you look now as young
 As when you were married.

L. Frug. I think I bear my years well.
 80 *Mill.* Why should you talk of years ? Time hath not
 ploughed

One furrow in your face ; and were you not known
 The mother of my young ladies, you might pass
 For a virgin of fifteen.

Trade. Here's no gross flattery !
 Will she swallow this ?

Gold. You see she does, and glibly.
 85 *Mill.* You never can be old ; wear but a mask
 Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
 In your other parts. What a waist is here ! O Venus !
 That I had been born a king ! and here a hand
 To be kissed ever ;—pardon my boldness, madam.
 90 Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courted
 When a great grandmother.

L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are not

So subject to decayings as the face ;
Their comeliness lasts longer.

Mill. Ever, ever !

Such a rare featured and proportioned madam
London could never boast of.

L. Frug. Where are my shoes ? 95

Mill. Those that your ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish perfumed skins ?

L. Frug. The same.

Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for them,
But he neglects his duty.

Anne. He is grown

Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur 100

At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle !

L. Frug. He is your slave,

And as such use him.

Anne. Willingly ; but he's grown

Rebellious, madam.

Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken.

L. Frug. I'll humble him.

Enter Luke, with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.

Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over : 105

He shows like a walking frippery.

L. Frug. Very good, sir :

Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you ?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you ?

L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah ! dar'st thou in a look 110

Repine, or grumble ? Thou unthankful wretch,

Did our charity redeem thee out of prison

(Thy patrimony spent), ragged, and lousy,

When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat,

Were your festival-exceedings ! and is this 115

So soon forgotten ?

Luke. I confess I am

Your creature, madam.

L. Frug. And good reason why

You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new clothe you

Mary. Admitted you to the dining-room?

Mill.

Allowed you

A fresh bed in the garret?

120 *L. Frug.*

Or from whom

Received you spending money?

Luke.

I owe all this

To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,

The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies

(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty

125 Rememb'ring what I am) are how to please you.

And if in my long stay I have offended,

I ask your pardon; though you may consider,

Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,

These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,

I could not come much sooner.

130 *Gold.*

Here was a walk

To breathe a footman!

Anne.

'Tis a curious fan.

Mary. These roses will show rare: would 'twere in fashion

That the garters might be seen too!

Mill.

Many ladies

That know they have good legs, wish the same with you;

Men that way have the advantage.

135 *Luke.*

I was with

The lady, and delivered her the satin

For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;

This night she vows she'll pay you. [*Aside to Goldwire.*]

Gold.

How I am bound

To your favour, Master Luke!

Mill.

As I live, you will

Perfume all rooms you walk in.

140 *L. Frug.*

Get your fur,

You shall pull them on within.

[*Exit Luke.*]

Gold.

That servile office

Her pride imposes on him

Sir John. [*within*].

Goldwire! Tradewell!

Trade. My master calls. We come, sir.

[*Exeunt Goldwire and Tradewell.*]

Enter Holdfast, with Porters.

L. Frug.

What have you brought there?

Hold. The cream of the market; provision enough

145 To serve a garrison. I weep to think on't.

When my master got his wealth, his family fed
 On roots and livers, and necks of beef on Sundays.—
 But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
 Butcher's meat will not go down.

L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it at
 Your expense? What cooks have you provided? 150

Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord
 mayor's.

Anne. Fie on 'em! they smell of Fleet-lane, and Pie-
 corner.

Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists
 In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

L. Frug. I'll have none
 Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur, 155
 But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
 And dish no meat but in silver.

Hold. You may want, though,
 A dish or two when the service ends.

L. Frug. Leave prating;
 I'll have my will: do as I command you. [*Exeunt.*]

XX

NATHANIEL FIELD

1587-1633.

NATHANIEL FIELD, son of John Field, a clergyman who wrote against the stage, was born in London in 1587, and educated at Merchant Taylors' School. In 1597 he was apprenticed to a stationer, but in 1600 acted in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and the next year in the *Poetaster*, as one of the Children of the Chapel Royal. He took the part of Bussy d'Ambois in Chapman's play published in 1607 but acted earlier. *A Woman is a Weathercock* was published in 1612, but probably produced as early as 1610, and *Amends for Ladies* (printed 1618) must have been acted about 1611, in which year he acted in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, and, in 1614, in *Barthol'mew Fair*. His writing about this time (with Daborne and Massinger) a request for a loan of £5 from Henslowe has been already mentioned, as also his association with Massinger in the composition of *The Fatal Dowry*. He seems to have quitted the stage at the death of Burbage in 1619, in which year his first child was baptized. His name is mentioned in the list of the principal actors in the plays of Shakespeare prefixed

to the First Folio. The circumstances of his death which took place in February, 1633, are unknown.

In Field we break away from the studied and conscious art of Massinger, and revert to the careless and spontaneous manner of the earlier school. In his conversations with Drummond, Jonson calls him his 'scholar,' and says they read the *Satires* of Horace and some of the *Epigrams* of Martial together; and in *Bartholmew Fair* praises his acting. Chapman, in verses prefixed to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, speaks of him as 'his loved son.' From each of his masters he seems to have caught some inspiration. The influence of Jonson may be traced in the extravagant 'humours' of some of his characters, his somewhat complicated plots, unravelled by ingenious but improbable *dénouements*, and his realistic pictures of contemporary manners. In the more serious parts of his comedies there is a vein of sententious moralizing and psychological analysis reminiscent of Chapman. But Jonson could not impart to the vivacious young actor his painstaking laboriousness, nor Chapman his moral earnestness. He has passages of true poetic feeling, witty and natural dialogue, bustling 'business,' and some insight into human nature; but his characterization is slight, his incidents often improbable and even farcical, and the conversions of his characters too sudden to carry conviction.

The following scenes are taken from the original Quartos.

A. A WOMAN IS A WEATHERCOCK

ACT III, SC. II.

Scudmore, in love with Bellafront, daughter of Sir John Worldly, has been jilted by her in favour of Count Frederick, with whom she has just gone through the marriage ceremony; but Scudmore's friend, Nevill, without the knowledge of either, has disguised himself and personated the clergyman. After the supposed wedding, Scudmore obtains access to Bellafront as a serving-man with a letter.

Scudmore passeth one door, and entereth the other, where Bellafront sits asleep in a chair, under a taffeta canopy.

Scud. O thou, whose words and actions seemed to me
As innocent as this smooth sleep which hath
Locked up thy powers! Would thou hadst slept, when first
Thou sent'st and profferedst me beauty and love!
I had bin ignorant then of such a loss.
Happy's that wretch in my opinion,
That never owned scarce jewels or bright sums;
He can lose nothing but his constant wants:

But speakless is his plague, that once had store,
And from superfluous state falls to be poor. 10
Such is my hell-bred hap! Could nature make
So fair a superficies to enclose

So false a heart? This is like gilded tombs,
Compacted of jet pillars, marble stones,
Which hide from's stinking flesh and rotten bones: 15
Pallas so sat, methinks, in Hector's tent.
But, time, so precious and so dangerous,
Why do I lose thee? Madam, my lady, madam!

Bel. Believe me, my dear friend, I was enforced.—Ha!
I had a dream as strange as thou art, fellow. 20
How cam'st thou hither? what's thy business?

Scud. That letter, madam, tells you.

Bel. Letter? ha!
What, dost thou mock me? here is nothing writ.

Scud. Can you read anything, then, in this face?

Bel. O basilisk! remove thee from my sight, 25
Or thy heart's blood shall pay thy rash attempt!
Ho! who attends us there?

Scud. Stir not a foot,
And stop your clamorous acclamations,
Or, by the bitterness of my fresh wrongs,
I'll send your ladyship to the devil quick! 30
I know the hazard I do undergo,
And whatsoe'er after becomes of me,
I'll make you sure first. I am come to speak—
And speak I will freely—and to bring back
Your letters and such things you sent; and then 35
I'll ne'er see those deceiving eyes again.

Bel. Oh, I am sick of my corruption!
For God's sake, do not speak a word more to me.

Scud. Not speak? yes, woman, I will roar aloud:
Call thee the falsest fair that ever breathed; 40
Tell thee that in this marriage thou hast drowned
All virtue left to credit thy weak sex,
Which being, as 'twere, committed to thy trust,
Thou traitorously hast betrayed it thus!
Did I entice, or ever send thee gifts, 45
To allure thee to reflect a beam on me?
Nay, didst not thou thyself send and invent,
Past human wit, our means of intercourse?
Why dost thou then prove base unto thyself,

50 Perjured and impious? Know, the good thou hast lost
 In my opinion, doth outvalue far
 The airy honours thou art married to.

Bel. Oh, peace! for you speak sharpness to my soul,
 More torturous than hell's plagues to the damned.

55 For love's sake, hear me speak!

Scud. For love's sake? no:
 Love is my surfeit, and is turned in me
 To a disease.

Bel. Tyrant! my knees shall beg,
 Till they get liberty for my tongue to speak,
 Drowned, almost, in the rivers of mine eyes.

60 *Scud.* What canst thou say? art thou not married?

Bel. Alas! I was enforced; first by the threats
 Of a severe father, that in his hand
 Did gripe my fortunes; next to that, the fame
 Of your neglect and liberal-talking tongue,

65 Which bred my honour an eternal wrong.

Scud. Pish! these are painted causes. Till this morn
 He lived not in this land, that durst accuse
 My integrity of such an ignorance.

But take your letters here, your paper vows,
 70 Your picture and your bracelets; and if ever
 I build again upon a woman's faith,
 May sense forsake me! I will sooner trust

Dice, or a reconciled enemy. O God,
 What an internal joy my heart has felt,

75 Sitting at one of these same idle plays,
 When I have seen a maid's inconstancy
 Presented to the life! how my glad eyes
 Have stole about me, fearing lest my looks
 Should tell the company convented there

80 The mistress that I had free of such faults.

Bel. Oh, still retain her so! dear Scudmore, hear me.

Scud. Retain thee so? it is impossible!

Art thou not married? 'tis impossible!

Oh no! I do despise thee, and will fly

85 As far on earth as to the Antipodes,

And by some learned magician, whose deep art

Can know thy residence on this hemisphere,

There I'll be placed, my feet just against thine,

To express the opposite nature, which our hearts

Must henceforth hold.

Bel. Oh, rather shoot me, friend, 90
 Than let me hear thee speak such bitterness!
 Oh, pity me! redeem me from the hell,
 That in this marriage I am like to feel!
 I'll rather fly to barren wildernesses,
 And suffer all wants with thee, Scudmore, than 95
 Live with all plenty in this husband's arms.
 Thou shalt perceive I am not such a woman,
 That is transported with vain dignities.
 Oh, thy dear words have knocked at my heart's gates,
 And ent'red: they have plucked the devil's vizard 100
 (That did deform this face, and blind my soul)
 Off, and thy Bellafront presents herself
 Laved in a bath of contrite virginal tears,
 Clothed in the original beauty that was thine!
 Now, for thy love to God, count this not done: 105
 Let time go back, and be as when before it,
 Or from thy memory rase it for ever!
Scud. Ha, ha! heart! was there ever such strange creatures
 framed?
 Why dost thou speak such foolish senseless things?
 Can thy forsaking him redeem thy fault? 110
 No, I will never mend an ill with worse.
 Why, thy example will make women false,
 When they shall hear it, that before were true;
 For after ill examples we do fly,
 But must be vowed to deeds of piety. 115
 O woman, woman, woman, woman, woman,
 The cause of future and original sin,
 How happy, had you not, should we have been!
 False, where you kiss, but murdering in your ire;
 Love all can woo, know all men you desire: 120
 Ungrateful, yet most impudent to crave,
 Torturous as hell, insatiate as the grave:
 Lustful as monkeys, grinning in your ease,
 Whom if we make not idols, we ne'er please:
 More vainly proud than fools, as ignorant; 125
 Baser than parasites: witches that enchant
 And make us senseless, to think death or life
 Is yours to give, when only our belief
 Doth make you able to deceive us so:
 Begot by drunkards to breed sin and woe; 130
 As many foul diseases hide your veins,

As there are mischiefs coined in your quick brains :
 Not quick in wit fit to perform least good,
 But to subvert whole states shed seas of blood :
 135 Twice as deceitful as are crocodiles,
 For you betray both ways, with tears and smiles.
 Yet, questionless, there are as good as bad.
 Hence! let me go.

Bel. Hear me, and thou shalt go.
 I do confess I do deserve all this,
 140 Have wounded all the faith my sex doth owe,
 But will recover it, or pay my life.
 Strive not to go, for you shall hear me first.
 I charge thee, Scudmore, thou hard-hearted man,
 Upon my knees— *[Kneels.]*
 145 Thou most implacable man, since penitence
 And satisfaction too gets not thy pardon,
 I charge thee use some means to set me free, *[Rises again.]*
 Before the revels of this night have end.
 Prevent my entering to this marriage-bed ;
 150 Or, by the memory of Lucretia's knife,
 Ere morn I'll die a virgin, though a wife. *[Exit.]*
Scud. Pish! do: the world will have one mischief less. *[Exit.]*

B. AMENDS FOR LADIES

ACT I, SC. I.

Amends are made for ladies in the persons of the representatives of each condition, Lady Honour, a maid, Lady Perfect, a wife, and Lady Bright, a widow, who each emerge triumphantly from the ordeal to which she is exposed. Bold, who is in love with Lady Bright, by the contrivance of his friend, Welltried, enters her service as a waiting-woman recommended by Lord Feesimple, a foolish young nobleman, who is also in love with her. Sir John Loveall is Lady Perfect's husband, who conspires with his false friend, Subtle, to put her virtue to the test.

Enter Husband, embracing Subtle; the Lord Feesimple, with young Bold like a waiting gentlewoman, and Welltried. Welltried, Husband, and Subtle, talk with Wife. All three Ladies are already on the stage.

Fee. One-and-thirty good morrows to the fairest, wisest, richest widow that ever conversation coped withal.

Wid. Threescore and two unto the wisest lord

That ever was trained in university.

Fee. O courteous, bounteous widow! she has outbid me 5
thirty-one good morrows at a clap.

Well. But, my Lord Feesimple, you forget the business
imposed on you.

Fee. Gentlewoman, I cry thee mercy; but 'tis a fault in
all lords, not in me only: we do use to swear by our honours, 10
and as we are noble, to dispatch such a business for such
a gentleman; and we are bound, even by the same honours
we swear by, to forget it in a quarter of an hour, and look
as if we had never seen the party when we meet next, espe-
cially if none of our gentlemen have bin considered. 15

Well. Ay, but all yours have, for you keep none, my lord:
besides, though it stands with your honour to forget men's
businesses, yet it stands not with your honour if you do not
do a woman's.

Fee. Why then, madam, so it is that I request your lady- 20
ship to accept into your service this gentlewoman. For her
truth and honesty I will be bound; I have known her too
long to be deceived.—This is the second time I have seen
her. [Aside.]

Maid. Why, how now, my lord! a preferrer of gentle- 25
women to service, like an old knitting-woman? where hath
she dwelt before?

Fee. She dwelt with young Bold's sister, he that is my
corrival in your love. She requested me to advance her to
you, for you are a dubbed lady; so is not she yet. 30

Well. But now you talk of young Bold—when did you see
him, lady?

Wid. Not this month, Master Welltried.
I did conjure him to forbear my sight;
Indeed, swore if he came, I'd be denied. 35
But 'tis strange you should ask for him: ye two
Were wont never to be asunder.

Well. Faith, madam, we never were together but
We differed on some argument or other;
And doubting lest our discord might at length 40
Breed to some quarrel, I forbear him too.

Fee. He quarrel! Bold? hang him, if he durst have
quarrelled, the world knows he's within a mile of an oak
has put him to't, and soundly. I never cared for him in
my life, but to see his sister: he's an ass, plague! an arrant 45
ass; for do you think any but an arrant ass would offer to

come a-wooing where a lord attempts? He quarrel!—he dares not quarrel.

Well. But he dares fight, my lord, upon my knowledge :
50 And rail no more, my lord, behind his back,

For if you do, my lord, blood must ensue. [*Draws.*]

Fee. Oh, oh, my honour dies! I am dead. [*Swoons.*]

Well. Ud's light, what's the matter! wring him by the nose.

Wid. A pair of riding-spurs now, were worth gold.

55 *Maid.* Pins are as good. Prick him, prick him.

Fee. Oh, oh!

Wife. He's come again. Lift him up.

Omnes. How fares your lordship?

Fee. O friends, you have wronged my spirit to call it back :
60 I was e'en in Elysium at rest.

Well. But why, sir, did you sowne?

Fee. Well, though I die, Master Welltried, before all these
I do forgive you, because you were ignorant of my infirmity.
O sir! is't not up yet? I die again! Put up, now, whilst
65 I wink, or I do wink for ever.

Well. 'Tis up, my lord; ope your eyes: but I pray, tell me, is this antipathy 'twixt bright steel and you natural, or how grew it?

Fee. I'll tell you, sir: anything bright and edged works
70 thus strongly with me. Your hilts, now, I can handle as boldly, look you else.

Hus. Nay, never blame my lord, Master Welltried, for I know a great many will sowne at the sight of a shoulder of mutton or a quarter of lamb. My lord may be excused
75 then for a naked sword.

Well. This lord and this knight in dog-collars would make a fine brace of beagles. [*Aside.*]

Maid. But, on my faith, 'twas mightily overseen of your father, not to bring you up to foils; or, if he had bound you
80 'prentice to a cutler or an ironmonger—

Fee. Ay, a plague! hang him, old gouty fool! He never brought me up to any lordly exercise, as fencing, dancing, tumbling, and such like; but, forsooth, I must write and read, and speak languages, and such base qualities, fit for
85 none but gentlemen. Now, sir, would I tell him, 'Father, you are a count, I am a lord. A plague o' writing, and reading, and languages! Let me be brought up as I was born.'

Sub. But how, my lord, came you first not to endure the sight of steel?

Fee. Why, I'll tell you, sir. When I was a child, an infant, 90
an innocent,—

Maid. 'Twas e'en now. [*Aside.*]

Fee. I being in the kitchen, in my lord my father's house,
the cook was making minced pies : so, sir, I standing by the
dresser, there lay a heap of plums. Here was he mincing : 95
what did me I, sir, being a notable little witty coxcomb, but
popped my hand just under his chopping-knife, to snatch
some raisins, and so was cut o'er the hand, and never since
could I endure the sight of any edge-tool.

Wid. Indeed, they are not fit for you, my lord.—And now 100
you are all so well satisfied in this matter, pray, ladies, how
like you this my gentlewoman ?

Maid. In troth, madam, exceedingly well, I. If you be
provided, pray, let me have her.

Wife. It should be my request, but that I am full. 105

Wid. What can you do ?—What's her name, my lord ?

Fee. Her name ? I know not. What's her name, Master
Welltried ?

Well. Her name ? 'Slid, tell my lady your name.

Bold. Mistress Mary Princox, forsooth. 110

Wid. Mistress Mary Princox. She has wit, I perceive
that already. Methinks she speaks as if she were a' my lord's
brood.

Bold. Brood, madam ? 'Tis well known I am a gentle-
woman. My father was a man of five hundred *per annum*, 115
and he held something *in capite* too.

Well. So does my lord, something.

Fee. Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little
or nothing.

Bold. I have had apt breeding, however my misfortune 120
now makes me submit myself to service ; but there is no ebb
so low, but hath his tide again. When our days are at worst,
they will mend, in spite of the frowning destinies, for we
cannot be lower than earth ; and the same blind dame that
hath cast her blear eyes hitherto upon my occasions, may 125
turn her wheel, and at last wind them up with her white hand
to some pinnacle that prosperously may flourish in the sun-
shine of promotion.

Fee. O mouth, full of agility ! I would give twenty marks
now to any person that could teach me to convey my tongue 130
(*sans* stumbling) with such dexterity to such a period. For
her truth and honesty I am bound before ; but now I have

heard her talk, for her wit I will be bound body and goods.

135 *Wid.* Ud's light, I will not leave her for my hood. I never met with one of these eloquent old gentlewomen before. What age are you, Mistress Mary Princox?

Bold. I will not lie, madam. I have numbered fifty-seven summers, and just so many winters have I passed.

140 *Sub.* But they have not passed you; they lie frozen in your face.

Bold. Madam, if it shall please you to entertain me, so; if not, I desire you not to misconstrue my goodwill. There's no harm done; the door's as big as it was, and your ladyship's
145 own wishes crown your beauty with content. As for these frumping gallants, let them do their worst. It is not in man's power to hurt me. 'Tis well known I come not to be scoffed. A woman may bear and bear till her back burst. I am a poor gentlewoman, and since virtue has nowadays no
150 other companion but poverty, I set the hare's head against the goose giblets, and what I want one way, I hope I shall be inabled to supply the other.

Fee. An't please God that thou wert not past children!

Wid. Is 't e'en so, my lord?—Nay, good Princox, do not
155 cry. I do entertain you. How do you occupy? What can you use?

Bold. Anything fit to be put into the hands of a gentlewoman.

Wid. What are your qualities?

160 *Bold.* I can sleep on a low stool. If your ladyship be talking in the same room with any gentleman, I can read on a book, sing love-songs, look up at the loover light, hear and be deaf, see and be blind, be ever dumb to your secrets, swear and equivocate, and whatsoever I spy, say the best.

165 *Wid.* O rare crone, how art thou endued! But why did Master Bold's sister put you away?

Bold. I beseech you, madam, to neglect that desire: though I know your ladyship's understanding to be sufficient to partake, or take in, the greatest secret can be imparted,
170 yet—

Wid. Nay, prithee, tell the cause. Come, here's none but friends.

Bold. Faith, madam, heigho! I was, to confess truly, a little foolish in my last service to believe men's oaths, but
175 I hope my example, though prejudicial to myself, will be

beneficial to other young gentlewomen in service. My mistress's brother (the gentleman you named even now—Master Bold), having often attempted my honour, but finding it impregnable, vowed love and marriage to me at the last. I, a young thing and raw, set my mind upon him, but 180 friends contradicting the match, I fell into a grievous consumption; and upon my first recovery, lest the intended sacred ceremonies of nuptials should succeed, his sister, knowing this, thought it fit in her judgement we should be farther asunder, and so put me out of her service. 185

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. God-a-mercy for this discovery, i' faith.—Come, will your lordship walk in? 'tis dinner-time.

XXI

JOHN WEBSTER

LESS is known of the life of John Webster than of any of the great dramatists. According to his own statement he was a Merchant Taylor, and born free of that Company, and was probably son of John Webster, citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, but the date of his birth is unknown. He is stated (by Gildon in 1698) to have been Clerk of St. Andrew's Parish in Holborn, but this statement has not been subsequently verified. It is thought that he may have been an actor as well as a dramatist, but this is merely conjectural. In 1602 he appears in Henslowe's Diary as collaborating with Drayton, Middleton, Munday and others in a play called *Caesar's Fall*; and again in the same year with these writers and Dekker in a play which the illiterate Henslowe spells 'too shapes.' In 1602 also he appears, with Heywood, as receiving £3 in earnest of a play entitled *Christmas comes but once a Year*, which seems to have been finished by Chettle and Dekker. In the same year his name occurs with Chettle, Dekker, Heywood and Smith, as writing the *First Part of Lady Jane*. In 1604 he re-edited Marston's *Malcontent* with additions. In 1607 appeared *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* (an abridgement of the two parts of *Lady Jane*), *Westward Ho*, and *Northward Ho*, in the last two of which he was associated with Dekker. *The White Devil* was printed in 1612; *The Duchess of Malfi* (first produced about 1616) and *The Devil's Law-Case*, in 1623. In the following year *A late Murder of the Son upon the Mother* was licensed as by Ford and Webster. *Appius and Virginia* was not printed till 1654, though produced long before. In 1661 *A Cure for a Cuckold* and *The Thracian*

Wonder were printed as by Webster and William Rowley, but the joint authorship of Webster in the latter is now generally denied. Beside plays Webster wrote commendatory verses, elegies, and a pageant for the Company of Merchant Taylors. Nothing is known as to the time or circumstances of his death.

Webster's most striking and characteristic work was in the dramatic type known as the Tragedy of Blood. He had made additions to Marston's *Malcontent*, and had much in common with that gloomy and saturnine genius. He chose the same Italian scenes and characters for his two great tragedies; he shows the same cynical and sardonic humour; and betrays the same fondness for figures and images drawn from the gloomier aspects of nature, and for the quotation of Latin tags. In *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* he creates an atmosphere of dark and violent passions. Cruelty and murder, sin and sorrow, madness and death, are the materials with which he works. The churchyard, the charnel-house, the madhouse, are his favourite scenes. His characters are of Italian cruelty, lust, and treachery. In one play what varying forms and degrees of wickedness are shown by Brachiano, Vittoria, Flamineo, Zanche, Ludovico, and Julio! The commonest words are *devil* and *hell*. The death-scenes of Brachiano and the Duchess are full of undigested horrors. In *The White Devil* there is no dramatic relief, except by satire. In *The Duchess of Malfi* pity is mingled with terror. He revels in weird uncanny images taken from loathsome and repulsive objects, or from abstruse and fabulous properties of things. His outlook upon life is sombre, melancholy, and somewhat morbid.

But his work was not confined to the Tragedy of Blood; and in *The Devil's Law-Case* and *Appius and Virginia* the intensity of these characteristics is somewhat toned down. There is the same terseness and pregnancy of phrase, the same serious and reflective spirit, the same biting satire on social follies and vices; but the theory of life is broader and healthier, the general atmosphere less gloomy and depressing. In all his plays, except in *Appius and Virginia*, there is a lack of unity and directness in the plot; the interest has a tendency to dissipate itself into a number of subsidiary channels, instead of keeping to one main stream. This is perhaps due to his conscientious elaboration of even his minor characters to the detriment of proportion. In some cases the play seems to be continued after the climax has been reached.

Hazlitt speaks of Webster's two great plays as coming the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have on record. But, as Dr. Ward says, while he can, like Shakespeare, 'reveal dramatically by truthful touches the secrets of human nature,' he rarely 'exhibits dramatically the development of character under the influence of incident.'

The text is based upon the old Quartos compared with Dyce's edition (1857).

A. THE WHITE DEVIL

ACT I, SC. II.

The Duke of Brachiano, in love with Vittoria Corombona, wife of Camillo, has been brought to her by her brother, Flameneo. Cornelia is the mother of Vittoria and Flameneo, and Zanche, Vittoria's waiting-woman.

Enter Brachiano. Zanche brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions. Vittoria and Flameneo are already on the stage; Flameneo stands aside.

Brach. Give credit, I could wish time would stand still,
And never end this interview, this hour:
But all delight doth itself soon'st devour.

Enter Cornelia behind, listening.

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows:
Loose me not, madam; for, if you forgo me,
I am lost eternally.

5

Vit. Sir, in the way of pity,
I wish you heart-whole.

Brach. You are a sweet physician.

Vit. Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals;
It takes away their credit.

10

Brach. Excellent creature!
We call the cruel fair: what name for you
That are so merciful?

Zan. See, now they close.

Flam. Most happy union. [*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*]

Cor. My fears are fall'n upon me: oh, my heart!
My son the pander! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyrannized, iron, lead, or stone;
But, woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none!

15

Brach. What value is this jewel?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament
Of a weak fortune.

20

Brach. In sooth, I'll have it; nay, I will but change
My jewel for your jewel.

Flam. Excellent!

His jewel for her jewel:—well put in, duke. [*Aside.*]

Brach. Nay, let me see you wear it.

25 *Vit.* Here, sir?

Brach. Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel lower.

Flam. That's better; she must wear his jewel lower.

[*Aside.*]

Vit. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.

Brach. Most wishedly.

30 *Vit.* A foolish idle dream.

Methought I walked about the mid of night
Into a churchyard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground. Under that yew,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave

35 Chequered with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your duchess and my husband: one of them
A pickaxe bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they gan to challenge me
About this yew.

Brach. That tree?

Vit. This harmless yew:

40 They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant i' th' stead of it
A withered blackthorn; and for that they vowed
To bury me alive. My husband straight
With pickaxe gan to dig, and your fell duchess
45 With shovel, like a Fury, voided out
The earth, and scattered bones. Lord, how, methought,
I trembled! and yet, for all this terror,
I could not pray.

Flam. No; the devil was in your dream. [*Aside.*]

Vit. When to my rescue there arose, methought,
50 A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant;
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flam. Excellent devil! she hath taught him in a dream
55 To make away his duchess and her husband. [*Aside.*]

Brach. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodged within his arms who shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband;
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess.
60 I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,

And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all. 65

Cor. [*coming forward.*] Woe to light hearts, they still
forerun our fall!

Flam. What Fury raised thee up?—Away, away!

[*Exit Zanche.*]

Cor. What make you here, my lord, this dead of night?
Never dropped mildew on a flower here
Till now.

Flam. I pray, will you go to bed, then, 70
Lest you be blasted?

Cor. Oh, that this fair garden
Had with all poisoned herbs of Thessaly
At first been planted; made a nursery
For witchcraft, rather than a burial plot
For both your honours.

Vil. Dearest mother, hear me! 75

Cor. Oh, thou dost make my brow bend to the earth
Sooner than nature? See, the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave have us in pale fears.

Brach. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Vil. Dear my lord,— 80

Cor. Where is thy duchess now, adulterous duke?
Thou little dreamd'st this night she is come to Rome!

Flam. How! come to Rome!

Vil. The duchess!

Brach. She had been better—

Cor. The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong, 85
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

Flam. So; have you done?

Cor. Unfortunate Camillo!

Vil. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allayed
His long suit to me—

Cor. I will join with thee, 90
To the most woful end e'er mother kneeled:
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's—

Brach. Fie, fie, the woman's mad.

- 95 *Cor.* Be thy act Judas-like,—betray in kissing:
May'st thou be envied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after his death!

Vit. O me accursed! [*Exit.*]

Flam. Are you out of your wits?—My lord,
I'll fetch her back again.

Brach. No, I'll to bed:

- 100 Send Doctor Julio to me presently.—

Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue
Hath raised a fearful and prodigious storm:
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm. [*Exit.*]

- Flam.* Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,
105 Is this a fitting time o' night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup.

- 110 *Cor.* What! because we are poor
Shall we be vicious?

Flam. Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the galleys or the gallows?

- My father proved himself a gentleman,
Sold all's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
115 Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
At Padua, I confess, where, I protest,
For want of means (the university judge me)
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings,
At least seven years: conspiring with a beard,
120 Made me a graduate; then to this duke's service.
I visited the court, whence I returned
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer: and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
125 To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead? No, this face of mine
I'll arm, and fortify with lusty wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. Oh, that I ne'er had borne thee!

Flam. So would I;

- 130 I would the common'st courtesan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself.

Go, go, complain unto my great lord cardinal;
Yet maybe he will justify the act.

Cor. Misery of miseries! [*Exit.*]

Flam. The duchess come to court! I like not that. 135

We are engaged to mischief, and must on:

As rivers to find out the ocean

Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks;

Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,

The way ascends not straight, but imitates 140

The subtle foldings of a winter's snake;

So who knows policy and her true aspect,

Shall find her ways winding and indirect. [*Exit.*]

ACT V, SC. I.

Flamino has murdered his brother, Marcello; and Brachiano has been assassinated by the agency of Francisco de Medicis.

Enter Francisco de Medicis.

Flam. How now! thou art sad.

Fran. I met even now with the most piteous sight. 145

Flam. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful
Degraded courtier.

Fran. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody, 150
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.

Flam. I will see them. 155

Fran. 'Twere much uncharity in you; for your sight.
Will add unto their tears.

Flam. I will see them:
They are behind the traverse; I'll discover
Their superstitious howling. [*Draws the curtain.*]

*Cornelia, Zanche, and three other Ladies discovered winding
Marcello's corse. A Song.*

Cor. This rosemary is withered; pray, get fresh. 160
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,

I'll tie a garland here about his head;
 'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
 165 I have kept this twenty year, and every day
 Hallowed it with my prayers: I did not think
 He should have wore it.

Zan. Look you who are yonder.

Cor. Oh, reach me the flowers.

Zan. Her ladyship's foolish.

Lady. Alas, her grief

Hath turned her child again!

170 *Cor.* You're very welcome:
 There's rosemary for you;—and rue for you;—

[*To Flamineo.*]

Heart's-case for you; I pray make much of it:

I have left more for myself.

Fran. Lady, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Flam. So.

175 *Zan.* 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:

Can blood so soon be washed out? Let me see;

When scritch-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,

And the strange cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,

180 When yellow spots do on your hands appear,

Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.

Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad, sure.

Cowslip-water is good for the memory:

Pray, buy me three ounces of 't.

Flam. I would I were from hence!

185 *Cor.* Do you hear, sir?

I'll give you a saying which my grandmother

Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er

Unto her lute.

Flam. Do, and you will, do.

Cor. 'Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,

190 Since o'er shady groves they hover,

[*Cornelia doth this in several forms of distraction.*]

And with leaves and flowers do cover

The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

195 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,

And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm:

*But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.'*

They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them:

200

*'Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church tithes truly.'*

His wealth is summed, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.

Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.

205

Bless you all, good people.

[Exeunt Cornelia, Zanche, and Ladies.]

Flam. I have a strange thing in me, to the which

I cannot give a name, without it be

Compassion. I pray, leave me. *[Exit Francisco de Medicis.]*

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate;

210

I'll be resolved what my rich sister means

To assign me for my service. I have lived

Riotously ill, like some that live in court,

And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,

Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.

215

Oft gay and honoured robes those tortures try:

We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.

*Enter Brachiano's ghost, in his leather cassock and breeches,
and boots; with a cowl; in his hand a pot of lily-flowers,
with a skull in 't.*

Ha! I can stand thee: nearer, nearer yet.

What a mockery hath death made thee! thou look'st sad.

In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery?

220

Or in the cursèd dungeon?—No? not speak?

Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best

For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge

To answer me how long I have to live?

That's the most necessary question.

225

Not answer? are you still like some great men

That only walk like shadows up and down,

And to no purpose? say:—

[The Ghost throws earth upon him, and shows him the skull.]

What's that? Oh, fatal! he throws earth upon me!

A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers!—

230

I pray, speak, sir: our Italian church-men

Make us believe dead men hold conference

With their familiars, and many times
 Will come to bed to them, and eat with them. [*Exit Ghost.*]
 235 He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanished.
 This is beyond melancholy. I do dare my fate
 To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
 And sum up all these horrors: the disgrace
 The prince threw on me; next the piteous sight
 240 Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;
 And last this terrible vision: all these
 Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
 Or I will drown this weapon in her blood. [*Exit.*]

B. THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

ACT III, SC. V.

The Duchess of Malfi, having married Antonio Bologna, the steward of her household, is persecuted with vindictive hatred by her brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and the Cardinal, who procure her banishment from Ancona, where she had taken sanctuary at the shrine of our Lady of Loretto with her husband and children. Bosola is her gentleman of the horse, who acts as Ferdinand's intelligencer and instrument, and Cariola her woman.

Enter Duchess, Antonio, children, Cariola, and servants.

Duch. Banished Ancona!

Ant. Yes, you see what power
 Lightens in great men's breath.

Duch. Is all our train
 Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. These poor men,
 Which have got little in your service, vow
 5 To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,
 Now they are fledged, are gone.

Duch. They have done wisely.
 This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,
 With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
 Their patients.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world:
 10 From decayed fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
 Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.

Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.

Ant. What was 't?

Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,

'And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were changed to pearls.

Ant. My interpretation 15
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.

Duch. The birds that live i' th' field
On the wild benefit of nature live
Happier than we: for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring. 20

Enter Bosola with a letter.

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.

Duch. From my brother?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your brother
All love and safety.

Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief.
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair 25
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*]

'Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business.'

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead. 30

And here's another pitfall that's strewed o'er
With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one: [*Reads.*]

'I stand engaged for your husband for several debts at
Naples: let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart
than his money:'— 35

And I believe so too.

Bos. What do you believe?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it: the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles. 40

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you.

Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin: tell them so. 45

Bos. And what from you?

Ant. Thus tell him; I will not come.

Bos. And what of this?

Ant. My brothers have dispersed

Bloodhounds abroad ; which till I hear are muzzled,
 No truce, though hatched with ne'er such politic skill,
 50 Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
 I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaims your breeding :
 Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
 As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir :
 You shall shortly hear from 's. [Exit.]

Duch. I suspect some ambush :
 55 Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
 To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
 Let us not venture all this poor remainder
 In one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsel safely.
 Best of my life, farewell, since we must part :
 60 Heaven hath a hand in't ; but no otherwise
 Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
 A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
 To bring 't in better order.

Duch. I know not which is best,
 To see you dead, or part with you.—Farewell, boy :
 65 Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
 To know thy misery ; for all our wit
 And reading brings us to a truer sense
 Of sorrow.—In the eternal church, sir,
 I do hope we shall not part thus.

Ant. Oh, be of comfort !
 70 Make patience a noble fortitude,
 And think not how unkindly we are used :
 Man, like to cassia, is proved best, being bruised.

Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,
 Account it praise to suffer tyranny ?
 75 And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't !
 I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
 And compared myself to 't : naught made me e'er
 Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Ant. Do not weep :
 Heaven fashioned us of nothing ; and we strive
 80 To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
 And thy sweet armful.—If I do never see thee more,
 Be a good mother to your little ones,
 And save them from the tiger : fare you well.

Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech

Came from a dying father: your kiss is colder 85
 Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
 Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant. My heart is turned to a heavy lump of lead,
 With which I sound my danger: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Antonio and his son.*]

Duch. My laurel is all withered. 90

Car. Look, madam, what a troop of armèd men
 Make toward us.

Duch. Oh, they are very welcome:
 When Fortune's wheel is over-charged with princes,
 The weight makes it move swift: I would have my ruin
 Be sudden.

Re-enter Bosola visarded, with a guard.

I am your adventure, am I not? 95

Bos. You are: you must see your husband no more.

Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeits heaven's
 thunder?

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me whether
 Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
 Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them 100
 To the nets? you have heark'ned to the last too much.

Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'er-charged cannon
 Shall I never fly in pieces?—Come, to what prison?

Bos. To none.

Duch. Whither, then?

Bos. To your palace.

Duch. I have heard 105
 That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
 The dismal lake, but brings none back again.

Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Duch. Pity!

With such a pity men preserve alive
 Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
 To be eaten. 110

Bos. These are your children?

Duch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle?

Duch. No:

But I intend, since they were born accursed,
 Curses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fie, madam!

Forget this base, low fellow,—

Duch.

Were I a man,

¹¹⁵ I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bos. One of no birth.

Duch.

Say that he was born mean,

Man is most happy when's own actions

Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.

¹²⁰ *Duch.* I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?

Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.

A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,

Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her

With this rough language; 'Why art thou so bold

¹²⁵ To mix thyself with our high state of floods,

Being no eminent courtier, but one

That for the calmest and fresh time o' th' year

Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself

With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou

¹³⁰ Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?

'Oh,' quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:

Thank Jupiter we both have passed the net!

Our value never can be truly known,

Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:

¹³⁵ I th' market then my price may be the higher,

Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'

So to great men the moral may be stretched;

Men oft are valued high, when th' are most wretch'd.—

But come, whither you please. I am armed 'gainst misery;

¹⁴⁰ Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:

There's no deep valley but near some great hill. [*Exeunt.*]

C. THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE

ACT V, SC. IV.

Romelio, being about to fight a duel, is visited by a Capuchin.

Cap. Will you pray with me?

Rom.

No, no, the world and I

Have not made up our accounts yet.

Cap. Shall I pray for you?

Rom. Whether you do or no, I care not.

⁵ *Cap.* Oh, you have a dangerous voyage to take!

Rom. No matter, I will be mine own pilot :
Do not you trouble your head with the business.

Cap. Pray, tell me, do not you meditate of death?

Rom. Phew, I took out that lesson,
When I once lay sick of an ague : I do now 10
Labour for life, for life. Sir, can you tell me,
Whether your Toledo or your Milan blade
Be best tempered?

Cap. These things, you know,
Are out of my practice.

Rom. But these are things, you know,
I must practise with to-morrow.

Cap. Were I in your case, 15
I should present to myself strange shadows.

Rom. Turn you,—were I in your case, I should laugh
At mine own shadow. Who has hired you
To make me coward?

Cap. I would make you a good Christian. 20

Rom. Withal let me continue
An honest man; which I am very certain
A coward can never be. You take upon you
A physician's place, rather than a divine's :
You go about to bring my body so low, 25
I should fight i' the lists to-morrow like a dormouse,
And be made away in a slumber.

Cap. Did you murder Contarino?

Rom. That's a scurvy question now.

Cap. Why, sir?

Rom. Did you ask it as a confessor, or as a spy? 30

Cap. As one that fain would juggle the devil
Out of your way.

Rom. Um, you are but weakly made for't :
He's a cunning wrestler, I can tell you, and has broke
Many a man's neck.

Cap. But to give him the foil
Goes not by strength.

Rom. Let it go by what it will. 35
Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am hungry.

Cap. Here's food for you. [*Offering him a book.*]

Rom. Phew, I am not to commence doctor ;
For then the word, 'Devour that book,' were proper.
I am to fight, to fight, sir ; and I'll do't,
As I would feed, with a good stomach.

- 40 *Cap.* Can you feed,
And apprehend death?
Rom. Why, sir, is not death
A hungry companion? say, is not the grave
Said to be a great devourer? Get me some victuals :
I knew a man that was to lose his head
45 Feed with an excellent good appetite,
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before ;
And if he did it that only was to speak,
What should I that am to do?

- Cap.* This confidence,
If it be grounded upon truth, 'tis well.
50 *Rom.* You must understand that resolution
Should ever wait upon a noble death,
As captains bring their soldiers out o' the field,
And come off last ; for, I pray, what is death ?
The safest trench i' the world to keep man free
55 From fortune's gunshot : to be afraid of that,
Would prove me weaker than a teeming woman,
That does endure a thousand times more pain
In bearing of a child.

- Cap.* Oh, I tremble for you !
For I do know you have a storm within you
60 More terrible than a sea-fight, and, your soul
Being heretofore drowned in security,
You know not how to live nor how to die :
But I have an object that shall startle you,
And make you know whither you are going.
65 *Rom.* I am armed for't.

D. APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

ACT II, SC. III.

Appius Claudius, the Decemvir, being enamoured of Virginia, betrothed to Icilius, has tempted her by his secretary, Marcus Claudius.

Enter Appius Claudius with Lictors afore him. Icilius and Marcus Claudius are on the stage.

App. Be gone ; this place is only spared for us,
[*Exeunt Lictors.*]

And you, Icilius. Now your business.

Icil. May I speak it freely?

App. We have suffering ears,

A heart the softest down may penetrate:
Proceed.

Icil. My lord—

App. We are private; pray, your courtesy. 5

Icil. My duty—

App. Leave that to the public eye

Of Rome and of Rome's people.—Claudius, there!

Mar. My lord?

App. Place me a second chair; that done,

Remove yourself. So, now your absence, Claudius.

[*Exit* Claudius.]

Icilius, sit: this grace we make not common 10

Unto the noblest Roman, but to you

Our love affords it freely. Now your suit?

Icil. It is, you would be kind unto the camp.

App. Wherein, Icilius, doth the camp touch thee?

Icil. Thus: old Virginius, now my father-in-law, 15

Kept from the public pay, consumes himself,

Sells his revenues, turns his plate to coin,

To wage his soldiers and supply the camp;

Wasting that useful substance which indeed

Should rise to me as my Virginia's dower. 20

App. We meet that opposition thus, Icilius:

The camp's supplies doth not consist in us,

But those that keep the common treasury;

Speak or entreat we may, but not command.

But, sir, I wonder you, so brave a youth, 25

Son to a thrifty Roman, should ally you

And knit your strong arms to such falling branches

Which rather in their ruin will bear down

Your strength, than you support their rottenness.

Be swayed by me; fly from that ruinous house, 30

Whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,

Whose bases are of marble, deeply fixed

To maugre all gusts and impending storms.

Cast off that beggar's daughter, poor Virginia,

Whose dowry and beauty I'll see trebled both 35

In one allied to me. Smile you, Icilius?

Icil. My lord, -my lord, think you I can imagine

Your close and sparing hand can be profuse

To give that man a palace whom you late

Denied a cottage? Will you from your own coffers 40

Grant me a treble dowry, yet interpose me

A poor third from the common treasury?

You must move me by possibilities,

For I have brains: give first your hand and seal,

45 That old Virginius shall receive his pay,

Both for himself and soldiers; and, that done,

I shall perhaps be soon induced to think

That you, who with such willingness did that,—

App. Is my love misprized?

Icil.

Not to Virginia.

App. Virginia!

50 *Icil.* Yes, Virginia, lustful lord.

I did but trace your cunning all this while:

You would bestow me on some Appian trull,

And for that dross to cheat me of my gold:

For this the camp pines, and the city smarts:

55 All Rome fares worse for thy incontinence.

App. Mine, boy!

Icil. Thine, judge. This hand hath intercepted

Thy letters, and perused thy tempting gifts;

These ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch!

These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscribed.

A judge? a devil!

60 *App.* Come, I'll hear no more.

Icil. Sit still, or, by the powerful gods of Rome,

I'll nail thee to the chair: but suffer me,

I'll offend nothing but thine ears.

App.

Our secretary!

Icil. Tempt not a lover's fury: if thou dost,

65 Now, by my vow insculped in heaven, I'll send thee—

App. You see I am patient.

Icil.

But withal revengeless.

App. So, say on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour:

I am so covetous of Virginia's love,

70 I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch:

Divide one bare imaginary thought

Into a thousand thousand parts, and that

I'll not afford thee.

App.

Thou shalt not.

Icil.

Nay, I will not:

Hadst thou a judge's place above those judges

75 That judge all souls, having power to sentence me,

I would not bribe thee, no, not with one hair

From her fair temples.

App. Thou shouldst not.

Icil. Nay, I would not.

Think not her beauty shall have leave to crown
Thy lustful hopes with the least spark of bliss,
Or have thine ears charmed with the ravishing sound 80
Even of her harshest phrase.

App. I will not.

Icil. Nay, thou shalt not.

She's mine ; my soul is crowned in her desire ;
To her I'd travel through a land of fire.

App. Now, have you done ?

Icil. I have spoke my thoughts.

App. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak ? 85

Icil. I pray, say on.

App. Icilius, I must chide you, and withal
Tell you your rashness hath made forfeiture
Even of your precious life, which we esteem
Too dear to call in question. If I wished you 90
Of my alliance, grafted into my blood,
Condemn you me for that ? Oh, see the rashness
And blind misprision of distemp'rd youth !
As for the maid Virginia, we are far
Even in least thought from her ; and for those letters, 95
Tokens, and presents, we acknowledge none.
Alas, though great in place, we are not gods :
If any false impostor hath usurped
Our hand or greatness in his own behoof,
Can we help that ? Icilius, there's our hand ; 100
Your rashness we remit : let's have hereafter
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,
Repair to us at both your better leisures,
We'll breathe in it new life.

Icil. I crave your pardon.

App. Granted ere craved, my good Icilius.

Icil. Morrow. 105

App. It is no more, indeed. Morrow, Icilius.

If any of our servants wait without,
Command them in.

Icil. I shall.

App. Our secretary,—

We have use for him ; Icilius, send him hither :

Again, good-morrow. [*Exit Icilius.*] 110

Go to thy death; thy life is doomed and cast.
 Appius, be circumspect, and be not rash
 In blood, as th'art in lust: be murderous still;
 But when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

XXII

CYRIL TOURNEUR

1575(?)—1626.

FOR many years nothing was known about the life of Tourneur, but it has recently been discovered (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*) that he was born about 1575, and was probably the son of Captain Richard Turnor or Turner, water-bailiff of Brill (one of the 'cautionary towns' taken over by the English from the Dutch in 1585), and lieutenant-governor of the same place in 1596. Cyril, who through his father had interest with Essex and the Cecils, obtained employment in the Low Countries, and in 1613 was engaged in carrying letters on the king's service to Brussels. He seems to have remained there for some years, and to have received an annuity of £60 from the government of the United Provinces. In 1625 he was provisionally appointed by Sir Edward Cecil secretary to the council of war for the projected expedition to Cadiz. This was subsequently cancelled, but he accompanied the expedition as secretary to the lord marshal, sailing in Cecil's flagship, 'The Royal Anne,' which, after the failure of the expedition, landed him, with other sick, at Kinsale, Dec. 11, 1625. He died in Ireland, Feb. 28, 1626, leaving his widow destitute.

The *Revenger's Tragedy* was printed in 1607, and *The Atheist's Tragedy* in 1611, but from internal evidence the latter is generally considered to be much earlier in composition. Beside these two extant plays he wrote *The Nobleman* (acted 1612), which was burnt by Warburton's cook, and a satire, entitled *The Transformed Metamorphosis* (1600).

Tourneur belonged to the same school as Webster, but he was an inferior artist. His *Revenger's Tragedy* (apart from the great scenes quoted by Lamb) is a medley of horrible imaginings and ghastly atrocities, in which all the chief characters seek revenge for various wrongs, and perish miserably in its attainment. The effect is produced rather by violent and unnatural situations than by genuine pity and terror. The whole atmosphere is pessimistic and decadent. As Lamb says of writers inferior to Webster, he 'mistakes quantity for quality,' his 'terrors want dignity,' his 'affrightments are without decorum.' His style is limpid and fluent, with more smoothness and regularity, but less condensation of phrase than Webster's.

The text is that of the Quartos, compared with Mr. Churton Collins's edition (1878).

A. THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY

ACT V, SC. II.

D'Amville, the Atheist, in order to enrich himself and his family, has murdered his brother, Montferrers, and forced Castabella, daughter of Belforest, who was betrothed to Montferrers' son, Charlemont, to marry his elder son, Rousard, an invalid. Charlemont in self-defence has killed Borachio, whom D'Amville sent to assassinate him, and has been apprehended on a charge of murder. In the moment of his apparent success D'Amville has lost both his sons, Rousard through disease, and Sebastian by the sword of Belforest, whose wife he had wronged.

A Court of Justice. Enter D'Amville distractedly with the hearses of his two sons borne after him.

D'Am. Judgement ! Judgement !

2 Judge. Judgement, my lord, in what ?

D'Am. Your judgements must resolve me in a case.

Bring in the bodies. Nay, I will ha' it tried.

This is the case, my lord. By providence,

Even in a moment, by the only hurt 5

Of one, or two, or three at most, and those

Put quickly out o' pain too, mark me, I

Had wisely raised a competent estate

To my posterity. And is there not 10

More wisdom and more charity in that

Than for your lordship, or your father, or

Your grandsire to prolong the torment and

The rack of rent from age to age upon

Your poor penurious tenants, yet perhaps

Without a penny profit to your heir ? 15

Is't not more wise ? more charitable ? Speak.

1 Judge. He is distracted :

D'Am. How ? distracted ? Then

You ha' no judgement. I can give you sense

And solid reason for the very least

Distinguishable syllable I speak. 20

Since my thrift

Was more judicious than your grandsire's ; why

I would fain know why your lordship lives to make

A second generation from your father,

And the whole fry of my posterity 25

Extinguished in a moment; not a brat
Left to succeed me.—I would fain know that.

2 *Judge.* Grief for his children's death distempers him.

1 *Judge.* My lord, we will resolve you of your question.
30 In the meantime vouchsafe your place with us.

D'Am. I am contented, so you will resolve me. [*Ascends.*]

Enter Charlemont and Castabella.

2 *Judge.* Now Monsieur Charlemont, you are accused
Of having murdered one Borachio, that
Was servant to my Lord D'Amville. How can
35 You clear yourself? Guilty or not guilty?

Char. Guilty of killing him, but not of murder.

My lords, I have no purpose to desire
Remission for myself.— [*D'Amville descends to Charlemont.*]

D'Am. Uncivil boy!

Thou want'st humanity to smile at grief.
40 Why dost thou cast a cheerful eye upon
The object of my sorrow—my dead sons?

1 *Judge.* O good my lord, let charity forbear
To vex the spirit of a dying man.

A cheerful eye upon the face of death
45 Is the true count'nance of a noble mind.
For honour's sake, my lord, molest it not.

D'Am. Y'are all uncivil. Oh! is't not enough
That he unjustly hath conspired with Fate
To cut off my posterity for him

50 To be the heir to my possessions,
But he must needs pursue me with his presence,
And, in the ostentation of his joy,
Laugh in my face and glory in my grief?

Char. D'Amville, to show thee with what light respect
55 I value death and thy insulting pride,
Thus, like a warlike navy on the sea,
Bound for the conquest of some wealthy land,
Passed through the stormy troubles of this life,
And now arrived upon the armèd coast,

60 In expectation of the victory
Whose honour lies beyond this exigent,
Through mortal danger, with an active spirit
Thus I aspire to undergo my death. [*Leaps up the scaffold.*]

Castabella leaps after him.

Cas. And thus I second thy brave enterprise.

Be cheerful, Charlemont. Our lives, cut off 65
 In our young prime of years, are like green herbs
 Wherewith we strow the hearses of our friends.
 For, as their virtue, gathered when th' are green,
 Before they wither or corrupt, is best ;
 So we in virtue are the best for death, 70
 While yet we have not lived to such an age
 That the increasing canker of our sins
 Hath spread too far upon us.—

D'Am. A boon, my lords !

I beg a boon.

1 Judge. What's that, my lord ?

D'Am. His body, when 'tis dead, 75

For an anatomy.

2 Judge. For what, my lord ?

D'Am. Your understanding still comes short o' mine.

I would find out by his anatomy

What thing there is in nature more exact
 Than in the constitution of myself. 80

Methinks my parts and my dimensions are
 As many, as large, as well composed as his ;
 And yet in me the resolution wants
 To die with that assurance as he does.

The cause of that in his anatomy 85
 I would find out.

1 Judge. Be patient and you shall.

D'Am. I have bethought me of a better way.—

Nephew, we must confer. Sir, I am grown
 A wondrous student now o' late. My wit
 Has reached beyond the scope of Nature, yet 90
 For all my learning I am still to seek
 From whence the peace of conscience should proceed.

Char. The peace of conscience rises in itself.

D'Am. Whether it be thy art or nature, I

Admire thee, Charlemont. Why, thou hast taught 95

A woman to be valiant. I will beg
 Thy life.—My lords, I beg my nephew's life.—

I'll make thee my physician : thou shalt read
 Philosophy to me. I will find out
 Th' efficient cause of a contented mind. 100

But if I cannot profit in't, then 'tis
 No more good being my physician,
 But infuse

- A little poison in a potion when
 105 Thou giv'st me physic, unawares to me.
 So I shall steal into my grave without
 The understanding or the fear of death.
 And that's the end I aim at. For the thought
 Of death is a most fearful torment; is it not?
 110 2 *Judge*. Your lordship interrupts the course of law.
 1 *Judge*. Prepare to die.

Char. My resolution's made.

- But ere I die, before this honoured bench,
 With the free voice of a departing soul,
 I here protest this gentlewoman clear
 115 Of all offence the law condemns her for.
Cas. I have accused myself: the law wants power
 To clear me. My dear Charlemont, with thee
 I will partake of all thy punishments.

- Char*. Uncle, for all the wealthy benefits
 120 My death advances you, grant me but this:
 Your mediation for the guiltless life
 Of Castabella, whom your conscience knows
 As justly clear as harmless innocence.

- D'Am*. Freely: my mediation for her life,
 125 And all my interest in the world to boot;
 Let her but in exchange possess me of
 The resolution that she dies withal.—
 The price of things is best known in their want.
 Had I her courage, so I value it,
 130 The Indies should not buy't out o' my hands.

Char. Give me a glass of water.

D'Am. Me of wine.—

This argument of death congeals my blood.
 Cold fear, with apprehension of thy end,
 Hath frozen up the rivers of my veins.—

[*A glass of wine given him.*]

- 135 I must drink wine to warm me and dissolve
 The obstruction; or an apoplexy will
 Possess me.—Why, thou uncharitable knave,
 Dost bring me blood to drink? The very glass
 Looks pale and trembles at it.

Ser. 'Tis your hand, my lord.

- 140 *D'Am*. Canst blame me to be fearful, bearing still
 The presence of a murderer about me?

Char. Is this water?

Ser. Water, sir. [*A glass of water.*]

Char. Come, thou clear emblem of cool temperance,
Be thou my witness that I use no art 145
To force my courage, nor have need of helps
To raise my spirits, like those weaker men
Who mix their blood with wine, and out of that
Adulterate conjunction do beget
A bastard valour. Native courage, thanks. 150
Thou lead'st me soberly to undertake
This great hard work of magnanimity.

D'Am. Brave Charlemont, at the reflexion of
Thy courage my cold fearful blood takes fire,
And I begin to emulate thy death.— 155
Is that thy executioner? My lords,
You wrong the honour of so high a blood
To let him suffer by so base a hand.

Judges. He suffers by the form of law, my lord.

D'Am. I will reform it. Down, you shag-haired cur! 160
The instrument that strikes my nephew's blood
Shall be as noble as his blood. I'll be
Thy executioner myself.

Judge. Restrain his fury. Good my lord, forbear.

D'Am. I'll butcher out the passage of his soul 165
That dares attempt to interrupt the blow.

Judge. My lord, the office will impress a mark
Of scandal and dishonour on your name.

Char. The office fits him: hinder not his hand,
But let him crown my resolution with 170
An unexampled dignity of death.

Strike home. Thus I submit me. [*Ready for execution.*]

Cas. So do I.

In scorn of death thus hand in hand we die.

D'Am. I ha' the trick on't, nephew. You shall see
How eas'ly I can put you out of pain.—Oh! 175

[*As he raises up the axe, strikes out his own brains.*]

[*Staggers off the scaffold.*]

Ex. In lifting up the axe
I think he's knocked his brains out.

D'Am. What murderer was he that lifted up
My hand against my head?

Judge. None but yourself, my lord. 180

D'Am. I thought he was a murderer that did it.

Judge. God forbid!

- D'Am.* Forbid? You lie, judge. He commanded it,
 To tell thee that man's wisdom is a fool.
 185 I came to thee for judgement, and thou think'st
 Thyself a wise man. I outreached thy wit,
 And made thy justice murder's instrument
 In Castabella's death and Charlemont's,
 To crown my murder of Montferrers with
 190 A safe possession of his wealthy state.
Char. I claim the just advantage of his words.
Judge. Descend the scaffold, and attend the rest.
D'Am. There was the strength of natural understanding.
 But Nature is a fool. There is a power
 195 Above her, that hath overthrown the pride
 Of all my projects and posterity,
 For whose surviving blood
 I had erected a proud monument,
 And struck 'em dead before me, for whose deaths
 200 I called to thee for judgement. Thou didst want
 Discretion for the sentence: but yond power
 That struck me knew the judgement I deserved,
 And gave it.—Oh, the lust of Death commits
 A rape upon me as I would ha' done
 205 On Castabella. [Dies.]

B. THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY

ACT III, SC. I.

Lussurioso, the Duke's son by his first wife, having attacked his father in mistake for another, has been condemned to death, but afterwards, on the intercession of the nobles, reprieved. The Duchess' youngest son by a former marriage is in prison for an act of violence, and her other sons, Ambitioso and Supervacuo, intending to precipitate the execution of Lussurioso, unwittingly cause the death of their own brother.

- Sup.* Brother, let my opinion sway you once,—
 I speak it for the best,—to have him die
 Surest and soonest; if the signet come
 Unto the judges' hands, why then his doom
 5 Will be deferred till sittings and court-days,
 Juries, and further.—Faiths are bought and sold;
 Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth, 'tis true too!

Sup. Then let's set by the judges.
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning; and where he named 10
'Ere many days,' 'tis but forgetting that
And have him die i' th' morning.

Amb. Excellent!
Then am I heir—duke in a minute!

Sup. [*aside.*] Nay,
And he were once puffed out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.

Amb. Blest occasion! 15
He being packed, we'll have some trick and wile
To wind our younger brother out of prison.

Sup. We may with safety do't, and live and feed;
The duchess' sons are too proud to bleed.

Amb. We are, i' faith, to say true.—Come, let's not linger. 20
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.

Sup. Let me alone to grind. [*Exit.*]

Amb. Meet farewell!
I am next now; I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off; upon thy neck, kind brother, 25
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter with the nobles, Lussurioso from prison.

Luss. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O this delivery—

1 *Noble.* Put our duties,
My lord, unto the hopes that grow in you.

Luss. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you. 30
O liberty, thou sweet and heavenly dame!
But hell for prison is too mild a name. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Ambitoso and Supervacuo with officers.

Amb. Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son; we are sorry 35
That we are so unnaturally employed

In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

Sup. But you know

The duke's command must be obeyed.

40 *1 Off.* It must, and shall, my lord. This morning then,
So suddenly?

Amb. Ay, alas, poor good soul,
He must break fast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2 Off. Already?

45 *Sup.* Already, i' faith. O sir, destruction hies,
And that that is least impudent soonest dies.

1 Off. Troth, you say true, my lord. We take our leaves:
Our office shall be found; we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.

Amb. Therein you show
50 Yourselfs good men and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?

55 *1 Off.* It shall be done, my lord.

Amb. Why, we do thank you; if we live to be—
You shall have a better office.

2 Off. Your good lordship.

Sup. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

1 Off. We'll weep, and do your commendations. [*Exeunt.*]

Amb. Fine fools in office!

60 *Sup.* Things fall out so fit.

Amb. So happily. Come, brother; ere next clock
His head will be made serve a bigger block. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter, in prison, Junior Brother.

Jun. Keeper.

Keep. My lord?

Jun. No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?

65 *Keep.* My lord, a messenger came newly in,
And brought this from 'em.

Jun. Nothing but paper comforts.
I looked for my delivery before this,

Had they been worth their oaths.—Prithee, be from us.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Now, what say you, forsooth? Speak out, I pray.

[*Reads the letter.*] 'Brother, be of good cheer; 70

Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.'

Not five and thirty year like a bankrout, I think so.

'We have thought upon a device to get thee out by trick.'

By a trick? Plague o' your trick, and it be so long playing.

'And so, rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly.' 75

Be merry! hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll be mad. Well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be long a prisoner.

Re-enter Keeper.

How now, what news? 80

Keeper. Bad news, my lord; I am discharged of you.

Jun. Slave, call'st thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.

Keeper. My lord, 'twill prove so; here come the officers, into whose hands I must commit you.

Jun.

Ha, officers!

What? why?

Enter Officers.

1 *Off.* You must pardon us, my lord: 85

Our office must be found; here is our warrant,

The signet from the duke: you must straight suffer.

Jun. Suffer!

I'll suffer you to be gone; I'll suffer you

To come no more. What would you have me suffer? 90

2 *Off.* My lord, those words were better changed to prayers:

The time's but brief with you; prepare to die.

Jun. Sure, 'tis not so.

3 *Off.* It is too true, my lord.

Jun. I tell you 'tis not; for the duke, my father,

Deferred me till next sitting; and I look, 95

E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,

For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1 *Off.* A trick, my lord? if you expect such comfort,

Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman.

Your brothers were the unhappy messengers

That brought this powerful token for your death. 100

Jun. My brothers? no, no.

2 Off. 'Tis most true, my lord.

Jun. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How strange this shows!

3 Off. There's no delaying time.

105 *Jun.* Desire 'em hither—call 'em up—my brothers.
They shall deny it to your faces.

1 Off. My lord,

They're far enough by this, at least at court;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em:
When grief swum in their eyes, they showed like brothers,
110 Brimful of heavy sorrow; 'but the duke
Must have his pleasure.'

Jun. His pleasure?

1 Off. These were their last words which my memory
bears:

'Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.'

Jun. Plague dry their tears! What should I do with tears?
115 I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt water. Here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their pens, scarce stinted yet—
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it!—
Look you, officious rascals, words of comfort:
'Not long a prisoner.'

120 *1 Off.* It says true in that, sir,
For you must suffer presently.

Jun. A villanous Duns

Upon the letter, knavish exposition!

Look you then here, sir: 'we'll get thee out by a trick,' says he.

2 Off. That may hold too, sir; for you know a trick is
125 commonly four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Jun. Worse and worse dealing.

1 Off. The hour beckons us:

The headsman waits; lift up your eyes to heaven.

Jun. I thank you, faith; good pretty wholesome counsel!
I should look up to heaven, as you said,

130 Whilst he behind me cosens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

3 Off. You delay too long, my lord.

Jun. Stay, good authority's bastards: since I must
Through brothers' perjury die, oh, let me venom
Their souls with curses!

1 Off. Come, 'tis no time to curse. [*Exeunt.*]

XXIII

JOHN FORD

1586—1640 (?).

JOHN FORD was baptized on the 17th of April, 1586, at Ilshington in Devonshire; matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1601; and entered the Middle Temple in 1602. In 1606 he published an elegy on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, and a tract with congratulatory poems on the occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark to England. Another tract, called *A Line of Life*, appeared in 1620. *The Lover's Melancholy* was performed in 1628 and printed in the following year. *'Tis Pity, The Broken Heart*, and *Love's Sacrifice* were published in 1633, being followed the next year by *The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck*. *The Fancies Chaste and Noble* was printed in 1638, and *The Lady's Trial* in 1639, though probably acted the year before.

Ford also collaborated with Dekker and William Rowley in *The Witch of Edmonston* (produced about 1621, printed 1658); with Dekker in *The Sun's Darling* (printed 1656), another masque, called *The Fairy Knight*, and a play, *The Bristowe Merchant*; and with Webster in *A Murder of a Son upon a Mother*. The last three were all licensed in 1624, but not printed. Four other plays, destroyed by Warburton's cook, are doubtfully attributed to him. On the death of Ben Jonson in 1637 he contributed to the *Jonsonus Virbius*. Nothing further is known of him after that date.

Ford, like Webster and Tourneur, though in a different way, in spite of his undoubted genius, belongs in spirit as well as in time to the period of dramatic decadence. His distinctive note is a pensive, melancholy, plaintive sweetness. As Gifford says of one of his most characteristic tragedies, his poetry is 'too seductive for the subject, and flings a soft and soothing light over what in its natural state would glare with salutary and repulsive horror.' Like Beaumont and Fletcher he recalls by contrast Coleridge's criterion of Shakespeare, that 'he keeps at all times in the high road of life . . . he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue.' He deals chiefly with the passion of love; but he deals with it too often in a sentimental, maudlin, and unhealthy way, though at times he shows himself capable of treating it with tenderness, purity, and pathos. In his one excursion into the realm of historical drama he succeeded in producing in *Perkin Warbeck* a play 'admirably conducted, adorned with poetic sentiment and expression, full of fine discrimination of character and affecting incidents.' It ranks as one

of the best of the histories after Shakespeare. His comedies are deficient in genuine humour, the comic passages being rather burlesque or farce than true pictures of character or manners. His lyrics are sweet and graceful. His general style is pure, harmonious, and dignified, with a peculiar sweetness of cadence and delicacy of rhythm anticipating some of the finest effects of Keats and Tennyson.

The text is taken from the Quartos, compared with Dyce's revision of Gifford (1869).

A. THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY

ACT IV, Sc. III.

Palador, the young prince of Cyprus, had been betrothed by his father, the late king, to Eroclea, daughter of Meleander; but she, being in danger, was conveyed by her faithful servant, Rhetias, to Athens, disguised as a boy. There she was found by Menaphon, the nephew of Meleander, and brought back to Cyprus as his page, under the name of Parthenophil. To cure the lover's melancholy of the prince Palador, Corax, a physician, presented a masque, in which Eroclea, as Parthenophil, took one of the parts.

Pal. Some angry power cheats with rare delusions
My credulous sense; the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me:—the physician
Presented a strange masque, the view of it
5 Puzzled my understanding: but the boy—

Enter Rhetias.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs:
Parthenophil is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.
10 *Rhe.* I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner
for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some
trick, I am confident.
Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.
Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench in an odd private
15 lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by
possibility be discerned.
Pal. How, Rhetias!
Rhe. If it be not Parthenophil in long-coats, 'tis a spirit
in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall
20 see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him t'ee.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. [*Exit Rhetias.*]

As there is by nature

In everything created contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league 25
Between them in their kind: but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath modelled, in himself contains
Passions of several qualitie.

[*Enter Eroclea (Parthenophil) in woman's attire and listens.*]

The music

Of man's fair composition best accords 30
When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:
My heart has been untuned these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted. Living here,
We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise. 35

Ero. Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands,
As by an hourglass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:
An age of pleasures, revelled out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life, 40
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints?
Can I be nowhere private?

Ero. [*comes forward, and kneels.*] Let the substance 45
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes
As the vain sound can pass from your ear,
If no impression of a troth vowed yours
Retain a constant memory.

Pal. Stand up. [*She rises.*]
'Tis not the figure stamped upon thy cheeks, 50
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So wint'red with the tempests of affliction, 55
That the bright sun of your life-quick'ning presence

Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparelled in fresh looks.

- Pal.* Cunning impostor!
60 Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, Cruel-mercy,
65 Hast thou assumed a shape that would make treason
A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

- Ero.* The incense of my love-desires are flamed
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
70 Sir, oh, sir, turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial without pity in your scorn!

- 75 *Pal.* My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon unweave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off,
Disrobe the mantle of a feignèd sex,
And so I may be gentle: as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
80 In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee,
For my belief is armed else.—Yet, fair Subtilty,
Before we part,—for part we must,—be true:
Tell me thy country.

Ero.

Cyprus.

Pal.

Ha!—Thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal.

Hast a name?

Ero.

A name of misery;

Th' unfortunate Eroclea.

- 85 *Pal.* There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness,
Hath honesty and virtue left the time?
Are we become so impious, that to tread
The path of impudence is law and justice?—
90 Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name.

Ero.

Whilst I was lost to memory
Parthenophil did shroud my shame in change

Of sundry rare misfortunes; but since now
 I am, before I die, returned to claim
 A convoy to my grave, I must not blush 95
 To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
 Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:
 I am that woful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast
 Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:
 So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth, 100
 So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
 As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue.
 But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
 I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
 Hast thou perfumed, since tyranny first ravished 105
 The contracts of our hearts?

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
 Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried! Right; as I
 In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
 Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I, Prince Palador in mine: this gift 110
 [Shows him a tablet.]

His bounty blessed me with, the only physic
 My solitary cares have hourly took,
 To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
 To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
 With that eternal mercy which protects us. 115
 Come home, home to my heart, thou Banished-peace!
 My ecstasy of joys would speak in passion,
 But that I would not lose that part of man
 Which is reserved to entertain content.
 Eroclea, I am thine; oh, let me seize thee 120
 As my inheritance! Hymen shall now
 Set all his torches burning, to give light
 Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have lived.
 By what means been conveyed, by what preserved, 125
 By what returned, Rhetias, my trusty servant,
 Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
 The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough, instead of music, every night,
 To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close 130

Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. Oh, but my father!

Pal.

Fear not; to behold

Eroclea safe will make him young again:

It shall be our first task.—Blush, sensual follies,

135 Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure:

There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;

'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

B. THE BROKEN HEART

ACT IV, Sc. II.

Penthea, sister of Ithocles, betrothed to Orgilus, having been forced by her brother to marry Bassanes, an old nobleman, has been driven mad by his groundless jealousy and her grief for Orgilus. Philema and Christalla are maids of honour.

Enter Penthea, her hair about her ears, Ithocles, Philema, and Christalla. Orgilus and Bassanes are on the stage.

Ith. Sister, look up; your Ithocles, your brother,
Speaks t'ee; why do you weep? Dear, turn not from me.—
Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see't?

5 Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,

Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever

Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:

I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy

10 Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all Sirens, we should sing pitifully,

And 'twere a comely music, when in parts

One sung another's knell: the turtle sighs

15 When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
'A must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit

To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept

With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood

Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair

20 Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,

It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness, 25
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look 'ee, begins
To rave!—Art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been 30
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled, and for certain
I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,
My father would have picked me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards; 35
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Aetna,
And bury me in flames! sweats hot as sulphur
Boil through my pores! affliction hath in store 40
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thralldom first 45
With thine own poniard; every antic rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bandy passion! ere I'll speak a word, 50
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once. [*To Orgilus.*]

Org. Thou didst, wronged creature: in despite of malice,
For it I love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll kiss it; 55

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
 Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whispering.
 Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
 Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to Ithocles.*]

60 And yet he paid for't home; alas, his heart
 Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
 We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
 When we last gathered roses in the garden,
 I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
 That's he, and still 'tis he. [*Again pointing to Ithocles.*]

65 *Ith.* Poor soul, how idly
 Her fancies guide her tongue!
Bass. [*Aside.*] Keep in, vexation,
 And break not into clamour.

Org. [*Aside.*] She has tutored me;
 Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness.—
 Now let me kiss your hand, grieved beauty.

Pen. Kiss it,—

70 Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold;
 Dear soul, 'has lost his colour: have 'ee seen
 A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
 Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
 Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

75 *Org.* Peace usher her into Elysium!—
 If this be madness, madness is an oracle.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
 Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually: besides,

80 We cannot any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh, misery of miseries!

Pen. Take comfort;

You may live well, and die a good old man:
 By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
 If you had joined our hands once in the temple,—

85 'Twas since my father died, for had he lived
 He would have done't,—I must have called you father.—
 Oh, my wracked honour! ruined by those tyrants,
 A cruel brother and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravished wife

90 Widowed by lawless marriage; to all memory

Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:
 But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
 Of noble shame with mixtures of pollution,
 Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never height'ned
 With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fullness 95
 Whose plurisy hath fevered faith and modesty—
 Forgive me; oh, I faint!

[Falls into the arms of her attendants.]

C. PERKIN WARBECK

ACT III, SC. II.

James IV, king of Scotland, having espoused the cause of Perkin Warbeck, who claims to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of Edward IV, gives him in marriage his kinswoman, Lady Katherine Gordon, against the will of her father, the Earl of Huntley, who wished her to marry the noble Lord Dalryell, though he had formerly through ambition rejected his addresses.

Edinburgh. The Palace. Enter Huntley and Dalryell.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad gentleman:
 Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
 To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, b' enchanted
 With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabors,
 Hotch-potch of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles, 5
 Like to so many quiristers of Bedlam
 Trolling a catch! the feasts, the manly stomachs,
 The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,
 The ale in dishes never fetched from China,
 The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,— 10
 And all this for King Oberon and Queen Mab,—
 Should put a soul into 'ee. Look 'ee, good man,
 How youthful I am grown: but, by your leave,
 This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
 My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit: 15
 And yet you see how I do bear this change,
 Methinks courageously: then shake off care
 In such a time of jollity.

Dal. Alas, sir,
 How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
 Which, howsое'er you shadow, but present 20
 To any judging eye the perfect substance,
 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt.

Foh, Dalzell!

Thou interrupts the part I bear in music
 To this rare bridal-feast; let us be merry,

- 25 Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
 Tempests when they begin to roar, put out
 The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
 In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.

Dal. I wish you could as easily forget

- 30 The justice of your sorrows as my hopes
 Can yield to destiny.

Hunt.

Pish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition
 Of my apt nature: I can laugh, laugh heartily,
 When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone

- 35 Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;
 The quartan fever, shrinking every limb,
 Sets me a-cap'ring straight; do but betray me,
 And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust
 The losing of a daughter, though I doted

- 40 On every hair that grew to trim her head,
 Admits not any pain like one of these.
 Come, th'art deceived in me: give me a blow,
 A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;
 I love my wrongs: still th'art deceived in me.

- 45 *Dal.* Deceived! Oh, noble Huntley, my few years
 Have learnt experience of too ripe an age
 To forfeit fit credulity: forgive
 My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt.

Forgive me first

A madness of ambition; by example

- 50 Teach me humility, for patience scorns
 Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
 Uncapable of injuries: though old,
 I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
 Allegiance to my king; could fall at odds
 55 With all my fellow peers that durst not stand
 Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour:
 But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
 With their anointed bodies; for their actions
 They only are accountable to heaven.

- 60 Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain
 One antidote's reserved against the poison
 Of my distractions; 'tis in thee t' apply it.

Dal. Name it ; oh, name it quickly, sir !

Hunt.

A pardon

For my most foolish slighting thy deserts ;
I have culled out this time to beg it : prithee, 65
Be gentle ; had I been so, thou hadst owned
A happy bride, but now a castaway,
And never child of mine more.

Dal.

Say not so, sir ;

It is not fault in her.

Hunt.

The world would prate

How she was handsome ; young I know she was, 70
Tender, and sweet in her obedience ;
But lost now : what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings ! Must I hope
A mercy from thy heart ?

Dal.

A love, a service,

A friendship to posterity.

Hunt.

Good angels

75

Reward thy charity ! I have no more

But prayers left me now.

Dal.

I'll lend you mirth, sir,

If you will be in consort.

Hunt.

Thank ye truly :

I must ; yes, yes, I must ;—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction : look not angry. 80

Dal. Good, noble sir !

[*Flourish.*]

Hunt.

Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,

The king and all the others come ; a meeting
Of gaudy sights : this day's the last of revels ;
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage ! 85

*A flourish. Enter King James, Warbeck leading Katherine,
Crawford and his Countess ; Jane Douglas, and other
Ladies. Huntley and Dalyell fall among them.*

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely bride
Have liberally enjoyed such soft delights
As a new-married couple could forethink ;
Nor has our bounty short'ned expectation :
But after all those pleasures of repose, 90
Of amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish : yet, for farewell,

Gladly we entertain a truce with time,

95 To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour

Th' extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,

As only an acknowledgement in words

Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.

100 When we shall, in the fullness of our fate,—

Whose minister, necessity, will perfit,—

Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open

To gratitude, in sacred memory

Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,

105 Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.

Then James and Richard, being in effect

One person, shall unite and rule one people,

Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja.

Seat ye.—

Are the presenters ready?

Craw.

All are entering.

110 *Hunt.* Dainty sport toward, Dalyell! sit; come, sit,

Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug's-words!

Enter at one door Four Scotch Antics, accordingly habited;

at another, Warbeck's followers, disguised as Four Wild

Irish in trowsers, long-haired, and accordingly habited.

Music. A dance by the Masquers.

K. Ja. To all a general thanks!

War.

In the next room

Take your own shapes again; you shall receive

Particular acknowledgement. [*Exeunt the Masquers.*]

K. Ja.

Enough

115 Of merriments.—Crawford, how far's our army

Upon the march?

Craw.

At Hedon-hall, great king;

Twelve thousand, well prepared.

K. Ja.

Crawford, to-night

Post thither. We in person, with the prince,

By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner

Will be wi'ee; speed away!

120 *Craw.*

I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now: where's your
secretary,

That he attends 'ee not to serve?

War.

With Marchmont,

Your herald.

K. Ja. Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how th' English stand
Affected to your title.—Huntley, comfort 125
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who for your honours
Must toil in fight abroad.

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons
Which men so near their graves as I do use;
I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties!— 130
We must be early stirring; quickly part:
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.—
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*]

War. Rest to our cousin-king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness! sure, you need 'em. 135
[*Excunt all but War. Kath. and Jane.*]

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room this little purse;
Say we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use 140
A parting ceremony; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead 145
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath. My lord, I'd fain go wi' ee; there's small fortune
In staying here behind.

War. The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st 150
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withal
Shalt hear how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest, 155
Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth as life with thee.

But these are chimes for funerals: my business
 160 Attends on fortune of a sprighllier triumph;
 For love and majesty are reconciled,
 And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir; your right
 In me is without question, and however
 165 Events of time may shorten my deserts
 In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
 Or constancy or duty in a wife.
 You must be king of me; and my poor heart
 Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
 170 Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
 Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit
 Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray, do not use
 That word; it carries fate in 't. The first suit
 I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,
 175 If you return with safety, no adventure
 May sever us in tasting any fortune:
 I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. Y'are lady
 Of your desires, and shall command your will;
 Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
 180 Have ruled out in their books we must not search,
 But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
 Were to be desperately miserable;
 Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
 185 And much more scorns to stoop to: some few minutes
 Remain yet; let's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*]

D. THE LADY'S TRIAL

ACT II, SC. I.

Amoretta is a 'fantastic maid' of the middle class, possessed with the strange humour of fancying herself worthy of 'a duke, a count, or at least a viscount,' and refusing any lower match. Piero and Futelli, dependants of the rich young lord, Adurni, to make sport for their master, incite Gusman, a 'braggadocio

Spaniard, to woo her under the pretence of being a 'grandee of Spain and cousin to twelve princes'; and put forward as his rival, Fulgoso, a 'rich coxcomb, lately started a gentleman, out of a suttler's hut in the late Flemish wars,' as of noble descent from mythical ancestors.

Enter Futelli and Guzman.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtleties of war,—
I talk t'ee now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier 5
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company,—
No matter which, for terms,—before you draw 10
Into the field; so in the seats of courtship,
First choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps and ay me's! 15

Guz. We understand all these: advance.

Fut. Then next
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it,—
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;
Then fall to open treaty, or to work 20
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
With some of her near friends for half her portion;—
Or offer truce, and in the interim 25
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,—
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *Victoria!* the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her, then, fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms 30
Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,

Sh'as skipt your hold ; my imagination's eyes
 Perceive she not endures the touch or scent
 Of your war-overworn habiliments,
 35 Which I forgot in my instructions
 To warn you of : therefore, my warlike Don,
 Apparel speedily your imagination
 With a more courtly outside.

Gus. 'Tis soon done.

Ful. As soon as said ;—[*aside*] in all the clothes thou hast,
 40 More than that walking-wardrobe on thy back.

Gus. Imagine first our rich mockado doublet
 With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,
 Our diamond-buttoned callamanco hose,
 Our plume of ostrich, with th' embroidered scarf
 45 The Duchess Infantasgo rolled our arm in.

Ful. Ay, this is brave indeed !

Gus. Our cloak, whose cape is
 Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
 Presented to our countryman De Cortez
 For ransom of his life ; rated in value
 50 At thirteen thousand pistolets ; the guerdon
 Of our achievement, when we rescued
 Th' Infanta from the boar in single duel,
 Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
 This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Ful. Top and top-gallant brave !

Gus. We will appear
 55 Before our Amoretta like the issue
 Of our progenitors.

Ful. Imagine so,
 And that this rich suit of imagination
 Is on already now,—which is most probable, [*aside*]—
 60 As that apparel :—here stands your Amoretta ;
 Make your approach and court her.

Gus. Lustre of beauty,
 Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
 We may descend to tales of peace and love,
 Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets ; for
 65 Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
 As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
 The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
 Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
 Castles pushed down, and cities ploughed with swords,

Become great Guzman's oratory best, 70
 Who, though victorious,—and during life
 Must be—yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Ful. 'S foot, Don, you talk too big; you make her tremble;
 Do you not see 't imaginarily?
 I do, as plainly as you saw the death 75
 Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears
 Of feasting than of fighting; take her that way.

Gus. Yes, we will feast;—my queen, my empress, saint,
 Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest
 With costlier spices than th' Arabian bird 80
 Sweetens her funeral bed with; we will riot
 With every change of meats, which may renew
 Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
 That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
 Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once 85
 Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Ful. [*aside.*] Can more be said by one that feeds on herring
 And garlick constantly?

Gus. Yes, we will feast—

Ful. Enough! she's taken, and will love you now
 As well in buff as your imagined bravery: 90
 Your dainty ten-times-drest buff, with this language,
 Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
 Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
 Of your 'mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
 Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-buttoned breeches'; 95
 Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers
 Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
 That starveling-brained companion; appear you,
 At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:
 I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you. 100

Gus. The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man
 Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.

Ful. Why, so you carry her from all the world.
 I'm proud my stars designed me out an instrument
 In such an high employment.

Gus. Gravely spoken; 105
 You may be proud on 't.

Enter from the opposite side Fulgoso and Piero.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
 Money is trash, and ladies are *et-caeteras*,

Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what ;
 You see the worst of me, and what's all this now ?

- 110 *Piero.* A very spark, I vow : you will be styled
 Fulgoso the Invincible. But did
 The fair Spinella lose an equal part ?
 How much in all, d'ee say ?

Ful. Bare threescore ducats,

Thirty apiece ; we need not care who know it.

- 115 She played ; I went her half, walked by, and whistled—
 After my usual manner thus [*whistles*]*—*unmoved,
 As no such thing had ever been, as 'twere,
 Although I saw the winners share my money :
 His lordship and an honest gentleman
 120 Pursued it, but not so merrily as I
 Whistled it off. [*Whistles.*]

Piero. A noble confidence !

Ful. D'ee note your rival ?

Guz. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forgo things nearer than my gold,
 Allied to my affections and my blood ;

- 125 Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
 Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
 Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.

Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own past losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much state

- 130 You, *as it were*, did run at tilt in love
 Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit !

Ful. I mean so, as it were.

Piero. Right, as it were.

Ful. What else, man, as it were ?

Guz. [*crossing over to Ful.*] Did you do this to her ? dare
 you to vaunt

- 135 Your triumph, we being present ? *um, ha, um.*

[*Fulgoso whistles the Spanish pavin.*]

Ful. What think you, Don, of this brave man ?

Guz. A man !

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
 In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Ful. Bear up, sir ; he's your rival ; budge not from him
 An inch ; your grounds are honour.

Piero. Stoutly ventured ; 140
Don, hold him to 't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,
A very fine conceit ; and thus I told her,
That, for mine own part, if she liked me, so !
If not, not ; for 'My duck, or doe,' said I,
'It is no fault of mine that I am noble : 145
Grant it ; another may be noble too ;
And then we're both one noble ' ;—better still !—
'Habs-nabs, good, wink and choose ; if one must have her,
The other goes without her,'—best of all !—
My spirit is too high to fight for woman ; 150
I am too full of mercy to be angry ;
A foolish generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat me, I'm resolved.

Guz. Hast thou a spirit, then, ha ? speaks thy weapon
Toledo language, Bilbo, or dull Pisa ? 155
If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,
Be brief ; we challenge answer.

Ful. Famous Don !

Ful. What does he talk ? My weapon speaks no language ;
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.

Guz. Dutch !

Ful. And, if need be,
'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay. 160

Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard ! hold me.

Ful. Hold me too,
Sirrah, if th'art my friend, for I love no fighting ;
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off :
If I must fight, I must ; in a scurvy quarrel
I defy he's and she's : twit me with Dutch ! 165
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me !
I know what's what, I know on which side
My bread is buttered.

Guz. Buttered ! Dutch again !
You come not with intention to affront us ? 170

Ful. Front me no fronts ; if thou be'st angry, squabble—
Here's my defence, and thy destruction ;

[*Whistles a charge.*]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

Guz. We will embrace the motion ; it doth relish.
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour ; 175

Peace is not to be balked on fair conditions.

Ful. Still Don is Don the Great.

Piero. He shows the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.

Ful. 'Twas the ready means

To catch his friendship.

180 *Piero.* Ye're a pair of Worthies,
That make the Nine no wonder.

Ful. Now, since fate

Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone
Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty

185 To show himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of t' other: he,
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy!

Piero. And till then

Live brothers in society.

Guz. We are fast.

190 *Ful.* I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.

Guz. Fair conditions.

XXIV

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596—1666.

JAMES SHIRLEY was born September 18, 1596, in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London, and educated at Merchant Taylors' School, at St. John's College, Oxford, and later, at St. Catherine's, Cambridge, when he graduated about 1618. He is said to have taken orders, and to have held the mastership of the grammar school at St. Albans from 1623 to 1625, when he settled in London, and began to write plays, having previously turned Roman Catholic. His first play, *Love Tricks*, was licensed in 1625, and printed in 1631 as *The School of Compliment*. In 1626 were licensed *The Maid's Revenge*, *The Wedding*, and *The Brothers*; in 1628 *The Witty Fair One*; in 1629 *The Faithful Servant* (printed in 1630 as *The Grateful Servant*); and in 1631 *The Traitor*, and *Love's Cruelty*. The following year *The Changes*, or *Love in a Maze* was acted and printed, and *Hyde Park* and *The Ball* were licensed. In 1633 *The Beauties*

(afterwards called *The Bird in a Cage*, with reference to Prynne, who was imprisoned at the time), *The Young Admiral*, and *The Gamester* were licensed; in 1634 *The Example* and *The Opportunity*; in 1635 *The Coronation* and *The Lady of Pleasure*. *The Duke's Mistress* was acted in 1636. The same year, when the theatres in London were closed on account of the plague, Shirley went to Dublin, where *St. Patrick for Ireland*, *The Constant Maid*, and *The Royal Master* were acted. *The Politician* was acted about 1639, and *The Gentleman of Venice* licensed in the same year. In 1640 Shirley was again in London, when *Rosania* (previously performed at Dublin with the additional title of *Love's Victory*) was licensed, though not printed till 1652, as *The Doubtful Heir*. In 1640 also *The Imposture* was licensed, and *The Humorous Courtier* printed. *The Cardinal* was licensed in 1641, and *The Sisters* acted in 1642. *The Court Secret* was first printed in 1653, and not acted till after the *Restoration*. Beside these plays several others have on doubtful authority been assigned to him. He also wrote a Pastoral, a morality, and several masques and poems.

In 1642 the theatres were closed by Parliament, and Shirley, leaving his wife and children behind, accompanied his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, in the campaigns from 1642 to 1644. On his return to London he was supported partly by his friend, the learned Thomas Stanley, partly by teaching, and partly by writing poems, dedications, and educational works. In October, 1666, Shirley and his second wife were buried at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. They are said to have died on the same day, through exposure and distress caused by the Great Fire.

Shirley has been called the last of the Elizabethans. 'Shirley claims a place amongst the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendent genius in himself, as that he was the last of the great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common. A new language and quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest came in with the Restoration' (*Lamb*). Shirley both gained and lost something by his position. He found ready to his hand a school of dramatic construction, working on well-defined lines, with recognized principles and an established tradition, and an audience trained in the grand manner by a succession of dramatists of unparalleled ability and skill. But with the consequent facility of execution the later Elizabethans lost individuality and distinction. The workmanship became adroit, but the originality of conception was wanting. There must either be the reproduction, in varied combinations, of stock situations and familiar motives, or the forced invention of strange and unnatural themes; the one tending to monotonous repetition, the other to extravagance and unhealthiness. Ford chose the latter alternative, Shirley the former. But, while Shirley had not the genius to enable him to rise superior to his circumstances, it would be

uncritical to deny him merit of a very high order. Even Hallam, whose judgement is severe, while denying him originality and force in conceiving or delineating character, and allowing him little pathos and less wit; nevertheless admits that his mind was poetical; that his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; that he is never tumid or affected, and seldom obscure; and that he has many lines of considerable beauty. In fact Shirley is a remarkably even writer, seldom rising far above, or sinking much below, a uniform standard of execution. In different plays he modelled himself upon Jonson, Fletcher, and Webster, but in general he belonged to the same school as Massinger, whom he most resembles, without however being so rhetorical. His plots are ingenious and original, less complicated than those of Ben Jonson, but skilfully maintaining the suspense, and introducing sudden and unexpected turns, which recall Coleridge's dictum of surprise as contrasted with expectation. In spite of occasional coarseness, characteristic of the period, his morality is sound. His sympathy is with virtue: he rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth. His tragedies contain powerful scenes and passages of great poetic beauty, with flashes of insight, revealing keen observation and serious reflection, such as these from *The Cardinal*:—

‘Why, is not
All womankind concerned to hate what’s impious?’
and:—

‘Since the whole world has interest
In every good man’s loss.’

or these from *The Example*:—

‘This act hath made me understand two souls.’
and—

‘You will fight against a man
Whose soul’s a great way off.’

His comedies are notable for their vivid descriptions of manners and satirical attacks on contemporary follies and vices; nor are they, in spite of Hallam’s harsh strictures, devoid of considerable wit and humour. His language is graceful, fluent, and perspicuous, with occasional felicities of phrase and musical cadences not unworthy of the greatest Elizabethans. Like Ben Jonson he composed masques with artistic and literary skill; and the lyrics, interspersed among these and his regular drama, especially the famous one beginning—

‘The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:’

almost revive among the latest dramatists the lost art of an earlier generation.

A. THE BROTHERS

ACT IV, SC. V.

Felisarda, daughter of Theodoro, an unfortunate merchant, has been living with her uncle, the wealthy and covetous Don Carlos, as poor companion to his daughter, Jacinta, where Fernando, the elder son of Don Ramyres, has fallen in love with her. His younger brother, Francesco, is secretly betrothed to Jacinta, whom Ramyres wished Fernando to marry; and Fernando, revealing the truth to his father, has been disinherited, and commanded, on pain of the parental curse, to forsake Felisarda.

A Room in Theodoro's House. Enter Theodoro and Felisarda.

Theo. What duty, Felisarda, shall we pay
To heaven for this last care of us? Let not
Thy eyes, although thy grief become 'em, be
In love with tears; I prophesy a joy
Shall weigh down all our sufferings; I see 5
Comfort break like day, whose forehead cheers the world.
If Don Fernando love thee, he's a gentleman
Confirmed in all that's honourable, and cannot
Forget whom his own virtue hath made choice
To shine upon.

Fel. Unless my innocence, 10
Apt to believe a flattering tongue, see not
The serpent couch, and hide his speckled breast
Among the flowers; but it were sin to think
He can dissemble, father; and I know not,
Since I was first the object of his charity, 15
I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul, and every thought of him
Engenders a warm sigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge 20
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

Theo. Cherish
Those thoughts; and where such noble worth invites,
Be bold to call it love.

Fel. It is too much
Ambition to hope he should be just
To me, or keep his honour, when I look 25
On the pale complexion of my wants; and yet,

Unless he loves me dearly, I am lost,
 And, if he have but mocked me into faith,
 He might as well have murdered me, for I
 30 Shall have no heart to live, if his neglect
 Deface what my affection printed there.

Theo. There is no fear of his revolt; lose not
 His character. I must attend some business.
 If Don Fernando visit thee, preserve
 35 His fair opinion, and thou may'st live
 Above thy uncle's pity.

Fel. Will you leave me?

Theo. My stay shall not be long; the garden will,
 With smiling flowers, encourage thee to walk,
 And raise thy drooping eyes, with hope to see
 A spring like theirs upon thee. [Exit.]

40 *Fel.* Why should I
 Give any entertainment to my fears?
 Suspicions are but like the shape of clouds,
 And idle forms i' th' air, we make to fright us.
 I will admit no jealous thought to wound
 45 Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
 My own first clear intents to honour him
 Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
 As noble as he promised.—Ha! 'tis he.

Enter Fernando.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
 50 Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
 And frights into a palsy.

Fer. Felisarda!

Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome? [Aside.]
 Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
 That can be grateful, and with humble thoughts
 55 And prayers reward your piety, despise not
 The offer of it here; you have not cast
 Your bounty on a rock; while the seeds thrive
 Where you did place your charity, my joy
 May seem ill-dressed to come like sorrow thus;
 60 But you may see through every tear, and find
 My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.

Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
 To entertain me weeping? Sure our souls
 Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is

Such beauty in that watery circle, I 65
 Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
 Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal;
 And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
 With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.

Fel. I shall forget all misery; for when 70
 I look upon the world, and race of men,
 I find 'em proud, and all so unacquainted
 With pity to such miserable things
 As poverty hath made us, that I must
 Conclude you sent from heaven.

Fer. Oh, do not flatter 75
 Thyself, poor Felisarda: I am mortal;
 The life I bear about me is not mine,
 But borrowed to come to thee once again,
 And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee.
 But first, I have a story to deliver, 80
 A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it.—
 There is one dead that loved thee not.

Fel. One dead
 That loved me not? this carries, sir, in nature
 No killing sound; I shall be sad to know
 I did deserve an enemy, or he want 85
 A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
 And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
 And's gone—to heaven, I hope; excuse my tears,
 It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
 For I did love my father.

Fel. Ha! your father? 90

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
 The morning promised many years; but death
 Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
 The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
 And whispered him to marble.

Fel. Now trust me, 95
 My heart weeps for him; but I understand
 Not how I was concerned in his displeasure;
 And in such height as you profess.

Fer. He did
 Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
 Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce 100
 The soul, and curse his son for honest love?

Fel. This is a wound indeed.

Fer. But not so mortal;

For his last breath was balsam poured upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction;

105 And I, that groaned beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.

Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclipsed again.

110 *Fer.* This was a welcome blessing.

Fel. Heaven had a care of both: my joys are mighty.
Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom, suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.

115 *Fer.* No, live,
And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.

Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.

Fer. Dost love me?

Fel. Sir?

120 *Fer.* Do not, I prithee, do not; I am lost,
Alas! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee; place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.

125 *Fel.* Did not Fernando speak all this? Alas,
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.

Fer. Desert me goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,
For I ha' not a stock in all the world

130 Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to shroud a worm; my dying father
Hath given away my birthright to Francisco;
I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
135 And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
And take my everlasting leave of thee too.

Farewell ! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.

Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
And clear my faith. Hath your displeasèd father 140
Deprived you then of all, and made Francisco
The lord of your inheritance, without hope
To be repaired in fortune ?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.

Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness !

Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness. 145

Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
What hath undone her servant ?

Fel. Heaven avert it.

But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I most honour of the world ; and 'tis 150
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
That I can boast my heart as high and rich
With noble flame, and every way your equal ;
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
I can deserve you now, and love you more 155
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it.

Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than your fancies :
Two poverties will keep but a thin table ;
And while we dream of this high nourishment, 160
We do but starve more gloriously.

Fel. 'Tis ease

And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by :
Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
A table for us in the wilderness ;
And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful 165
With what her bosom doth invite us to ;
The brooks, not there suspected as the wine
That sometime princes quaff, are all transparent,
And with their pretty murmurs call to taste 'em ;
In every tree a chorister to sing 170
Health to our loves ; our lives shall there be free,
As the first knowledge was, from sin, and all
Our dreams as innocent.

Fer. Oh, Felisarda !

If thou didst own less virtue, I might prove

- 175 Unkind, and marry thee; but being so rich
 In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
 One that is poor in every worth, to waste
 So excellent a dower: be free, and meet
 One that hath wealth to cherish it, I shall
 180 Undo thee quite; but pray for me, as I
 That thou mayst change for a more happy bridegroom;
 I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
 As make thee miserable by expecting me.
 Farewell! and do not wrong my soul, to think
 185 That any storm could separate us two,
 But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.
Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
 When we are both dead; yet our bodies may
 Be cold and strangers in the winding sheet:
 190 We shall be married when our spirits meet. [Exeunt.]

B. THE TRAITOR

ACT IV, SC. I.

The Duke of Florence, being enamoured of Amidea, sister of Sciarrha, Lorenzo, his kinsman and favourite, who is plotting his death to gain the dukedom, induces him to visit Amidea, under the false pretence that Sciarrha consents to his sister's dishonour, and incites Sciarrha to assassinate him. But Amidea converts the Duke; and Sciarrha confesses the plot, and hides him behind the arras while he tells Lorenzo that the deed is done. Lorenzo, however, suspecting the Duke's presence, cunningly expresses horror at the announcement, and is restored to favour.

A Room in Lorenzo's House. Enter Lorenzo.

- Lor.* My plots thrive not; my engines all deceive me,
 And in the very point of their discharge
 Recoil with danger to myself: are there
 No faithful villains left in nature? all
 5 Turned honest? man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
 Who hath not patience to expect his fate,
 But must compel it. How Sciarrha played
 The dog-bolt wo' me! and had I not provided
 In wisdom for him, that distress had ruined me.
 10 His frozen sister, Amidea, too
 Hath half converted him; but I must set
 New wheels in motion, to make him yet
 More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
 Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the rabble;

Confusion on the giddy multitude, 15
 That, but two minutes ere the duke came at 'em,
 Bellowed out 'Liberty!' shook the city with
 Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they melted
 With the hot apprehension of a gallows;
 And when a pardon was proclaimed (a fine 20
 State-snaffle for such mules), they turned their cry
 To acclamations, and deafed heaven to beg
 His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot
 Consume this base herd! And the devil want
 Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him. 25

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.

Lor. Sciarrha! come near—[*whispers him.*—you understand? admit him. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Sciarrha.

Welcome, my noble lord;
 You were not wont to visit me.

Sci. Nor mean

Ever to do't again.

Lor. You bring frowns; 30

I can be sullen too: what is your pleasure?

Sci. You have abused me.

Lor. You have injured me.

Sci. In what?

Lor. Betrayed me basely to the duke.

Sci. You denied then you were a traitor?

Lor. Yes.

I was no fool to run my neck upon 35
 The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.
 Were it again in question—

Sci. Y'are a villain, sir;

And I must have it certified under your own hand,
 To show the duke.

Lor. You shall be humbled to

Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe 40
 'That I am honest, and desire my pardon.

Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;
 Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,
 Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,
 And kill thee without scruple; such a strength 45
 Is innocence.

Sci. Innocence! dost not fear a thunderbolt?
 I shall be charitable to the world, and I
 Cut thee in pieces; and yet then I fear
 50 Thou wo't come together again: the devil does
 Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,
 And has a fear, when thou art dead, he sha' not
 Be safe in hell; thou wo't conspire with some
 Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.
 Didst thou not rail upon the duke?

55 *Lor.* I grant it.

Sci. Call him a tyrant?

Lor. More, I do confess

I did exasperate you to kill or murder him—

Give it what name you please—with joy I brought him,
 Under the colour of your guest, to be

60 The common sacrifice: all this I remember;
 But is heaven's stock of mercy spent already
 That sins, though great and horrid, may not be
 Forgiven to the heart that groans with penitence?
 Are the eternal fountains quite sealed up?

65 I was a villain, traitor, murderer,
 In my consenting to his death, but hope
 Those stains are now washed off.

Sci. Hast thou repented?

Lor. Trust me, I have.

Sci. The devil is turned religious!

Augment not thy damnation.

Lor. As he was

70 A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.
 In his return to piety, he commanded
 My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him;
 He's now my prince again.

Sci. This is but cunning

To save your life.

Lor. My life!—Within there! Ha!

Enter divers Gentlemen armed.

Welcome.

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord.

75 2 *Gent.* Wilt please your honour
 Command my service?

3 *Gent.* Or me?

4 *Gent.* Or any?

5 *Gent.* Our swords

And lives are yours.

Sci. Perhaps your lordship hath
Some business with these gentlemen ; I'll take
Some other time.

Lor. By no means, good Sciarrha :
Your visit seldom ; those are daily with me,
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,
And carry spirits, both to be engaged,
If I but name a cause.—Gentlemen, draw.

80

Sci. My providence has betrayed me. [*Aside.*]

Lor. Now, Sciarrha,

85

You that with single valour dare come home
To affront me thus ; know, but too late, thy heart
Is at the mercy of my breath : these swords
Can fetch it when I please ; and, to prevent
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech,
As you do love and honour your Lorenzo,
No hand advance a weapon, sheathe again,
And leave us ; I owe service to your loves,
But must not so dishonour you.

90

All Gent. We obey. [*Exeunt.*]

Sci. They're gone : this is some nobleness. [*Aside.*]

Lor. You see

95

I do not fear your sword ; alone, I have
Too much advantage ; yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this rashness :
But in my fear to offend gracious heaven
With a new crime, having so late obtained
My peace, I give you freedom.

Sci. Do I dream?

100

Lor. Pray chide me still, I will be patient
To hear my shame.

Sci. Is this to be believed?
Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue?
He does : it is impossible he should repent.

Lor. Why? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile 105
In cooler blood ; did not you once resolve
To kill the duke too?

Sci. I confess—

Lor. To give him death with your own hand?
Methinks it should be the same parricide
In you, if not a greater ; yet you changed
Your purpose ; why did you not go through,

110

And murder him?

Sci. He was converted.

Lor. Good!

That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance
For your intent.

Sci. It did.

Lor. Why should not, sir,

115 The same conversion of the duke possess
My heart with as much piety to him,
And sorrow for myself? If I should say
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,

120 Might you not blame my want of charity?

Sci. He says but right, we are both men, frail things.
'Tis not impossible. [Aside.]

Lor. I am reconciled
To heaven already, and the duke: if you
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir—

125 *Sci.* The circumstance considered, I incline
To think this may be honest.

Lor. Come, Sciarrha,
We are both hasty: pardon my rash language
In the beginning; I will study service
Shall make you love me; I ha' bin too wicked,

130 Too full of passion, inexorable:
My nature is corrected; at this minute
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love
Shall number many blessings.

Sci. I am converted.

C. HYDE PARK

ACT IV, SC. III.

Venture, an admirable Crichton, poet, singer, and gentleman-rider, is going to ride a race against Lord Bonville's professional jockey in Hyde Park. Venture, Rider, and Fairfield are all courting Mistress Carol, who really loves Fairfield, though like Beatrice in Much Ado, she affects to flout him. Julietta, Fairfield's sister, is engaged to be married to the supposed widow, Mistress Bonavent.

Hyde Park. Enter Venture and Rider.

Vent. Yet he must be a Pegasus that beats me.

Rid. Your confidence may deceive you; you will ride
Against a jockey that has horsemanship.

Vent. A jockey! a jackanapes a' horseback rather;
 A monkey or a masty dog would show 5
 A giant to him; and I were Alexander,
 I would lay the world upon my mare; she shall
 Run with the devil for a hundred pieces,
 Make the match who will.

Rid. Not I, you shall excuse me,
 Nor would I win his money.

Vent. Whose?

Rid. The devil's; 10
 My gold has burnt this twelve months in my pocket;
 A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighs,
 And make such tinder of my linings, that
 My breeches never after would hold money;
 But let this pass; where's Lacy and his bride? 15

Vent. They are walked to hear the nightingale.

Rid. The nightingale! I ha' not heard one this year.

Vent. Listen, and we shall hear one presently.

[*Within.*] Cuckoo!

Vent. The bird speaks to you.

Rid. No, 'tis to you.

Vent. Now do I suspect I shall lose the race. 20

Rid. Despair for a cuckoo!

Vent. A cuckoo wo' not flatter,
 His word will go before a gentleman's
 I'th' city; 'tis an understanding bird,
 And seldom fails; a cuckoo! I'll hedge in
 My money presently.

Rid. For shame, be confident. 25

Vent. Will you go half?

Rid. I'll go it all, or anything.

Vent. Hang cuckoos then.

My lord Bonville, Lacy, and his bride!

Enter Lord Bonville, Julietta, Lacy, and Mistress Bonavent.

Lord B. How now, gentlemen?

Vent. Your honour's servants.

Rid. Ladies, I kiss your hands.

Lord B. You are the man will run away with all 30
 The gold anon.

Vent. Your jockey must fly else.

Rid. I'll hold your honour thirty pieces more.

Lord B. 'Tis done.

Jul. Do you ride yourself?

35 *Vent.* I shall have the reins in my own hand, lady.

Mis. B. Master Rider, saw you not my cousin?

Enter Carol.

Cry mercy, she is here.—I thought y'ad followed us.

Lord B. Your kinswoman?—I shall be honoured to be
Your servant, lady.

Car. Alas, my lord, you'll lose by't!

Lord B. What?

40 *Car.* Honour, in being my servant; here's a brace
Of gentlemen will tell you as much.

Vent. But will

Say nothing, for our credits.

Mis. B. You look as you had wept.

Car. I weep! For what?

Come toward the lodge, and drink a syllabub.

45 *Mis. B.* A match!

Lacy. And as we walk, Jack Venture, thou shalt sing
The song thou mad'st o' th' horses.

Vent. You shall pardon me.

Rid. What, among friends? My lord, if you'd speak to him—

Lord B. A song by all means, prithee, let me entreat it;
What's the subject?

50 *Lacy.* Of all the running horses.

Lord B. Let's have it; come, I hear you can sing rarely.

Rid. An excellent voice.

Lacy. A ravishing tone.

Vent. 'Tis a very ballad, my lord, and a coarse tune.

Lord B. The better; why, does any tune become

55 A gentleman so well as a ballad? hang

Curiosity in music; leave those crotchets

To men that get their living with a song.—

Come, come, begin. [*Venture sings.*]

Song.

60 *Come, Muses all, that dwell nigh the fountain,
Made by the wingèd horse's heel,
Which firked with his rider over each mountain;
Let me your galloping raptures feel.*

I do not sing of fleas, or frogs,

Nor of the well-mouthed hunting dogs.

65 *Let me be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.*

*Young Constable and Kill Deer's famous,
The Cat, the Mouse, and Neddy Gray;
With nimble Peggybrig, you cannot shame us,
With Spaniard nor with Spinola.*

70

*Hill-climbing White Rose praise doth not lack,
Handsome Dunbar, and Yellow Jack;
But if I be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.*

*Sure-spurred Sloven, true-running Robin,
Of Young Shaver I do not say less,
Strawberry Soam, and let Spider pop in,
Fine Brackly, and brave Lurching Bess.*

75

*Victorious too was Herring Shotten,
And Peppercorn is not forgotten;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.*

80

*Lusty George, and, gentlemen, hark yet
To winning Mackarel, fine-mouthed Freak,
Bay Tarrall, that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thundering Tempest, Black Dragon eke.*

85

*Precious Sweet Lips, I do not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.*

90

Lord B. Excellent! how think you, lady?

Jul. I like it very well.

Car. I never thought

You were a poet, sir.

Vent. No, no, I do but dabble.

*Car. You can sing rarely too; how were these parts
Unobserved, invisible?*

Vent. You may see, lady.

Jul. Good sir, your pardon.

Vent. Do you love singing? hum: la, la. [Sings.] 95

Car. Who would have thought these qualities were in you?

Vent. Now or never.

Car. Why, I was cozened.

Vent. You

Are not the first I ha' cozened; shall I wash

Your faces with the drops of Helicon?

I ha' fancies in my head.

Car. Like Jupiter,

100

You want a Vulcan but to cleave your skull,
And out peeps bright Minerva.

Jul. When you return I'll tell you more, my lord.

Vent. Give me a subject.

Mis. B. Prithee coz, do.

Car.

Let it be,

How much you dare suffer for me.

105 *Vent.*

Enough: hum, *fa, la, la.*

Enter Page.

Page. Master Venture, y^e are expected.

Lord B. Are they come?

Page. This half hour, my lord.

Lord B. I must see the mare: you will excuse this rudeness.—

110 Sirrah, stay you, and wait upon these ladies.

[*Exit Lord Bonville.*]

Vent. 'Tis time to make me ready.—Ladies, I take this leave in prose, you shall see me next in other feet.

[*Exit.*]

Rid. I wish your syllabub were nectar, lady.

Mis. B. We thank you, sir, and here it comes already.

Enter Milkmaid with a bowl.

Jul. So, so; is it good milk?

115 *Mis. B.* Of a red cow?

Car. You talk as you inclined to a consumption;
Is the wine good?

Milk. It comes from his Excellence' head.

Car. My service to you, lady, and to him
Your thoughts prefer.

Mis. B. A health!

Car. No deep one; 'tis lawful

120 For gentlewomen to wish well to their friends.

Jul. You have obliged me.—The wishes of all happiness
To him your heart hath chosen!

Mis. B. Duty now

Requires I should be willing to receive it:

As many joys to you both, when you are married!

Car. Married?

125 *Jul.* You have not vowed to die a virgin:

I know an humble servant of yours, lady—

Car. Mine!

Jul. Would be sorry you should be a nun.

Car. D'ee think he loves me, then?

Jul. I do not think

He can dissemble where he does profess

Affection; I know his heart by mine:

Fairfield is my brother!

130

Car. Your brother? then the danger's not so great;

But let us change our argument. With your pardon,

Come hither, pretty one; how old are you?

Page. I am young, lady;

135

I hope you do not take me for a dwarf.

Mis. B. How young, I pray then?

Page. Four summers since my life was questioned,

And then a jury of years did pass upon me.

Car. He is, upon the matter, then, fifteen.

140

Page. A game at noddy.

Car. You can play your cards already, it seems:

Come, drink a' this syllabub.

Page. I shall spoil your game, ladies; for if there be sack in it, it may make you flush a three.

145

Jul. The boy would seem witty.

Page. I hope, ladies, you will pardon me; my lord commanded me to wait upon you, and I can do you no better service than to make you laugh.

Enter Fairfield and Trier.

Fair. They're here, bless you!

150

Mis. B. Master Fairfield, you are welcome.

Fair. I presume so; but, howsoever, it skills not.

Tri. I do not come to borrow money.

Car. And yet all they that do so are no fools;

Money or lands make not a man the wiser:

I know handsome gentlemen ha' pawned their clothes.

155

Tri. I'll pledge you, quicksilver.—Where is your lord?

Car. He has left Virgo, sir, to go to Libra,

To see the horsemen weighed.

Tri. Lady, my service!

Jul. Brother, you interpose too far; my lord

160

Has used me honourably, and I must tell you,

Somebody has made a fault.

Mis. B.

Master Fairfield!

Fair. I kiss your hand.

Tri.

My lord and you have walked.

Jul. Yes, sir.

165 *Fair.* My sister shall excuse.—Here's to thee and thy cream bowl.

Milk. I thank your worship.

Fair. There is more honesty in thy petticoat,
Than twenty satin ones.

Mrs. B. Do you know that?

170 *Fair.* I know by her pail: and she were otherwise,
'Twould turn her milk.—Come hither, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses the Milkmaid.*]

Be merry with thy cow, farewell!—Come, Frank:
That wit and good clothes should infect a woman!

Jul. I'll tell you more hereafter; pray let's hear

175 Who wins.

Tri. Your servant, ladies. [*Exeunt Fairfield and Trier.*]

Enter Jockey and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* What dost think, Jockey?

2 *Gent.* The crack o'th' field's against you.

Jock. Let 'em crack nuts.

180 1 *Gent.* What weight?

2 *Gent.* I think he has the heels.

3 *Gent.* Get but the start.

Jock. However, if I get within his quarters, let me alone.

3 *Gent.* *Montez à cheval.*

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Confused noise of betting within; after that a shout.*]

185 *Car.* They are started!

Re-enter Lord Bonville, Rider, Trier, and Fairfield.

Rid. Twenty pounds to fifteen!

Lord B. 'Tis done w'ee!

Fair. Forty pounds to thirty!

Lord B. Done! done! I'll take all odds.

190 *Tri.* My lord, I hold as much.

Lord B. Not so.

Tri. Forty pounds to twenty.

Lord B. Done! done!

Re-enter Lacy.

Lacy. You ha' lost all, my lord, and it were a million.

195 *Lord B.* In your imagination; who can help it?

Lacy. Venture had the start, and keeps it.

Lord B. Gentlemen, you have a fine time to triumph;
'Tis not your odds that makes you win.

[*Within.*] Venture! Venture! [*Exeunt all but the ladies.*]

Jul. Shall we venture nothing o' th' horses? 200

What odds against my lord?

Car. Silk stockings.

Jul. To a pair of perfumed gloves?
I take it.

Car. Done!

Mis. B. And I as much.

Jul. Done, with you both!

Car. I'll have 'em Spanish scent.

Jul. The stockings shall be scarlet; if you choose 205
Your scent, I'll choose my colour.

Car. 'Tis done; if Venture
Knew but my lay, it would half break his neck now.

[*A shout within, and crying A Jockey!*]

Jul. Ha! is the wind in that coast? hark! the noise
Is *Jockey* now.

Car. 'Tis but a pair of gloves.

[*Within.*] A Jockey! 210

Jul. Still it holds.—

Re-enter Lord Bonville.

How ha' you sped, my lord?

Lord B. Won, won! I knew by instinct
The mare would put some trick upon him.

Mis. B. Then we
Ha' lost; but, good my lord, the circumstance.

Lord B. Great John-at-all-adventure, and grave Jockey, 215
Mounted their several mares.—I sha' not tell

The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha!—

But this in brief—Jockey was left behind,

The pity and the scorn of all; the odds

Played 'bout my ears like cannon, but less dangerous. 220

I took all still; the acclamations were

For Venture, whose disdainful mare threw dirt

In my old Jockey's face; all hopes forsaking us,

Two hundred pieces desperate, and two thousand
Oaths sent after them, upon the sudden, 225

When we expected no such trick, we saw

My rider, that was domineering ripe,

Vault o'er his mare into a tender slough,

Where he was much beholding to one shoulder

For saving of his neck; his beast recovered, 230

And he by this time somewhat mortified,

Besides mortarified, hath left the triumph
 To his Olympic adversary, who shall
 Ride hither in full pomp on his Bucephalus,
 235 With his victorious bagpipe.

Car. I would fain see how Venture looks.

Lord B. He's here; ha, ha!

Enter Venture, covered with mud, and Rider.

Vent. I told you as much before;

You would not believe the cuckoo.

Car. Why, how now, sir?

Vent. And I had broke my neck in a clean way,
 240 'Twould ne'er ha' grieved me.—Lady, I am yours—
 Thus Caesar fell.

Lord B. Not in a slough, dear Jack.

Vent. You shall hear further from me.

Rid. Come to Knightsbridge.

Vent. That cuckoo was a witch, I'll take my death on 't.
 [Exit.]

Lord B. Here comes the conqueror.

*Enter a Bagpiper, and Jockey in triumph, followed by
 Bonavent, Trier, and Fairfield.*

245 *Lo, from the conquest of Jerusalem*

Returns Vespasian!—Ha, ha! mer-mercy, Jockey.

Jock. I told you, if I came within his quarters.

Omnes. A Jockey, a Jockey!

D. THE LADY OF PLEASURE

ACT II, Sc. I.

Sir Thomas Bornwell is trying to frighten his wife, 'the Lady of Pleasure,' out of her extravagance and fashicnable follies by pretending to plunge into still greater excesses. Kickshaw and Littleworth are gallants who pander to her vanity.

*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House. Enter
 Sir Thomas Bornwell.*

Born. 'Tis a strange humour I have undertaken,
 To dance and play and spend as fast as she does;
 But I am resolved: it may do good upon her,
 And fright her into thrift. Nay, I'll endeavour
 5 To make her jealous too; if this do not
 Allay her gambolling, she's past a woman,
 And only a miracle must tame her.

Enter Steward.

Stew. 'Tis master Frederick, my lady's nephew.

Born. What of him?

Stew. Is come from the university.

Born. By whose directions? 10

Stew. It seems, my lady's.

Born. Let me speak with him

Before he sees his aunt. [*Exit Steward.*]
—I do not like it.

Re-enter Steward, with Frederick, in his college dress.

Master Frederick, welcome! I expected not

So soon your presence; what's the hasty cause?

Fred. These letters from my tutor will acquaint you. 15

[*Gives Bornwell letters.*]

Stew. Welcome home, sweet master Frederick!

Fred. Where's my aunt?

Stew. She's busy about her painting, in her closet;

The outlandish man of art is copying out

Her countenance.

Fred. She is sitting for her picture?

Stew. Yes, sir; and when 'tis drawn, she will be hanged 20
Next the French cardinal, in the dining-room.

But when she hears you're come, she will dismiss

The Belgic gentleman, to entertain

Your worship.

Fred. Change of air has made you witty.

Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome character, 25

Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure

Commands you from your studies; but I hope

You have no quarrel to the liberal arts:

Learning is an addition beyond

Nobility of birth. Honour of blood, 30

Without the ornament of knowledge, is

A glorious ignorance.

Fred. I never knew more sweet and happy hours

Than I employed upon my books. I heard

A part of my philosophy, and was so 35

Delighted with the harmony of nature,

I could have wasted my whole life upon it.

Born. 'Tis pity a rash indulgence should corrupt
So fair a genius! She's here; I'll observe. [*Aside.*]

Enter Lady Bornwell, Kickshaw, and Littleworth.

Fred. My most loved aunt!

40 *Lady B.* Support me, I shall faint.

Little. What ails your ladyship?

Lady B. Is that Frederick
In black?

Kick. Yes, madam; but the doublet's satin.

Lady B. The boy's undone!

Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.

Lady B. Have I not cause? Was not I trusted with
45 Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee
Home like a very scholar?

Kick. 'Twas ill done,
Howe'er they used him in the university,
To send him to his friends thus.

Fred. Why, sir? black
(For 'tis the colour that offends your eyesight)

50 Is not, within my reading, any blemish;
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.

Kick. 'Tis coming from the college thus, that makes it
Dishonourable. While you ware it for
Your father, it was commendable; or were
55 Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and justify.

Lady B. What luck I did not send him into France!
They would have given him generous education,
Taught him another garb, to wear his lock
And shape as gaudy as the summer; how
60 To dance, and wag his feather *à la mode*,
To compliment, and cringe; to talk not modestly,
Like *ay forsooth* and *no forsooth*, to blush,
And look so like a chaplain. There he might
Have learned a brazen confidence, and observed
65 So well the custom of the country, that
He might, by this time, have invented fashions
For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;
Preserved our tailors in their wits, and saved
The charge of sending into foreign courts
70 For pride and antic fashions.—Observe
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!
Fred. Madam, with your pardon, you have practised
Another dialect than was taught me when
I was commended to your care and breeding.

I understand not this; Latin or Greek
Are more familiar to my apprehension : 75
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language.

Lady B. Some strong waters; oh!

Little. Comfits will be
As comfortable to your stomach, madam. [*Offers his box.*] 80

Lady B. I fear he's spoiled for ever! he did name
Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone
So far to understand it. I did always
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.—
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge 85
The mercer? or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistress in?—Master Alexander,
If you have any charity, let me
Commend him to your breeding.—I suspect
I must employ my doctor first, to purge 90
The university that lies in's head;
It alters his complexion.

Kick. If you dare
Trust me to serve him—

Lady B. Master Littleworth,
Be you joined in commission.

Little. I will teach him
Postures and rudiments.

Lady B. I have no patience 95
To see him in this shape; it turns my stomach.
When he has cast his academic skin,
He shall be yours. I am bound in conscience
To see him bred; his own state shall maintain
The charge, while he's my ward.—Come hither, sir. 100

Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with me?

Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you
Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French.

Born. Into what mischief will this humour ebb? 105
She will undo the boy; I see him ruined.
My patience is not manly; but I must
Use stratagem to reduce her: open ways
Give me no hope. [*Aside.*]

Stew. You shall be obeyed, madam.

[*Exeunt all but Frederick and the Steward.*]

Fred. Master Steward, are you sure we do not dream? 110

Was't not my aunt you talked to?

Stew. One that loves you
Dear as her life. These clothes do not become you;
You must have better, sir—

Fred. These are not old.

Stew. More suitable to the town and time; we keep
115 No Lent here, nor is't my lady's pleasure you
Should fast from anything you have a mind to;
Unless it be your learning, which she would have you
Forget with all convenient speed that may be,
For the credit of your noble family.

120 The case is altered since we lived i' th' country;
We do not now invite the poor o' th' parish
To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;
Our kitchen does not smell of beef; the cellar
Defies the price of malts and hops; the footmen
125 And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen,
With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,
With aid of bagpipes, that called in the country
To dance, and plough the hall up with their hobnails,
Now make my lady merry. We do feed

130 Like princes, and feast nothing but princes;
And are these robes fit to be seen amongst 'em?

Fred. My lady keeps a court then! Is Sir Thomas
Affected with this state and cost?

Stew. He was not;
But is converted: and I hope you wo' not
135 Persist in heresy, but take a course
Of riot, to content your friends; you shall
Want nothing, if you can be proud, and spend it
For my lady's honour. Here are a hundred
Pieces, will serve you till you have new clothes;
140 I will present you with a nag of mine,
Poor tender of my service, please you accept;
My lady's smile more than rewards me for it.
I must provide fit servants to attend you,
Monsieurs, for horse and foot.

Fred. I shall submit,
145 If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled;
My eyes are opened with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it?

Stew. What else, sir?

Fred. I'll begin with you: to encourage

You to have still a special care of me,
There is five pieces,—not for your nag.

150

Stew. No, sir; I hope it is not.

Fred.

Buy a beaver

For thy own block; I shall be ruled. Who does
Command the wine cellar?

Stew.

Who commands but you, sir?

Fred. I'll try to drink a health or two, my aunt's,

Or anybody's; and if that foundation

155

Stagger me not too much, I will commence

In all the arts of London. Farewell, Aristotle!

Prithee commend me to the library

At Westminster; my bones I bequeath thither,

And to the learned worms that mean to visit 'em.

160

I will compose myself; I begin to think

I have lost time indeed.—Come, to the wine cellar.

[*Exeunt.*]

E. THE CARDINAL

ACT V, SC. III.

The Duchess Rosaura, though in love with Count D'Alvarez, was compelled by the king of Navarre, through the machinations of the Cardinal, to betroth herself to his nephew, Colombo; but, war breaking out between Navarre and Arragon, Colombo was dispatched in command of the king's forces; and, during his absence, the Duchess sent him a letter, requesting to be released from her engagement. Colombo, thinking it a feint to hasten his return, pretended to consent; whereupon the Duchess procured the king's permission for her marriage with D'Alvarez. But Colombo, returning on the wedding-day, with five others, disguised as masquers, assassinated D'Alvarez; and was afterwards himself slain in single combat by Hernando, a friend of D'Alvarez. The Cardinal, to revenge the death of his nephew, induced the king to appoint him guardian of the Duchess; who, to save herself from his vengeance, feigned madness. In the present scene Hernando visits her secretly to get her help in killing the Cardinal.

A Room in the Duchess's House. Enter Hernando and Duchess.

Her. Dear Madam, do not weep.

Duch.

Y'are very welcome:

I ha' done; I wo' not shed a tear more

Till I meet Alvarez, then I'll weep for joy.
 He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly;
 5 And you had heard him but the night before
 We were married, you would ha' sworn he had been
 A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
 But we'll talk o' the Cardinal.

Her. Would his death
 Might ransom your fair sense! he should not live
 10 To triumph in the loss. Beshrow my manhood;
 But I begin to melt.

Duch. I pray, sir, tell me,
 For I can understand, although they say
 I have lost my wits; but they are safe enough,
 And I shall have 'em when the Cardinal dies;
 15 Who had a letter from his nephew, too,
 Since he was slain.

Her. From whence?

Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower
 Within a garden he is making chaplets,
 20 And means to send me one; but I'll not take it;
 I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.

Her. But do you love your governor?

Duch. Yes, but I'll never marry him; I am promised
 Already.

Her. To whom, madam?

Duch. Do not you
 25 Blush when you ask me that? must not you be
 My husband? I know why, but that's a secret.
 Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
 No man alive so well as you: the Cardinal
 Shall never know't; he'll kill us both; and yet
 30 He says he loves me dearly, and has promised
 To make me well again; but I'm afraid,
 One time or other, he will give me poison.

Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing from him.

Duch. Why, do you think 'twill hurt me?

Her. It will kill you.

35 *Duch.* I shall but die, and meet my dear-loved lord,
 Whom when I have kissed, I'll come again, and work
 A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
 When you are going to heaven; the poesy shall
 Be my own name, in little tears, that I
 40 Will weep next winter, which, congealed i' th' frost,

Will show like seed-pearl. You'll deliver it?
I know he'll love and wear it for my sake.

Her. She is quite lost.

Duch. Pray give me, sir, your pardon:
I know I talk not wisely; but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss
Sometimes your better reason: now I'm well. 45
What will you do when the Cardinal comes?
He must not see you for the world.

Her. He sha' not;
I'll take my leave before he come.

Duch. Nay, stay;
I shall have no friend left me when you go: 50
He will but sup.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.

Her. He shall sup with the devil.

Duch. I dare not stay;
The red cock will be angry. I'll come again.
[*Exeunt Duchess and Placentia.*]

Her. This sorrow is no fable. Now I find
My curiosity is sadly satisfied.— 55

Ha! if the duchess in her straggled wits
Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal,
The panther will not leap more fierce to meet
His prey, when a long want of food hath parched
His starvèd maw, than he to print his rage, 60
And tear my heart-strings. Every thing is fatal;
And yet she talked sometimes with chain of sense,
And said she loved me. Ha! they come not yet.
I have a sword about me, and I left

My own security to visit death. 65

Yet I may pause a little, and consider
Which way does lead me to't most honourably.

Does not the chamber that I walk in tremble?

What will become of her, and me, and all

The world in one small hour? I do not think
Ever to see the day again; the wings 70

Of night spread o'er me like a sable hearse-cloth;

The stars are all close mourners too; but I

Must not alone to the cold silent grave,

I must not.—If thou canst, Alvarez, open 75

That ebon curtain, and behold the man,
 When the world's justice fails, shall right thy ashes,
 And feed their thirst with blood! thy duchess is
 Almost a ghost already, and doth wear
 80 Her body like an useless upper garment,
 The trim and fashion of it lost.—Ha!

Re-enter Placentia.

Pla. You need not doubt me, sir.—My lady prays
 You would not think it long; she in my ear
 Commanded me to tell you, that when last
 85 She drank, she had happy wishes to your health.

Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?

Pla. He was not
 Invited to 't, nor must he know you are here.

Her. What do they talk of, prithee?

Pla. His grace is very pleasant [*A lute is heard.*]
 And kind to her; but her returns are after
 90 The sad condition of her sense, sometimes
 Unjointed.

Her. They have music.

Pla. A lute only,
 His grace prepared, they say, the best of Italy,
 That waits upon my lord.

Her. He thinks the duchess
 Is stung with a tarantula.

Pla. Your pardon;
 My duty is expected.

95 *Her.* Gentle lady!—A voice too? [*Exit.*]

Song within.

Stroph. Come, my Daphne, come away,
 We do waste the crystal day;
 'Tis Strephon calls.

Daph. What would my love?

100 *Stroph.* Come, follow to the myrtle grove,
 Where Venus shall prepare
 New chaplets for thy hair.

Daph. Were I shut up within a tree,
 I'd rend my bark to follow thee.

105 *Stroph.* My shepherdess, make haste,
 The minutes slide too fast.

Daph. In those cooler shades will I,

Blind as Cupid, kiss thine eye.

Stroph. In thy bosom then I'll stray ;

In such warm snow who would not lose his way ?

Chor. We'll laugh, and leave the world behind,

110

And gods themselves that see,

Shall envy thee and me,

But never find

Such joys when they embrace a deity.

The following Abbreviations are used in the Notes

- A.=Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar*.
 B^d.=Bond, The Complete Works of John Lyly.
 B^s.=Boas, The Works of Thomas Kyd.
 Bⁿ.=Bullen, The Works of John Day.
 " " John Marston.
 " " George Peele.
 " " Thomas Middleton.
 Cⁿ.=Cunningham, The Works of Ben Jonson.
 D.=Dyce, The Works of John Ford.
 " " Robert Greene.
 " " Christopher Marlowe.
 " " John Webster.
 " " Beaumont and Fletcher.
 F.=Fairholt, The Dramatic Works of John Lilly.
 G.=Gifford, The Works of Ben Jonson.
 " " Philip Massinger.
 " " James Shirley.
 H.=Halliwell, *Dictionary of Archaic & Provincial Words*.
 ME.=Middle English.
 N.=Nares, *Glossary*.
 N.E.D.=*The New English Dictionary*.
 OE.=Old English.
 S.=Notes contributed by P. Simpson.
 W.=Ward, Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and Greene's *Friar Bacon*. Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*.

NOTES

I. JOHN LYLY

A. CAMPASPE

10. *aloft*: the reading of all the editions except the second quarto, which reads *aloof*. *Aloft* is in better antithesis to *below*.

15. *blown up*: uprooted by the wind (B^d).

30. *black*: often equivalent to 'ugly,' as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. I. 103, 'Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.'

76. *hoise*: the old and correct form of 'hoist,' in which the *t* is due to the past participle. Cf. note on II. (B.) 75.

B. GALLATHEA

1. *O yes*: the crier's call, = Fr. *oyes*, 'hear ye.'

28. *unpossible*. For the prefix, cf. X. (E.) 53. The prefixes *un-* and *in-* are often interchanged in earlier English; we have 'impossible' in I. 29.

45. *Pluto*: not a misprint for *Plutus*, the money-god. Pluto, as lord of the underworld, is naturally associated with the idea of riches contained in the bowels of the earth. The Greeks themselves thus spoke of him (see Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 727); and similar references are frequent in Elizabethan literature. Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, IV. 3. 100-1, 'A heart Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold'; and Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, end Sestiad, 325:—

'Whence his admiring eye more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.' (S.)

85. *trains*: traps. Palsgr., 'Trayne a trappe—*atrappe*, s. f.' Cf. *Macbeth*, IV. 3. 118.

C. MIDAS

8. *the knocking of the hands*. To snap the fingers and the scissors with great dexterity was considered a finished trait of an accomplished barber. Cf. Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses*, 'Then snap go the fingers full bravely, God wot!' (F.). Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, addressing the barber, says, 'at every word a snap with your scissors.' The barber in *The*

Silent Woman, l. 1 (ed. Giff.-Cunn., vol. iii, p. 345), 'has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers.' In Cooke's *Green's Tu Quoque*, 1614, sig. D 3, the barber is to be 'one that can snack his fingers with dexterity.'

10. *a cittern* was a species of guitar or lute. It was the custom formerly to keep a cittern in all barbers' shops to amuse customers waiting their turn to be operated on (F.).

14. *like a spade*. The spade beard was generally worn by grave men, and was allowed to grow long, and was cut straight across the bottom like the iron of a spade, varying occasionally, as that does, by being slightly rounded at the corners (F.). For an engraving of the spade beard v. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 286.

a bodkin. The bodkin beard was 'sharp, stiletto fashion, dagger-like,' to use the words of Taylor, the Water Poet, in his *Superbias Flagellum*. It was the fashion usually adopted by Charles I, and was also termed the *pique-à-devant* beard (F.). For engravings v. *Costume in England*, pp. 286, 430.

a penihouse is the bushy moustache hanging over the mouth (F.).

15. *an alley*: the fashion of parting the beard in the centre of the chin, so that it hung like a double pendant; it is the 'forked beard' of the Middle Ages, as mentioned by Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol. 270 (F.).

curl . . . like a bull. These curls were arranged upon the forehead in close contiguity, rising above each other in a thick bush (F.). This style of dressing the hair was called *taure* in the seventeenth century. 'Some term this curled forehead a bull-head, from the French word *taure*, because *taure* is a bull'—Randle Holme, *Academy of Armory* (1680), quoted by Fairholt, *History of Costume*, p. 519. Cf. Tennyson, *Maud*, vi. 6. 5, 'curled Assyrian bull.'

16. *dangling lock*. These were curled and allowed to flow over the shoulders (F.).

17. *mustachoes . . . awls*. They were brought to a taper point and stiffened with gum (F.).

18. *flakes*: 'A bundle of parallel threads or fibres: a lock of hair not twisted or plaited' (*N.E.D.*). *Prompt. Parv.* 'FLAKE. *Floctus*.' [*Floccus*?] This is not the origin of the word, which is Scandinavian (v. Skeat, s.v.), but may have influenced the meaning.

love-locks were single locks of hair, allowed to flow

loosely and uncut, or twisted in a ribbon and tied with a silken bow at the end; seldom more than one was worn on the left side of the head; it was sometimes long enough to reach the waist, but generally rested on the bosom (F.). In *The Man in the Moone*, by W. M., ed. 1609, sig. C 2 verso, the Prodigal's face 'is like a mans: but by the tone side of his head like a woman: some purblinde Barber powled him, to cut his haire so vnequally, and leaue one locke a quarter of-a-yard longer then the other.'

21. *Tullie de oratore*. Cicero's famous treatise *De oratore*, in three books, written B.C. 55.

26. *cannot tittle-tattle*. A satire on the craft, who were notorious gossips; their shops were emporiums of news and scandal (F.).

86. *that word*. I am inclined to think that the word referred to is *evaporated*, not *rheum*, though Petulus afterwards (v. 11. 107) rebukes Motto for using courtly terms, 'belike if thou shouldst spit often thou wouldst call it the rheum.' But *rheum* was as old as the *Prompt. Parv.* (about 1440), 'REWME of the hed or of the breste. *Reuma*.' It occurs in *Piers Plowman* (B text, xx. 82), and must have been in common use; whereas *evaporate* (found in Cotgrave, 1650) was evidently a learned word, and would have sounded pedantic in the mouth of a barber's boy. Cf. Shakespeare's ridicule of the new-fangled 'accommodate' in 2 *Henry IV*, 111. 2. 75.

88. *a barber and a surgeon*. Both professions were generally practised together, and the surgeons in London were not dis-severed from the barbers before 1745: they were incorporated as early as 1540, when all persons merely practising shaving were forbidden to meddle with surgery, except to draw teeth and let blood, unless properly qualified as barber-surgeons (F.). Cf. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 111. 4.

56. *overhear*: apparently in the sense of 'overreach.'

66. *virginals*: or 'spinet,' a keyed instrument like the harpsichord. A pair was formerly used in the sense of an aggregate, like the modern 'set,' as we still speak of a pair of stairs. So old writers speak of a pair of beads, cards, organs, &c.

72. *jacks*: the small pieces of wood fitted with quills which plucked the strings of the virginals. Cf. Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 25), 'thy teeth leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals.'

74. *A bots on*. A common execration. Cf. *Pericles*, 11. 1. 124, 'bots on 't.'

108. *maugre his beard*. Proverbial expression, 'spite of all he can do' (B^d).

112. *cushions are stuffed with beards*. So later in the play (v. 2. 170), 'a dozen of beards, to stuff two dozen of cushions,' where Fairholt remarks that it is a satire on the enormous beards occasionally worn by men, and sometimes reaching to the waist. He refers to *Coriolanus*, II. 1. 98, 'your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion.' In Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 30), breeches and tennis balls are stuffed with hair.

D. MOTHER BOMBIE

3. *staple*: defined by Bailey (1733), as 'a City or Town where Merchants jointly lay up their Commodities for the better vending of them by the great [i.e. wholesale]; a publick Storehouse.'

5. *should*: 'denoting a statement not made by the speaker' (A. § 328).

6. *a good wind*: a modification of the old proverb, 'It is an ill wind that blowes no man to good'—Hazlitt, *English Proverbs* (second edition), p. 247.

9. *authentic*: of acknowledged authority. So *authentic* in *Merry Wives*, II. 2. 235.

10. *Gascon wine*. Cf. 'red wyn of Gascoigne,' *Piers Plowman*, Prol. 228. 'Ye shall have Spanish wine and Gascon,' *The Four Elements* (Hazl.-Dodsl. i. 24). 'We must have March beere, dooble beere, Dagger ale, Bragget, Renish wine, White wine, French wine, Gascoyne wine, Sack, &c.'—Gascoigne, *Delicate diet for daintie mouthde-droonkards* (1576).

12. *hoisted in the queen's subsidy book*: assessed to pay subsidy, i.e. 'a tax or tribute assessed by parliament, and granted by the commons to be levied of every subject, according to the value of his land or goods' (Cowell, *The Interpreter*, 1637). A wise man, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters* (ed. Rimbault, p. 60), 'chuseth not friends by the subsidy-book.' *Westward Ho*, III. 2, *ad fin.*, 'to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy.' *Northward Ho*, II. 2, 'or if you be in debt (I am a hundred pound i' th' subsidy), command me.'

14. *saith*. For third person plural in *th* v. A. § 334. Cf. III. (A.) 26.

28. *Rufus*. Cf. the old ballad sung by Iago in *Othello*, II. 3. 92 :—

'King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.'

80. *wag-halter*: rogue. Cp. *Like Will to Like* (Hazl.-Dodsl. iii. 345), 'How say'st thou, Wat Waghalter?'

82. *a spigot from a faucet*. A *faucet* is a pipe inserted in a cask for drawing liquor, stopped with a *spigot*, or peg. As the spigot was also used merely to stop a small hole in a barrel, perhaps it here connotes beer. Cf. *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 65), 'one faucet that can betray neat wine to the bar.'

88. *black bowl*: the same as 'black pot,' used for ale. Cf. *The Man in the Moone* (Percy Society), p. 10, 'a black pot of ale.'

85. *stand*: Halliwell (*Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*) gives as one meaning of *stand*, 'a beer-barrel' set on one end,' which would suit the present passage. B^d: quotes from *George-a-Greene*, 'a stand of ale.' *Hogshead* would then represent wine.

87. *wag*: rogue, used of a mischievous boy. Cf. 'the naughty wag,' *Roister Doister*, ii. 4. 28. Cotgrave, 'Goinfre: m. A wag, slipstring, knavish lad.'

stroke: struck, from *strāc*, the preterite singular of *strican*.

42. *that*: 'omitted and then inserted' (A. § 285).

48. *most wholesomest*: A. § 11.

51. *lere*: instruction, learning: from *leren*, to teach; also to learn. Cp. next note; and see *N.E.D.*, s. vv. *lear*, *learn*, and *lere*.

52. *learn*: teach. Still used provincially and vulgarly.

58. *Ashford*. In the reign of Edward IV Sir John Fogge founded a 'college' or choir at Ashford, which seems to have been suppressed before the Reformation.

55. *Sine Cerere*, a proverb, found in Terence, *Eunuchus*, 732, 'uerbum hercle hoc uerum erit "sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus."' Quoted by Cicero, *De natura deorum*, ii. 23. 60.

62. *cost me the setting on*: i. e. I will pay for the drink.

67. *tenters*. A *tenter*, according to Bailey's *Dictionary* (1733), is 'a Stretcher, or Frame for stretching Cloth, used by Clothiers.' In Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters* (ed. Rimbault, p. 161) a creditor 'sets up a *tenters* in Westminster Hall, upon which he racks and stretches gentlemen like English broadcloth.'

E. THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

Enter Sol and take his seat: i.e. the entry is made, as in all the other cases, below; and he ascends to the balcony from the stage (B^d).

17. *aspect*: an astrological term, used of the position and influence of the planets. Always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare (A. § 490).

21. *recure*: heal again. Cotgrave (1673) has 'Reguerir. *To recure, to recover, to heal again.*'

24. *misdid*: wronged. Cotgrave, 'Meffaire. *To trespass, offend, misdo against; to wrong, abuse, deal treacherously, play false with.*'

44. *Pales*. 'Pallas' in the Quarto; but Pales was goddess of shepherds. Cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 721 (S.).

58. *demean*: demeanour. B^d. quotes the form from *Faerie Queene*, ii. 9. 40, 'modest of demayne.'

55. *his*: A. § 228.

68. *earn*: yearn, or grieve. Apparently a variant of *yearn*, to desire, v. *N.E.D.*, s. v.

67. *nicotian*: 'the tobacco plant, so named from Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemaine, the French Ambassador to Portugal, who first brought it into notice at the French Court about 1561. His name was given to the herb, which was entirely valued by him for its curative virtues' (F.).

79. *record*: 'with a distinct allusion to the musical instrument, the recorder' (B^d). Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 4. 28, 'Hark, madam, how the birds record by night.'

II. THOMAS KYD

A. THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

7. *controls*: overpowers. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, 107. 3, 'Not mine own fears . . . Can yet the lease of my true love control.'

28. *record*. Cf. note on I. (E.) 79.

45. *elms by vines*. Vines were trained on elms in Italy, and the connexion was commonly used to symbolize marriage in Latin poetry. Cf. Catullus, lxii. 63, '(uitis) ulmo coniuncta marito.' Horace, *Epistles*, i. 16. 3, 'amicta uitibus ulmo.'

64. *Gramercy*: thanks! From French *grand merci*, great thanks.

68. *sith*: since. Used in the Authorized Version of Ezekiel xxxv. 6. OE. *sið*.

rememb'red. Verbs ending in *-er* and *-en* were frequently contracted in this way in pronunciation. Cf. Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, iii. 1. 165:—

'Peck [a cheating ostler].

The next I cozen o' the pimper'd breed,

I wish he may be found'red.

Fly.

Found-er-ed.

Prolate it right.'

Old texts often indicate this pronunciation, and it should be retained for rhythmical reasons. Cf. the present participle 'wandering,' l. 142 (S.).

69. *gear*: business.

91. *disfurnish me of my habit*. The clothes of the victim were the executioner's perquisites. Sir Thomas More, before his execution, 'chaunged himselfe into his best apparell; which Mr. Lieutenent espying, advised him to put it off, sayinge, That he that should have it was but a Javill' (Roper). Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, 1. 2. 81, 'for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe'; *Coriolanus*, 1. 5. 7; *Like Will to Like* (Hazl.-Dodsl. iii. 354).

94. *without boot*: without a make-weight, something additional thrown in to complete a bargain. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 690, 'What an exchange had this been without boot!' OE. *bōt*, compensation.

114. *companion*: fellow, in a depreciatory sense. Common in Shakespeare, e. g. 'this cogging companion,' *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 123.

123. *that*. Has a double construction as the subject of the two predicates 'is good' and 'is likewise good.' Often inaccurately explained as 'omission of the relative.'

B. SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA

1. *when*: a common cry of impatience; e. g. Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1. 146, 'Why, when, I say?'

6. *pastime*. For nouns used as verbs, v. A. § 290. B⁸ quotes from Latimer, *Sermon of the Plough*, 'They pastime in their prelacies with gallant gentlemen.'

9. *feres*: companions. OE. (*ge*)*fēra*, a companion, literally one who fares with.

18. *ditty*: 'a composition intended to be set to music and sung' (*N.E.D.*).

21. *persevered*. For the accent on the second syllable, the invariable stress in Shakespeare, v. A. § 492.

23. *nice*: coy.

24. *fancy*: love.

30. *watch you vantages*? 'Are you ready to take advantage of me?' Perseda had called herself 'thy Perseda,' and Erastus caught up the word and emphasized it.

32. *carcanet*: a chain for the neck. Cotgrave, 'Carcan: m. *A Carcanet, or collar of gold, worn about the neck.*' See *N.E.D.*, s.v.

39. The metre is defective by a syllable. Perhaps the second syllable of Perseda may be protracted to the time-value of a disyllable. [Probably a misprint; Kyd uniformly makes 'Perseda' a trisyllable (S.).]

41. *boot*. Cf. note on II. (A.) 94.

47. *children*: pronounced as a trisyllable (A. § 477).

56. *Barbarian*: i.e. from Barbary.

59. *sudden*: impetuous, passionate. So the soldier is 'sudden and quick in quarrel,' *As You Like It*, II. 7. 151.

61. *Eclipped*: called. The *e-* is a mistake for *y-*, which is the ME. equivalent for *ge-*, the OE. prefix of the past participle, and *-clipped* would be more correctly *-cleped*, as in Milton, *L'Allegro*, 12, 'ycleped Euphrosyne.' But it was often spelt *clipped*, perhaps by confusion with *clip*, which gives Shakespeare an opportunity for punning in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 601, 'Hol. Judas I am, ycliped Maccabaeus. Dum. Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.' The OE. form is both *cleopian* and *clipian*, but the ME. is *clepien*.

75. *graft*. This is not short for *grafted*, but the proper form, being equivalent to *graffed* from *graff*, ME. *graffen*. So Shakespeare in *Richard the Third*, III. 7. 127, has 'Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants.'

76. *entered*: initiated.

81. *overta'en*: i.e. be overcome. 'The Elizabethan authors objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context' (A. § 382).

127. *Why, thy*. Possibly *Thy* should be read. *Why* may have been caught up from the next line (S.).

130. *growes*: must be pronounced as a disyllable (A. § 487). [The suppression of the unaccented *e* in the 3rd pers. sing.

appears to have been complete in Shakespeare's time. Of A.'s two instances, one (*Richard II*, III. 3. 10) is accounted for by an emphatic pause in the second foot; the other (2 *Henry VI*, IV. 7. 98) is probably not Shakespeare's. If we admit this scansion of Kyd's line, we must regard it as an archaic survival (S.).]

143. *Why, so*: 'an expression of content, or of unwilling acquiescence.' Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*.

152-8. The melody of these lines should be noticed as equal to some of Marlowe's best effects.

III. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

A. THE FIRST PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

8. *passion*: sorrow. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, I. 106, 'a mother's tears in passion for her son.'

8. *resolved*: dissolved. Cf. *A Lover's Complaint*, 296, 'his passion . . . resolved my reason into tears.'

11. *comments*: usually now intransitive, with the preposition 'on' or 'upon.' *N.E.D.* quotes from Prior, 'to trase each toil, and comment ev'ry war.'

13, 15. *Eyes, that, when . . . Make in*. Cunningham's emendation for 'Eyes, when that . . . Making.'

13. *Ebena*. I venture to suggest that *Ebena* may mean Diana, from the tradition that her image in the temple of Ephesus was made of *hebenus*, often spelt *ebenus*. Cf. Pliny, *Natural History*, xvi. 213, 'de simulacro ipso deae ambigitur, ceteri ex hebeno esse tradunt.' D. thinks the passage corrupt.

24. *conceit of foil*: fancy of defeat.

26. *What*. Magnificent as Marlowe's handling of his metre is, the very evenness of its movement with the absence of breaks in the line tends to monotony. The variety here given by a nine-syllable verse with opening stress is singularly powerful (S.).

saith. Cf. note on I. (D.) 14.

31. *quintessence*: with the accent on the first syllable, as in Shakespeare.

still: distill. Palsgrave, 'I STYLLE water in a stylytorie. *Je distille*.'

49. *I thus conceiving*, &c. 'I thus feeling, and also subduing, the power of Beauty, which has drawn down the chiefest of the gods even from, &c.' (D.).

50. *stooped the topmost*. The octavo and quarto read *stopt the tempest*. Dyce emended *stooped the chiefest*; Mr. K. Deighton suggested *topmost* as closer to the original of the last word and accounting for the corruption (S.).

52. *lovely* should perhaps be *lowly*. The spelling in the original editions is *lously*.

58. *mask . . . reeds*: Dyce's emendation for *march* and *weeds*.

55. Cf. Juvenal, viii. 20, 'nobilitas sola est atque unica uirtus.'

B. THE SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

9. *fire*: pronounced as a disyllable (A. § 480).

24. *tried silver*: cf. Psalm xii. 6, 'as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.'

runs. For the construction cf. Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, xiv, 'Her lips sucks forth my soul.' The construction in the text may be due to attraction: cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. I. 33, 'The posture of your blows are yet unknown' (S.).

45. *dated*: prescribed, limited. The opposite is *dateless*, eternal, as in 'death's dateless night,' Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, 30. 6.

58. *element*: air, sky. The stars are called 'the cinders of the element' in Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, iv. 3. 58.

68. *hurts*. Grief and fury are regarded as one idea, furious grief (*hendiadys*); hence the singular verb.

74. *Have*. *Nobility*, referring to the plural *lords*, is unconsciously felt to be plural in meaning.

80. *the scourge of . . . God!* the title of Tamburlaine, who, 'for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre, was termed, *The Scourge of God*' (title-page of the first edition of the First Part).

88. *a thousand ships*: cf. *Doctor Faustus*, xiv (of Helen), 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?'

93. *Lesbia nor Corinna*: the feigned names of Roman ladies to whom Catullus and Ovid respectively addressed amatory poems.

95. *epigram or elegy*: the former refers to Catullus, the latter to Ovid. 'Among the literary forms of lyric poetry, the most elegant, the Epigram, was first cultivated, partly for inscriptions, partly for allegory and occasional verses, in part too for light *erotic* trifles.'—Teuffel and Schwabe, *History of Roman Literature*.

99. *the Fatal Sisters*: i.e. the Fates, the Parcae. So

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 66, makes Launcelot speak of 'Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three.'

103. *cavalieros*: i.e. mounds, or elevations of earth, to lodge cannon (D.).

114. *Janus' temple-doors*: which were open in time of war and closed during peace. Livy, i. 19.

124. *prevails*: avails. Cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 8. 60, 'It helps not, it prevails not.'

133. *Mausolus*: the monument erected by Artemisia in memory of her deceased husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, became proverbial for its magnificence, and was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. Marlowe has made a false quantity, the *o* in Mausolus being long.

140. *statua*: Dyce's suggestion for *stature* of the octavo, and *statue* of the quarto. *Statua* is a common form in Elizabethan English, e. g. Bacon, *Of Friendship*, 'a Man were better relate himselfe to a Statua, or Picture.' So *apostata*.

C. THE JEW OF MALTA

The scene is before the house of Barabas, which has been turned into a nunnery (D.).

1. *raven*: for the superstitions connected with the raven, v. Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, iii. p. 210. One quotation will suffice to illustrate the present passage. Michael Drayton, in *The Barons' Wars*, 1603, Book v. stanza 42, says:—

'The ominous raven with a dismal cheer

Through his hoarse beak of following horror tells,

Begetting strange imaginary fear,

With heavy echoes like to passing bells.'

7. *incertain*. For this form cf. VI. (A.) 95.

39. The old editions have *Birn para todos my ganada no er*, from which Mr. Hermann B. Ritz conjectures, *Bien, par esta losa mi ganado no es*, 'Well, my money is not near this stone.'

41. *But stay*, &c. Shakespeare, it would seem, recollected this passage when he wrote:—

'But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!'

Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 2 (D.).

52. *enlargement*: release from confinement.

68. *Hermoso*, &c. 'O how delightful is the pleasure that money gives!'

D. EDWARD THE SECOND

18. *Whilom*: once upon a time. OE. *hwilum*, sometimes, originally the dative plural of *hwil*, time.

20. *life contemplative*. For the transposition of the adjective v. A. § 419 (3).

24. *nor fee*. For the ellipsis of *neither*, v. A. § 396.

26. *secure*: free from care. Lat. *securus*.

80. 'A': a common abbreviation for *he* (A. § 402).

84. *awkward*: adverse. So in Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV*, iii. 2. 83, 'by awkward wind.'

sore: pronounced as a disyllable (A. § 480).

40. *mickle*: much. Now considered Scotch, but originally northern English from OE. *micel*, which was palatalized in southern English into *much*, like *church*, &c.

50. *cannot*. For this absolute use of *can*, 'to be able,' 'to have power to do,' cf. Bacon, *Essay* xi, 'In evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can.'

52. *reave*: destroy. OE. *rēafian*, to rob, ravage, destroy. Cf. Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 766, 'or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.' Now used only in the compound *bereave*.

58. *Quem dies*, &c.: from Seneca, *Thyestes*, 613.

55. *passionate*: sorrowful.

57. The emphatic monosyllable *I* takes the place of a whole foot (A. § 481).

70. *earns*: grieves, v. note on I. (E.) 63.

81. *Killingworth*. The castle in Warwickshire which is usually called Kenilworth. Marlowe uses Holinshed's spelling (T.).

90. *but these*. The old editions have *these and these*. Dyce thinks that an epithet like 'hapless' has dropped out before 'Edward.' Those who retain *these and these* explain the first *these* with reference to the Abbot and Monks, the second to Spencer and Baldock.

92. *care*: a disyllable (A. § 480).

94. *that*. See note on II. (A.) 123.

96. *weeds*: clothes. OE. *wæd*, dress, clothes. Now used only in 'widow's weeds.'

IV. GEORGE PEELE

A. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

1. *while*: till (A. § 137).

bin: common in Peele. Morris, *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* (revised by Kellner and Bradley), § 311.

8. *sort*: collection.

4. *Ida woods*. This use of a noun as an adjective is very frequent with proper names, e.g. 'Philippi fields,' 'Tiber banks' (A. § 22).

8. *toy*: trifle.

14. *ne*, the ME. form is an intentional archaism, like *bin*, *me list*, &c., to suit the tone of the piece.

15. *Me list*: an impersonal construction, 'it pleases me,' common in ME.

17. *roundelay*: ballad, from F. *rondelet*, diminutive of *rondel*, the termination being confused with *lay* by folk-etymology.

19. *tho*: then. OE. *þa*.

23. *Phorcys' imp* was Medusa, daughter of Phorcys, a sea deity, once a beautiful maiden, who was changed by Athena into a Gorgon with snaky locks.

imp: child, lit. scion, from LL. *impotus*, G. *ἐμψυτος*, engrafted. A favourite word, in a dignified sense, with Spenser.

trick: trim. Cf. Ascham, *Toxophilus* (ed. Arber), p. 28, 'tricke and trimme.' Roister Doister, II. 3. 43.

27. *for the nones*: a mere tag, exceedingly common in ME. Lit. 'for the once.' The *n* properly belongs to *the*, which was in ME. *then*, OE. *ðæn*, the dative of the demonstrative pronoun.

29. *Salmacis*: a fountain in Caria, fabled to render those who drank of it effeminate. Cf. 'quare male fortibus undis Salmacis eneruet, tactosque remolliat artus, Discite,' Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 286, where the legend is told. Dyce points out that much of this speech is based upon Golding's epistle to Leicester, prefixed to his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

81. *raught*: reached, pret. of the ME. *rechen*, OE. *reccan*.

Queen Ceres' daughter: Persephone (Proserpina) was seized by Pluto as she was gathering flowers in Sicily, and carried off to the infernal regions. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, v. 391 seq.

83. *Daphne*, pursued by Apollo, was changed into a laurel. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 452 seq.

35. *Narcissus*, a beautiful boy, became enamoured of his own image reflected in a fountain, and pined away with desire. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 487 seq.

tooting: poring, eagerly gazing on, from OE. *totian*, to peep out. Very common in ME. and still surviving in place-names, as Tooting, Tothill, &c. Dyce quotes from Fairfax's *Tasso*, 'As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid.'

36. *vade*: pass, vanish. Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 170, 'Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good; A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly.' Skeat takes it as a weakened form of *fade*, but it would seem to be at least influenced by the Latin *uadere*. [Cf. Brathwaite, *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, sig. E 3, 'Thy form's divine, no fading, vading flower,' where the word is used as a climax to 'fading' (S.).]

37. *Philomela*, dishonoured by her brother-in-law Tereus, was changed into a nightingale, or a swallow. Having her tongue torn out by Tereus, she communicated her wrongs to her sister Progne by means of embroidery. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vi. 575, 'Stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela; Purpureasque notas filis intexit albis, Indicium sceleris' (where 'callida' explains Peele's 'cunning').

41. *Ixion's wheel*, &c.: for these commonplaces of classical mythology, cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. v. 35.

42. *mo*: more (in number), from OE. *mā*. *More*, from *mara*, means greater in degree.

49. *sonnet*: originally used for a love-song in any metre, as in *Songes and Sonnettes* (Tottel's *Miscellany*), and *Roister Doister*, II. l. 21, 'then twang with our sonets.'

51. *ditty*: cf. note on II. (B.) 13.

£6, 58. *may be . . . lady*. This assonance frequently does duty for a rime. Cf. C. Robinson's *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584 (Arber's reprint, p. 50):—

'Fain would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:

I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,

But as pretie a thing as may bee.' (S.)

75. *can*: cf. note on III. (D.) 50.

87. *unkiss'd unkind*. Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, 809, 'Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is unsought.' Heywood, *Epigrammes vpon Prouerbes* (Spenser Society, p. 148), 'Unknowen, vnkist, and beyng knowen I weene, Thou art neuer kist, where thou mayst be seene.' The address to Gabriel

Harvey, prefixed to Spenser's *Shepheards Calender*, 'Uncouthe, unkiste, sayde the old famous Poete Chaucer.' Perhaps *unkind* is a corruption of *unkenned*.

B. DAVID AND BETHSABE

5. *wreathed*. Wreathing or folding the arms was a mark of melancholy. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 1. 19, 'to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent.' Inamorato, in the frontispiece to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has his arms wreathed.

6. *ten-stringed*. Cf. Psalm xcii. 3, 'Upon an instrument of ten strings.'

82. *Hermon*. Cf. Psalm cxxxiii. 3, 'As the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Sion' (Prayer-book version).

84. *Gath and Askaron*. Cf. 2 Samuel i. 20, 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.'

58. The text is hopelessly corrupt. *Pardy, the poor man's store*, Mr. K. Deighton conjectures, explaining 'i.e. the poor man's sheep, or, by God, I might say the poor man's whole store, for this ewe lamb was all he had.' *Pardy* or *perdy* = *par Dieu*, and, as Mr. Deighton remarks, Peele was fond of this oath. The sense thus suggested is excellent, but the abnormal length of the line points to a deeper corruption; *poor man's* may have been wrongly repeated (S.).

75. *Hethite's*: i.e. Hittite's. The Vulgate has *Hethaei*.

95. *scorn*: shame. *Father's* is an 'objective' genitive.

C. THE OLD WIFE'S TALE

Wive's in the title is a genitive singular—a form of constant occurrence in old texts: see Dekker's *Batchelor's Banquet*, *passim* (S.).

1. *all amort*: disconsolate. Properly *alamort*, from Fr. *à la mort*. Sherwood, *English and French Dictionary* (1672), has 'All amort. Voyez, In a dump.' Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, i. 22, 'Shall he thus all amort live malcontent?' and Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 8. 36.

5. *twenty in the hundred*. Alludes to an Elizabethan mode of insuring the life against the dangers of foreign travel. The traveller, before starting on his journey, would deposit with a banker, say, £20, on the understanding that, if he returned home in safety, he should receive £100; if he did not, the

deposit was forfeited. The rate of insurance varied, but this was the customary amount. So, in Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 48, a traveller is called a 'putter out of five for one,' i.e. one who puts out money at the rate of five for one in return.

7. *franion*: a gay, idle fellow. Cf. Heywood, *The First Part of King Edward the Fourth*, i. 3 (ed. Collier, p. 45), 'He's a frank franion, a merry companion' (H.).

16. '*O man in desperation*.' A popular old tune. Cf. Nashe, *Summer's Last Will & Testament* (Hazl.-Dodsl. viii. 51), 'you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing *O man in desperation*.'

19. *Three merry men &c.* A famous old catch. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 216 (B^a). Cf. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 82, 'Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and Three merry men be we,' where Steevens refers to Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho* (ed. Dyce, v. 3, p. 125), Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (ii. 8. 2), and *The Bloody Brother* (iii. 2). The music of the tune is given in Furness's variorum edition of *Twelfth Night*.

28. *wooden*: mad, with a play on *wood*. So 'wood within this wood,' Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 192. OE. *wōd*, mad.

25. *the White Horse*. John Taylor, in his *Travels through more than thirty times twelve Signes*, 1636 (ed. Spenser Society, pp. 33 and 60), speaks of 'The White Horse in Lumbard street,' and 'The White Horse in Nicholas Shambles.' Dyce quotes from Peele's *Jests* how 'George was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper at the White Horse in Friday Street.'

83. *What make you*: what are you doing? Cf. the same play on the word in Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, i. 1. 31.

52. *for*: for fear of. Cf. Barry, *Ram Alley*, i. 2:—

'Ah how light a' treads,
For dirting his silk stockings.'

58. *gammer*: an old wife, grandmother, as in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Still used provincially, v. *The English Dialect Dictionary*, s.v.

64. *lamb's-wool*: 'a drink consisting of hot ale mixed with the pulp of roasted apples, and sugared and spiced' (*N.E.D.*). Cf. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, 576, 'Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb,' referring to the charge against Lord Howard of Escrick, of having taken the sacrament in 'lamb's-wool.'

65. *trump or ruff*. Varieties of card-games, differing in the nature of the trumps. Dyce quoted from *Martins Months minde*, 1589 (a tract attributed to Nashe), 'having never a good Card in their hands, and leaving the ancient game of England (*Trumpe*) where every coat and suit are sorted in their degree, [they] are running to their *Ruffe* where the greatest sort of the suit carries away the game' (S.).

73. *chopcherry*: a game in which a cherry is snatched for with the teeth, bob-cherry, alluded to in the 'Hesperides,' Herrick's *Works*, i. 198.

107. *scald*: scabby. Halliwell quotes from *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), 'a scald trivial lying pamphlet.' Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, A. 627, 'With scalled browes blake.'

118. *good fellow*: boon companion. Cotgrave, 'Gale-bon-temps. *A merry grig, a good fellow, good drunkard, pot-companion.*'

120. *Christmas*. A joke of the Dogberry type.

122. *frollic'st franion*. Cf. note on l. 7.

123. *sworn brother*: bosom friend, with reference to the mediaeval custom by which two persons, engaged in an adventure or campaign, took an oath to share each other's fortunes and were called *fratres iurati*. Occurs several times in Shakespeare, e. g. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 107; *Richard II*, v. 1. 20.

funerals: often used in the plural instead of the singular, perhaps on the analogy of the Lat. *exequiae*. Shakespeare has it twice, viz. *Julius Caesar*, v. 3. 105; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 381.

124. *that's once*: that's settled once for all (B^a).

129. *Wiggen . . . pike-staff!* Part of the speech in the old text, an arrangement revived in Prof. F. B. Gummere's edition. Dyce and Bullen print as a stage-note (S.).

186. *neat's leather*. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, ii. 2. 73, 'any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather'; *Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 29, 'as proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.' According to Shakespeare's definition, 'the steer, the heifer, and the calf, are all called neat.' OE. *neat*, ox, cow.

144. *And*: if. Very common in Elizabethan English. The origin of the meaning is doubtful, but the corresponding Scandinavian word *enda* also meant 'if.' See *N.E.D.*

146. *thatch*: i. e. strip the lead off the roof and sell it.

147. *galliard*: a nimble and lively dance, often mentioned in Elizabethan literature.

148. *Sic argumentaris, Domine Loach*. Apparently imitated

from Skelton, who abounds in similar expressions, e.g. *Ware the Hauke*, 244, 'Construas hoc, Domine Dawcocke!' So Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 105, '*Quid dicis ad hoc*, Worshipful Domine Dawcock?'

151. *Domine opponens*, &c. An expression from the mediaeval Latin disputations, 'Sir opponent, I propose to you this question.'

154. *presently*: immediately.

to begin mine: to open the argument from my side (with the aid of the pike-staff) (B^a).

175. *bilbo-blade*: Spanish sword. Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. 5. 112.

176. *church-stile*. There is no need to conjecture 'church-ale,' as Mr. P. A. Daniel does. Cf. Overbury's *Characters*, 'A Sexton' (ed. Rimbault, p. 145), 'at every church-stile commonly there's an ale-house.'

177. *trill-lill* seems to be a cant word to imitate the gurgling of liquor. It occurs in *A Looking-Glass for London* (Dyce's Greene, 1831, p. 119), 'let us to the spring of the best liquor; whilst this lasts, trillill!' Kemp, in his *Nine Days' Wonder*, speaks of himself as 'only tricker of your Trill-lilles.'

184. *who*: A. § 274.

V. ROBERT GREENE

A. SELIMUS

10. *set . . . abroach*: literally means to tap a barrel, ME. *setten on broche*, from Fr. *broche*, a spit, or spigot.

12. *Mahound's*: Mahomet's. The ME. forms are *Mahimet*, *Maumet*, *Mahum*, and *Mahun* (Stratmann). *Mahounde* occurs in the York Plays, and is used by Spenser, e.g. *Faerie Queene*, II. 8. 33, 'By Mahoune, cursed thiefe.' The *-d* is 'parasitic,' like the *-d* in *sound*, &c.

36. *pass*: care. Shakespeare, *2 Henry VI*, IV. 2. 136, 'As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not.' Common in other dramatists.

38. *ceremonies*: pronounced as a trisyllable (A. § 463).

41. *catch the front*. A reference to the proverb about 'taking Time by the forelock.' '*Fronte capillata, post est occasio calva*' (Dionysius Cato) (S.).

44. *to lay*: i.e. for laying (A. § 356).

55. *worth a leek*. A common phrase. Cf. Chaucer, *Rom.* 4830;

C. T., G. 795; Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*, 183, 'it is not worth a leke.'

78. *of his own dition*. A Latinism, 'suæ dicionis esse,' to be independent. Cf. Livy, xxi. 53, § 5, 'suæ dicionis fecisse.'

The whole of this rationalistic theory of the origin of law and religion is based upon Lucretius, v. 1105 seq., summarized and paraphrased by Horace, *Satires*, i. 3. 99 seq. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 241 seq.

82. *The ploughman*, &c. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 125 seq.

86. *tantara*: from Ennius, 'at tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.' 'Trumpets sound tantara,' *Wily Beguiled* (Hazl.-Dodsl. xx. 267).

89. *Ninus*: son of Belus, husband of Semiramis, and the fabled builder of Nineveh.

90. *warray*: wage war upon. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 5. 48, (Nimrod) 'that first the world with sword and fire war-rayed.' Grosart reads 'array.'

108. *bable*. Old form of 'bauble.'

138. *secure*: free from care.

141. *uneath*: uneasily. OE. *unæðe*.

147. *unmanured*: untilled, uncultivated. *Manured* literally means 'worked by the hand,' and is a contracted form of *manœuvre*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, I. 3. 328, 'sterile with idleness, or manured with industry.'

175. *bassas*: bashaws, pachas.

187. *school conditions*: childish qualities.

188. *dam*. 'The devil and his dam' is a common phrase in the Elizabethan drama, e.g. Shakespeare, *Othello*, iv. 1. 153; Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, vi. 97.

190. *Sisyphus*. Cf. IV. (A.) 19 seq.

198-4. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 54, 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil.'

195. *astrolabes*: any instrument for taking the altitude of any heavenly body; here, a planisphere (G.). Cf. Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe* (Chaucer's *Works*, ed. Skeat, iii. 175 seq.).

B. FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

2. *Cassius*. The reference is to the artfulness with which Cassius conducted the conspiracy against Caesar (W.).

his. Logically we expect 'thy,' but this 'divergence from the subject to the thing compared with the subject' is fully illustrated by A. § 415 (S.).

4. *Lynceus*: steersman of the Argo, proverbial for keen sight. Cf. Horace, *Epistles*, i. 1. 28, 'non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,' where the editors quote from Pindar, *Nemean Odes*, x. 62, κείνου γὰρ ἐπιχθονίων πάντων γένει δέξυτατον ὄμμα.

8. *portace*: portable breviary, or prayer-book. A common word, variously spelt, v. the long article in Nares' *Glossary*, s. v. *Portesse*.

10. *strook*: struck.

16. *Whenas*: when (A. § 135).

curious: exquisite.

18. Cf. Scene vi, l. 80, 'Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart.'

20. *fancy*: love.

24. *Injurious*: offensive, contumelious. Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, iii. 3. 69, 'Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!' The apodosis begins 'And could,' l. 30.

25. *Hephaestion*: the favourite on the occasion of whose death Alexander the Great displayed extravagant grief (W.).

28. *second*: i. e. second only.

33. *corrival*: rival. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, i. 3. 207.

35. *quite*: requite, the reading of the old editions in several passages of Shakespeare, where later texts have *quit*.

36. *stept awry*: a common euphemism for 'sinned.' So Shaw says of Jane Shore in Heywood's *Second Part of King Edward the Fourth*, ii. 4, 'Pity that e'er awry she trod her shoe!'

43. *with sighs*. The verb *pleaded*, common to both clauses, is put in the latter, an arrangement more common in Latin than in English.

45. *cipher out*: express. Used literally of working out an arithmetical result.

48. *fall*: a survival of the old inflected infinitive (A. § 349).

50. *Is*. Cf. note on III. (B.) 24.

58. *Sethin* is clearly another form of 'shittim'; see Exodus xxv. 10, 'And they shall make an ark of shittim wood' (W.).

57. *Thetis*: mother of Achilles, a Nereid.

59. *lavoltas*. The *lavolta*, or *lavolt*, was a favourite Elizabethan dance, of Italian or French origin, 'consisting a good deal in high and active bounds' (N.).

66. *but* is out of place (A. § 129).

68. *Danae*: visited by Jupiter in a shower of gold. The myth is rationalized by Horace, *Odes*, iii. 16.

69. *Latona's webs*: as if the rays of the sun were a garment fashioned for the sun-god by his mother Latona (W.).

70. *lodge*: house, habitation. Psalm xix. 4, 'in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.'

71. For the ellipsis of *neither* before *nor*, v. A. § 396.

Mercury was regarded as the inventor of the lyre. Horace, *Odes*, i. 10. 6, 'curvaeque lyrae parentem.'

74. *point of schools*: important argument in the disputations of the schools (W.). 'Standest thou with me on school points?' *New Custom* (Hazl.-Dodsl. iii. 19).

75. *Ablata*, &c. 'If the cause is removed, the result disappears.' A logical formula (W.). Cf. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 30), 'For it is truly sayd, *Sublata causa, tollitur effectus*.'

78. *him*: redundant, representing the real object of the verb, viz. Lacy, in l. 76 (A. § 242).

82. *doom*: sentence. 'Do not stop at words, but proceed to deeds.'

83. *it*: used indefinitely, as the object of the verb (A. § 226).

85. *Venus' courts*: refers to the Courts of Love of the days of chivalry, in the literature of which their technicalities played so prominent a part. Tribunals called Courts of Love, in which questions of gallantry were decided, and the claims and arguments of the parties were put into verse by the poets, were instituted as early as 1180, both in Provence and in Picardy (W.).

88. *cease*: cause to cease (A. § 291).

90. *act it*: carry it into effect (A. § 226).

97. *him*: for *himself* (A. § 223).

102. *over-live*: survive. Compare German *überleben* (W.).

104. *Rid*: dispatch, destroy. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, i. 2. 364, 'the red plague rid you.'

106. *blasen*: published abroad. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 151, 'till we can find a time to blaze your marriage.' St. Mark i. 45, 'to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter.' ME. *blasen*, to trumpet, connected with *blare* and *blason*.

107. *abide*: endure, suffer. Common in Shakespeare.

113. *Damasco*: Damascus, called *Damas* in Scene iv. l. 27. 'Edward, however, never fought before Damascus' (W.).

120. *passion*: a trisyllable (A. § 479).

126. *Lincoln Countess*. For similar noun-compounds, e. g. 'The Carthage Queen,' v. A. § 430.

130. *that* is a 'conjunctive affix,' and belongs to 'if' (A. § 287).

131. *riched*. For verbs formed from nouns and adjectives, v. A. § 290.

132. The line is deficient by a foot. Dyce suggests the insertion of 'indeed' before 'mean.'

134. *of*: i. e. to.

140. *Aspasia*. The real name of Aspasia of Phocaea, the favourite of Cyrus the younger, was Milto, but it was changed by her lover in memory of the famous Aspasia beloved by Pericles (W.).

144. *revolt*: overthrown. From the Italian *revolto*, 'turned, revolted, ouerthrowne, ouerturned' (Florio).

159. *neat*: pure. Cotgrave, 'Net: m. nette: f. *Neat, clean, pure, clear*.' W. quotes from Peele's *The Old Wive's Tale* (ed. Bullen, p. 320), 'A cup of neat wine of Orleans.'

162. *respect*: regard, consider.

C. JAMES THE FOURTH

10. *Doll*: from Dorothea, as *Moll* from Mary.

11. *stale*: stole. ME. *stelen*, pret. *stal*.

31. *clout*: patch. OE. *clut*. Joshua ix. 5, 'old shoes and clouted.'

For the proverb, cf. the Latin 'ne supra crepidam sutor,' the origin of which is attributed to the painter Apelles by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxv. § 85.

40. *stales*: decoys, baits. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 187, 'stale to catch these thieves.'

46. *mickle*: much. OE. *micel*.

47. *weel*: well. Northern English.

51. *but*: only. 'The boy is blind, only when he does not want to see.'

52. *leaden*: i. e. heavy. Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 365, 'death-counterfeiting sleep With leaden legs and batty wings.' With the whole passage compare the madrigal in Thomas Lodge's *Rosalind*, 1590:—

'Love in my bosom, like a bee,

Doth suck his sweet.

Now with his wings he plays with me;

Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest;

His bed, amidst my tender breast.

My kisses are his daily feast;
 And yet he robs me of my rest!
 Ah! Wanton! will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string.
 He music plays, if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing;
 Yet, cruel! he my heart doth sting!
 Whist! Wanton! still ye!

54. *infects*. 'To affect in any manner, but always contrary to wishes.' Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. 1. 230, 'Navarre is infected. *Prin.* With what? *Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle affected.'

64. *his tree*, i.e. the laurel. 'Laurea Apollinari,' Horace, *Odes*, iv. 2. 9. Apparently regarded here as the symbol of perpetual maidenhood, from the legend of Daphne, who was changed into a laurel. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 486 (of Daphne), 'Da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime, dixit, Virginitate frui.'

88. *affects*: feelings, desires. In Shakespeare only in the plural, e.g. *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. 1. 152, 'every man with his affects is born.'

104. *I*: for *me* (A. 8. 209).

114. *constellation*. Qy. *consultation* (S.).

115. *oppositions*: '[in *Astrology*] when two Planets being distant 180 Degrees, behold one another diametrically opposite.' Bailey (1733).

dry: apparently the same as *combust* in l. 131. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1162, 'dry combustious matter.'

aspects: another astrological term, 'the peculiar position and influence of a planet.' Always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare.

116. *things*. Object of 'knows,' subject of 'are past.' Cf. note on II. (A.) 123.

117. *thy*, and *thou*, used as regularly by the superior to the inferior, who uses *your* and *you*, but in 113 Ateukin says 'thy vassal' (A. §§ 231-5).

127. *inconvenient*: unfitting, unseemly. Cf. 'not convenient,' Romans i. 28.

129. *sooth*: truth. OE. *sōþ*.

131. *combust*: 'a Term in *Astronomy*; when a planet is not above 8 Degrees 30 Minutes distant from the Sun, it is said to be *combust*, or in *Combustion*.'—Bailey (1733). Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, 715, 'And if I hadde, O Venus ful of murthe, Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne, Or if thou combust or let were in my birthe.' Milton, *Areopagitica* (ed. Hales, p. 43), 'Who can discern those planets that are oft *Combust*?'

143. *Trophonius*: a deity supposed to give oracles in a cave near Lebadia in Boeotia.

148. *cap and knee*, i. e. salute and obeisance. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, iv. 3. 68, 'The more and less came in with cap and knee.'

170. *moths*: the old spelling of *motes*. Malone on Shakespeare, *King John*, iv. 2. 92, quotes from the preface to Lodge's *Incarinate Devils* (1596), 'they are in the aire, like *atomi in sole*, mothes in the sonne.'

189. *moly-rocus*. *Moly* (μῶλυ), was a fabulous herb of magic power given by Hermes to Ulysses as an antidote to the charms of Circe, Homer, *Odyssey*, x. 305. Cf. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxv. 26, 'clarissima herbarum est Homero teste quam uocari a dis putat moly, et inuentionem eius Mercurio adsignat contraque summa ueneficia demonstrationem.'

For *rocus*, which is unintelligible, I conjecture *rhoeas* (ῥοῖας), a kind of poppy, mentioned by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xix. 169. The line would then read, 'I'll gather moly, rhoeas, and the herbs.' If Greene spelt it *roeas*, the corruption would be easy.

195. *Win*. This emphatic monosyllable forms the first foot, as frequently in Chaucer (A. § 479 a).

D. GEORGE-A-GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD

2. *leman*: dear one, from OE. *leof* and *man*.

3. *Say*. For monosyllables containing a diphthong, especially imperatives, dispensing with an unaccented syllable, v. A. § 484.

9. *Content*. For ejaculations &c., placed out of the regular verse, v. A. § 512.

10. *wreaks*: troubles, vexes. OE. *wrecan*, drive, push. Halliwell gives 'to fret' as one meaning of *wreak* in Northern English, without quoting examples.

25. *this Pinner*. Accusative of 'the redundant object' (A. § 414).

28. *nill*: will not, = *ne will*. OE. *nyllan*.

83. *bright of blee* is an expression frequent in old ballads: *blee* is from OE. *blēo*, colour.

37. *bat*: cudgel. Cotgrave, '*Baston*: m. *A staff, bat, cudgel, trunchion, club*.' Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, iv. 2 (ed. Gifford, p. 89), 'These bats have power to fell down giants.' Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, iii. 631, 'And finished them with bats.'

41. *plank*. D. suggests *plant*.

47. *alewife*. 'The trade of brewing was confined almost wholly to females.' Note to *Liber Albus*, ed. H. T. Riley, p. 307 [quoted by Skeat in *Piers Plowman*, Prol. 218]. Cf. the couplet under the imaginary portrait of Elynour Rummyng (Dyce's *Skelton*, ii. p. 153):—

'When Skelton wore the Laurell Crowne,
My Ale put all Ale-wiues downe.'

70. *clapperdudgeon*: a cant name for a beggar. A clap-dish—a wooden dish with a cover,—used to be carried by beggars. This suggests a possible origin of the nickname. See the article on *clap-dish* in Nares' *Glossary*, as *N.E.D.*, s. v. 'clapperdudgeon.'

109. *tracing*: walking. Still in use, according to Halliwell.

114. *tall*: bold, stout. Very common in this sense, e.g. *Roister Doister*, iv. 8. 9, 'quit ourselves like tall men and hardy.'

115. *we will forward*. For omission of verb of motion after 'will,' v. A. § 405.

128. *Were thou*: perhaps a survival of the OE. form, which is *wære* in the 2nd person singular of the preterite, indicative and subjunctive, of *wesan*, to be.

154. *lief*: dear. OE. *leof*.

157. *wafer cakes*: perhaps made of pastry, as Pistol, in Shakespeare, *Henry V*, ii. 8. 53, compares 'men's faith' to them, as we do promises to pie-crust.

158. *Martlemas*: i.e. Martinmas. It was the custom to kill oxen, &c., at this season and cure them for the winter. So Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, says:

'Martilmass Beefe doth bear good tacke,
When countrey folke do dainties lacke.'

According to Tusser Redivivus (1744), 'Martlemass beef is beef dried in the chimney, as bacon.' See Brand, *Popular Antiquities* (ed. 1890), i. 399. One of Gluttony's godfathers in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, vi. 148, was Martin Martlemas-beef.

159. *like*: please.

160. *for me*: for all I care.

161. *Godamercies*: thank you. Literally 'God have mercy.' Generally in the singular, 'God-a-mercy,' as in Shakespeare.

VI. THOMAS LODGE

A. THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR

10. *condescend*: agree. Palsgrave, 'I CONDESCENDE, I agre to a mater.' Skelton, *Magnyfycence*, 39, 'To that ye say I can well condyssende.' Malory, *Le Morte Darthur*, xxi. 4, 'Than were they condesended that,' &c. See *N.E.D.*, s.v.

28. *rods and axes*: i.e. the *fascies*, borne by the lictors, and symbolical of supreme power.

32. *retrograde*. 'A planet is said to be so, when by its proper motion in the zodiack it goes backwards or contrary to the succession of the signs, as from the second degree of *Aries* to the first, and from that to *Pisces*' (Bailey); i.e. when the apparent motion of a planet is contrary to that of the sun in the ecliptic.

51. *disease*: trouble, disquiet. Palsgrave, 'I DISEASE or noy a person.'

52. *whereas*: where (A. § 135).

77. *jest*: deed, exploit; same word as *geste*, from Lat. *gestus*. Elyot, *The Governour* (ed. Croft, i. 252), 'his owne actes and iestes.'

78. *silly*: simple, innocent, helpless.

79. *mated*: daunted, confounded. Same word as in 'check-mate,' which comes from the Persian *shāh māt*, 'the king is dead.' Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. 1. 86, 'My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.'

83. *lours*: frowns.

96. *quelleth*: crushes, destroys. OE. *cwellan*, to kill.

99. *floats*: the original reading, wrongly changed in Hazlitt's Dodsley to 'flows.' It rimes with 'notes.' From l. 86 the metre consists of sextains, riming *a b a b c c*. 'Corresponding to AS. *fleðtan*, to "fleet," we have Icel. *fljóta*, to float, to flow; Dan. *flyde*, to flow; Swed. *flyta*, to flow, float; G. *fließen* (OHG. *flisan*), to flow' (Skeat).

102. *tickle*: unstable, precarious. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, 1. 2. 177, 'Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders.'

111. *lo*, the original reading, unjustifiably altered in Hazlitt's Dodsley to 'though.' So, in the next line, the old reading *Yea* has been changed to 'She.' The whole passage in Dodsley reads thus:—

'How I alone, where many men were slain,
In spite of fate am come to Rome again.
And though I wield the reverend stiles of state;
She, Sylla, with a beck could break thy neck.'

115. *labouring Sisters*: i.e. the Fates.

119. *Where*: whereas (A. § 134).

121. *lets*: hinders. I have removed the comma after *lets*, making 'my lord' the accusative instead of the vocative case, because Sylla answers, 'What lets *me*, Pompey?'

127. *makes*: cf. note on III. (B.) 24.

136. *than*: then. Cf. Milton, *Ode on the Nativity*:—

'Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below.'

138. *disclaim*: abdication. Cotgrave, 'Desadveu. *A disclaim, disavowing, renouncing.*'

147. *refined*. I cannot find any instance of the transitive use of this verb. Perhaps 'at' has fallen out between *refined* and *oft*.

160. *while*: till, to which Dodsley has needlessly changed the word (A. § 137).

B. A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND

2. *commodity*: i.e. goods, which the prodigal took as a part of the sum he wished to borrow from the usurer, and which he was to turn into cash in the best way he was able (D.). Cf. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 3. 4 (of the tenants of a prison), 'First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money.'

4. *lute-strings*. Dyce compares Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 'I knowe one spent in lesse than a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and an other that ranne in det, in the space of foure or fve yeere, aboue foureteene thousand pound in *lute-strings* and gray paper.' Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 'if he borrow an hundred pounds, he shall have forty

in silver, and three score in wares, as lute strings, hobby horses, or brown paper.'

11. *the statute*. Cf. 'An Ordinance against Usurers,' in the *Liber Albus* (ed. Riley, p. 319 seq.).

28. *tell*: count.

32. *counterpane*: the *counterpart* of a pair of deeds. Cf. Jonson, *Barthol'mew Fair*, Induction (ed. Gifford-Cunningham, iv. 346), 'Read, scribe; give me the counterpane.' It comes apparently from the Old French *contrepain*, and is derived from *contre* and *pan* meaning 'piece.' See *N.E.D.*, s. v. It is now obsolete.

84. *strooken*: struck, properly 'stricken,' from OE. *strican*, past participle of *strican*. Cf. note on I. (D.) 37.

42. *stand my good master*. The phrase 'to be good master to' generally seems to mean 'to act as patron to, recommend, support,' e. g. Skelton, *Magnyfycence*, 808, 'why dost thou not supplye, And desyre me thy good mayster to be?' Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, v. 2 (end), 'Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.' So here, perhaps, the words are addressed, not to the Usurer, but to Thrasybulus.

44. *for her meat*: i. e. in return for her food.

45. *a pretty sop*: i. e. a considerable quantity.

65. *sod*: boiled, scalded. From *soden*, past participle of OE. *sēoðan*, to boil.

68. *prognostication*: a weather-forecast which was a great feature in almanacs of the period. See for a *locus classicus* on the subject Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act i, where Sordido reads from one which he purchased for a penny (S.).

81. *strook*: cf. V. (B.) 10.

91. *husbandry*: thrift.

VII. THOMAS NASHE

SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

13. *pratty*: pretty. Cf. I. 71.

14. *breeched*: flogged. Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1. 81, 'if you forget your "quies," your "quaes," and your "quods," you must be preeches' [i. e. breeched].

15. *green men*: i. e. the Satyrs and Wood-nymphs, dressed in green.

16. *Jowben*: the title of a song or catch, perhaps 'The great Jew Ben.' *Jew* was occasionally spelt and pronounced *Jow* in

the sixteenth century. It may be the same as *The Jew's Corant* to the tune of 'Greensleeves,' which, according to Chappell, is often referred to under the names of *The Jew's Corant* and *The Blacksmith*. A copy is among the King's Pamphlets, dated Jan. 18, 1659. For 'Greensleeves,' see Clement Robinson's *Handefull of pleasant delities*, 1584 (Arber's *English Scholar's Library*, p. 17). I am indebted to Mr. R. L. Dunbabin for this suggestion.

25. *Omnibus*, &c. From Horace, *Odes*, i. 28. 15.

32. *progress*. 'The Queen, going on progress in the summer months, took her journey through Oxford, where she stayed certain days, being delighted with most elegant orations, stage-plays and learned disputations, and daintily feasted by the Lord Buckhurst, Chancellor of the University.' Camden's *Annals of Elizabeth*, ed. 1635, p. 414.

49. *Vertumnus*: the god of the 'changing' year. Originally the present participle middle of *uerto*, 'turning himself.'

56. *lose a mark in issues*: be fined 13s. 4d. for not answering the summons. 'Issues' was a technical term in law for 'profits on lands and tenements' (Cowell, *The Interpreter*, 1637) which could be seized to compel the owner's appearance in court, and were forfeited by a refusal to appear. The crier's formula seems to have run, 'Come into the court, or lose a mark in issues.' Either Vertumnus means this (he may be supposed to say it in a crier's sing-song, and to be quoting it off-hand as a matter of form), or he is playing the fool and claims the mark as a perquisite, whether Vertumnus appears or not. For the phrase cf. John Heywood, *Woorkes*, 1562, sig. Ccij, Epigram 31 of 'The Syxt hundred of Epigrammes':—

'Thou lostst a marke in issews, criers cry' (S.).

61. *palm*: budding branches of willow used to decorate the house on Palm Sunday. Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, i. 120) quotes from Googe, *Popish Kingdome*, 'And willow branches hallow, that they palmes do use to call.' Coles, *Adam in Eden*, speaking of the willow says, 'The blossoms come forth before any leaves appear, and are in their most flourishing estate usually before Easter, divers gathering them to deck up their houses on Palm Sunday, and therefore the said flowers are called Palme.'

may. The blossom of the whitethorn is still called may in the country in England.

78. *Falantado*. 'Falantado' or 'Falanta' was evidently the refrain of some old song or ballad. Nashe uses the word again

in *The Unfortunate Traveller* (ed. Gosse, p. 18), 'firking, flantado, Amphibologies.' Gabriel Harvey, in his *New Letter of Notable Contents* (1593), says of Nashe 'Let him be the *Falanta* downdiddle of rhyme' (Hazzl.-Dodsl. viii. 24).

89. *trencher and a napkin*. The word 'reckoning' used by Summer suggests to the volatile Ver the idea of a drawer or tapster.

Stage direction.] *the hobby-horse*: 'a personage belonging to the ancient morris dance, when complete, and made by the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long footcloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man should be, at the sides of the horse' (Nares).

the morris-dance: a country dance, said to be of Moorish origin, performed especially on May Day. A description of it, with a list of the characters represented, may be found in Nares, Brand, and Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 630 (which contains an interesting illustration). Cf. also *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 5 (with Skeat's notes), and Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600), reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, vii. 17 seq.

97. *ladle*: 'To the horse's mouth was suspended a ladle for the purpose of gathering money from the spectators. In later times the fool appears to have performed this office' (Douce, *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, p. 559). The ladle in the mouth of the hobby-horse may be seen in the illustration in Chambers's *Book of Days*, referred to above.

98. *Hall*: a noted taborer of the time, mentioned in *Old Meg of Herefordshire* (1609) [Hazzl.-Dodsl. viii. 24]. In the morris-dance one of the personages was a musician, variously called a minstrel, a piper, and a taborer, in fact he played both the pipe and the tabor (i. e. a small drum) as shown in the above illustration. Will Kemp started on his morris-dance from London to Norwich, 'attended on by Thomas Slye, my Tabourer.'

well said, frequently means 'well done,' e. g. *Roister Doister*, iv. 8. 19, where Custance says 'Well said' to Trupenie, who has not spoken (Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, v. 8. 10).

103. *my lord's*. Probably Archbishop Whitgift. The piece was played at Croydon (S.).

106. *grand capital sum*: still with reference to the 'reckoning.' Cf. *summa totalis* in l. 94.

107. *parcels*: portions. Cotgrave, 'Parcelle: f. *A parcel; particle, piece, little part.*'

110. *Trip and go*. The title of a morris-dance. Cf. Nashe's preface to the pirated edition of *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591, 'Indeed, to say the truth, my style is somewhat heavy-gaited and cannot dance *Trip and go* so lively with "Oh my love, ah my love, all my love gone!" as other shepherds that have been fools in the morris, time out of mind.' The phrase became proverbial; cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2 (Holofernes to Jaquenetta) 'Trip and go, my sweet' (S.).

heave and ho: a common refrain, e.g. Skelton, *Bowge of Courte*, 252; Marlowe, *Edward the Second*, ii. 2. 188 (quoted from Fabian's *Chronicle*); *The Squyr of Lowe Degre* (Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 54).

145. *hells*. The plural is also found in Lodge's *The Wounds of Civil War* (Hazl.-Dodsl. vii. 16), 'To throw her down into the lowest *hells*.'

VIII. HENRY CHETTLE

PATIENT GRISSIL

12. Cf. Isaiah xlv. 9, 'Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou?'

19. *mell*: mix, associate. Cotgrave, 'Mesler. *To mingle, mix, blend, mash, mell.*'

21. *and I dance mine own child*. Probably, as Collier suggests, a quotation from some lost nursery rhyme.

46. *skillet*: saucepan. Palsgrave, 'Skellet with a handell—*poillon s*, m.' Skelton, *Elynour Rummyng*, 250, 'With a skillet or a pot.' Shakespeare, *Othello*, i. 3. 273.

70. Both the grammar and the metre would be improved by omitting the words 'it from.'

74. *flattering minions*: to be pronounced as a disyllable and a trisyllable respectively (A. §§ 468, 479).

88. *crisped*: rippling. Cf. *crisp* in this sense in Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 180, 'Leave your crisp channels'; i *Henry IV*, i. 3. 106 (of the Severn), 'hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.'

93. *son*. Addressed to Laureo, who in his anger has not noticed the children. The Quarto reads 'soon,' but the rime is decisive for the emendation (S.).

95. *these infidels*. Babulo calls them infidels, because the children are not yet baptized. The rest of the passage is an

allusion to an old moral-play, called *The Cradle of Security*, of which an account may be seen in the *History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*, ii. 273 (J. P. Collier).

101. *poor fool's*: i.e. the child's. The phrase, with a touch of playfulness in its affection, rose to tragedy on the lips of Lear (*King Lear*, v. 3. 306) (S.).

IX. ANTHONY MUNDAY

A. THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTON

35. *find*: supply, provide for. Still used, especially in the phrase 'to find oneself,' i.e. to provide one's own food and clothing. See *English Dialect Dictionary*, s. v. *find*.

46. *manchet*: 'a fine sort of small bread' (Bailey).

51. *silly*: simple, harmless.

52. *pin'd*: starved. Used transitively in Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 602, 'pine the maw.'

54. *proface*: much good may it do you (cf. *Prosit* in German), Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, v. 3. 30. See the article in Nares' *Glossary*, where Roquefort, *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*, is quoted, '*Prouface* —souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse; *proficiat*.'

88. *were best*. The original construction was 'it were best for you' &c. (A. §§ 230, 352).

89. Compare Autolycus' song in Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 220 seq.

91. *points*: tagged laces, used to tie parts of the dress.

94. *busks*: pieces of wood or whalebone, worn down the front of the stays to keep them straight.

96. *cheap*, cheapen, i.e. chaffer, bargain. Palsgrave, 'I CHEAPE, I demaunde the price of a thyng that I wolde bye.'

97. I have removed the note of interrogation after *coney-skins*, as I take the passage to mean that the pedlar offers to exchange laces, &c. for rabbit-skins, as in *The Beggars' Bush*, iii. 1, Clause's song.

100. *potting-sticks*: 'poking-sticks,' or small sticks, afterwards made of steel, for setting the plaits of ruffs. Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 228. See Nares, s. v., and cf. XVI. (C.) 99.

111. *mote I the*: may I thrive. A common phrase in ME., e.g. Occleve, *De Regimine Principum*, 620, 'so mote I thee.' OE. *þeōn*, to thrive. The metre is Skeltonian, frequently used

in comic passages in the old drama, as for instance in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

168. *power* : armed force.

B. THE DEATH OF ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTON

1. *bannings* : cursings.

5. *obit* : 'a funeral celebration, or office for the dead ; from the Latin *obiit*, he died. Sometimes an anniversary celebration in honour of the dead' (N.), who quotes from Warner's *Albion's England*, 'The queene enterde, and *obit* kept, as she in charge did give.'

8. *illustrate* : resplendent.

17. *dreeps* : drips. Still in use in Scotland : 'but the fifteenth to sixteenth-century English examples appear to represent the OE. strong verb *drēopan* = OS. *driopan*, OHG. *triofan*' (N.E.D.).

let : leave, omit.

27. *worms* : snakes. OE. *wyrm*, reptile, serpent.

29. *simples* : 'Physical Herbs, probably so called as being the chief Ingredients of which compound Medicines are made' (Bailey).

34. *property* : seems to mean 'characteristic deed.'

80. *By then* : i.e. by the time when.

94. *refel* : refute. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, v. 94, 'how he refelled me.' Palsgrave, 'I REFELL, I put away . . . I can nat refell your argument, it is so evydent.'

113-15. These lines read in the Quarto of 1601—

'And this commission signed with his hand,

Lords looke, and reade the thing.

Commanding me (as the contents expresse).'

The words printed as a stage-note obviously form part of the text ; 'thing' rhymes with 'king' in l. 112, and 'the thing' is an absurd expression to put in a stage-note. I believe that both lines 114 and 115 began with the words 'Commanding me,' the repetition marking Blunt's nervousness ; he is anxious to emphasize the fact that the king was responsible. The compositor missed the point, cut out the repeated half of the line, and interpreted 'look and read' as a stage-note (S.).

116. *presently* : immediately.

119. *past eleven*. Cf. Harrison, *A Description of England*, 1577, ii. 6, 'With us the nobility, gentry and students do ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noon.'

185. *blin*: cease. OE. *blinnan*, to cease. *Promptorium Parvulorum*, 'BLYNNYN, or cesun, or leve-warke. *Desist. cesso.*' Palsgrave, 'I BLYNNE, I rest or I cease of.' See *N.E.D.* s. v.

149. *powd' red*: salted. Palsgrave, 'I POWDER with salte *Je salle.*' Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, v. 4. 112.

158. *loover*: 'a round turret-like erection on the roof . . . with lateral openings for the passage of smoke or the admission of light' (*N.E.D.*). The derivation is obscure. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 10. 42, 'Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover.'

166. An alexandrine, unless we omit 'this.'

166-82. The scene recalls, though at an immeasurable distance, the starvation of Ugolino and his sons in the Tower of Famine at Pisa, as told by Dante in the *Inferno*, Canto xxxiii. Munday may have known the story through Chaucer's version in *The Monk's Tale*. Ugolino is described as biting both his hands for grief:—

'His children wende that it for hunger was
That he hise armes gnaw, and nat for wo,
And seyde, "Fader, do nat so, allas!
But rather ete the flessch upon us two;
Our flessch thou gaf us, take oure flessch us fro,
And ete ynogh,"—right thus they to hym sede,
And after that, withinne a day or two,
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun and deyde.' (S.)

169. *Respectless*: regardless. The opposite of 'respective' in Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 156, 'You should have been respective, and have kept it.'

178. *cruel-gentle*. The figure called 'oxymoron'; for a good comment on it cf. Charles Lamb, *Tales from Shakespeare* (alluding to *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 73). Juliet, hearing that Romeo had slain her cousin, 'called him a beautiful tyrant, a fiend angelical, a ravenous dove, a lamb with a wolf's nature, a serpent-heart hid with a flowering face, and other like contradictory names, which denoted the struggles in her mind between her love and her resentment' (S.).

183. *mother in Jerusalem*. This incident in the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans is related by Josephus, *Wars of the Jews*, vi. 3. 4, of Mary the daughter of Eleazar, who, maddened by hunger, slew her sucking babe, 'and then roasted him, and ate the one half of him, and kept the other half by her concealed.'

187. *fact*: evil deed, crime.

X. BEN JONSON

A. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

2. 'Slid: 'God's eyelid,' a common oath. Cf. Stubbes, *Anatomic of Abuses* (Pickering, 1836), p. 149, 'at euery other worde you shal heare either woundes, bloud, sides, heart, nailes, foote, or some other part of Christes blessed body sworne by.'

4. *Ember-weeks*: 'four Seasons in the Year, set apart more particularly for Prayer and Fasting, *vis.* the first Week in *Lent*, the next after *Witsunday*, the 14th of *September*, and the 13th of *December*' (Bailey).

18. *mack*: an oath. (From Mak, in the Towneley Plays, *Secunda Pastorum*, who must have been a favourite character with the groundlings?)

19. *humour*. 'Every oddity which a man affected was called his humour, a word that seems to have been first used in this sense about the age of Jonson' (Whalley). See *N.E.D.* for the various sources of the word.

34. *stomach*: to be angry at, resent (Lat. *stomachari*), with a play on the other meaning.

35. *Sir Bevis his horse*: i.e. Arundel, the horse of Sir Bevis of Southampton, whose romance may be found in Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances* (1848), pp. 239-81; *Sir Beues of Hamtoun*, edited by Kölbing (Early English Text Society); and Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 'The Second Song,' 225 seq.

his horse. This way of using the possessive pronoun as a substitute for an inflected genitive is found occasionally in Old and Middle English. Perhaps, later, the old genitive termination *-es* was confused with this, so that *'s* was thought to stand for *his*. See Emerson, *History of the English Language*, 348.

40. *Flemish breed*. Cf. H. Buttes, *Dyets drie Dinner*, 1599, sig. N 4, 'The Fleming or Hollander is thought to liue as long as he doeth, onely for his excessiue eating of Butter.' Jokes on the subject are frequent, e.g. 'Butter-box' as a nickname for a Dutchman (S.).

48. A *cob* is literally the head of a red herring. See *N.E.D.*

51. *Hannibal*: malapropism for 'cannibal.'

fish. Gifford obliterated the joke by reading 'flesh' (S.).

54. *Cophetua*: the mythical king of Africa who married the beggar maid Penelophon. Cf. Tennyson, *The Beggar Maid*.

59. *fishmonger's son*. For the support and encouragement of the fishing towns in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Wednesdays and Fridays were constantly observed as fast-days, or days of abstinence from flesh. This was by the advice of her minister Cecil; and by the vulgar it was generally called Cecil's fast (Whalley). Cunningham points out that the real object was to keep up the breed of seamen in readiness for war. But the reasons publicly assigned were that, 'by eating of fish much flesh was saved to the country,' and that 'due and godly abstinence from flesh was a means to virtue.' Cf. *A brief note of the benefits that grow to this Realm by the observation of Fish Days*, issued by the Privy Council, 1594, and reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, i. 299.

61. *utter*: 'to vend or sell Wares' (Bailey). As used by Shakespeare it seems to mean, as Schmidt (*Shakespeare-Lexicon*) points out, not exactly 'to sell,' but 'to cause to pass from one hand to another,' as we still speak of 'uttering' counterfeit coin.

62. *beaten like a stock-fish*. Stock-fish were beaten to make them tender. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, iii. 2. 79, 'make a stock-fish of thee'; where the editors quote from Hollyband (*Fr. Dict.*, 1593), '*Je te froteray à double carillon*, I will beate thee like a stocke fish,' and a similar entry in Cotgrave.

72. *joined patten with*. A metaphor from sharing by letters patent in some privilege or office. Cunningham paraphrases 'if it had secured me a share in the monopoly of wisdom for the future.' See *N.E.D.*, s.v. *patten*.

75. *gentlemen of the round*. 'Invalids, or disbanded men, who, to procure themselves a livelihood, had taken up the trade of begging. A gentleman of the round was a soldier of inferior rank, but in a station above that of a common man. . . . The duty of these gentlemen was to visit the sentinels, watches, and advanced guards; and from their office of going their rounds they derive their name' (Whalley).

80. *shove-groat shilling*. 'Shove-groat' was a game, invented in the reign of Henry VIII, in which a piece of money, originally a silver groat, but afterwards a shilling, was propelled along a smooth table or board toward certain marks. It was also called 'slide-thrift,' and seems to have been different from 'shovel-board.' The coin used 'was always smooth, that it might slip more easily; whence it is generally alluded to in reference to gliding away' (N.). Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry IV* (B), ii. 4. 205,

'Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling.' See Nares, *Glossary* (s.v. SHOVE-GROAT); Brand, *Popular Antiquities* (1888), ii. 441; Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes* (Tegg, 1834), p. 297.

81. *reformados*: i.e. broken or disbanded soldiers. Boyer translates *officier reformé*, 'a *reformado*' (G.).

94. *a Houndsditch man . . . a broker*. According to Stow (*Survey of London*, ed. Morley, p. 151), small cottages for bed-ridden people were originally built near Houndsditch, which was the ditch of the city, so called because 'much filth, conveyed forth of the city, especially dead dogs, were there laid or cast. At the end of the reign of Henry VIII, these cottages were replaced by houses, 'which houses be for the most part possessed by brokers, sellers of old apparel, and such like.'

96. *a crafty knave*, &c. This proverb, according to Hazlitt (*English Proverbs*, p. 8), is found in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594 (Hazl. Dodsl. vi. 329); John Taylor's *Works*, 1630, ii. 77; and *Harry White his Humour*, by M. Parker (circa 1640). It also occurs in the form 'A false knave needs no broker' in Camden's *Remains* (ed. 1637), p. 292.

113. *the only*: a common Elizabethan phrase, meaning 'singular,' 'unique.' So in OE. *ænlic* means 'unique.'

180. *since yesterday was seven-night*: i.e. a week ago yesterday. *Seven-night*, contracted into *sennight*, was an old phrase for 'week.' *Night* in this phrase, and in *fortnight*, is really plural, having no termination in the nominative and accusative plural in OE.

Trinidado. Tobacco from the island of Trinidad was highly esteemed at this time. H. quotes from S. Rowlands' *Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine* (1600):—

'I care no more to kill them in braveado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of Trinedado.'

In 1615 a pamphlet by C. T., *An Advice how to plant Tobacco in England*, was published; in which he speaks of Englishmen 'for these seven or eight years last past' trading for tobacco at Trinidado or in Orenoque, and of 'the blacke role Tabacco brought from Orenoque, Trinidado, and elsewhere' (Arber's *English Reprints*, No. 18, p. 118).

185. *reprove*: disprove, refute. Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. 3. 241, 'tis so, I cannot reprove it.'

140. *divine*. G. points out that this epithet comes from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 5. 32, 'whether yt divine Tobacco

were, Or Panachaea, or Polygony.' It is called 'the divine weed' in *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley), p. 86.

144. *Balsamum*. Gerard in his *Herbal* says of balm, 'the juice thereof glueth together green wounds.'

St. John's wort 'is a singular Wound-herb, as any other whatsoever, either for inward Wounds, Hurts, or Bruises, to be boiled in Wine and drunk, or prepared into Oyl or Oyntment, Bath or Lotion outwardly' (*The English Physician Enlarged*).

146. *Nicotian*: see note on I. (E.) 67. Walkington, in his *Optic Glass of Humours*, speaks of 'our adulterate Nicotian or Tobacco, so called of the Knight Sir Nicot that first brought it over.'

146-9. For the medicinal virtues of tobacco, cf. Sir J. Davies, *Epigram* 36:—

'It is tobacco whose sweet subtle fume
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease;
It is tobacco which doth cold expel
And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threatening death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities.' (S.)

149. *quacksalver*: 'a Mountebank, a bold and ignorant Pretender to the Art of Physick' (Bailey). It literally means 'a quack who puffs up his salves.'

161. *marle*: marvel. According to H. still in use in Exmoor.

170. *ratsbane or rosaker*: nearly the same things; preparations of corrosive sublimate (G.).

172. *cullion*: mean wretch.

190. *drunk*. To 'drink' tobacco was the usual phrase for smoking at this time.

204. *the Artillery Garden*. 'In the year 1498 all the gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Finsbury, were destroyed, and of them was made a plain field for archers to shoot in.' —Stowe, *Survey of London* (ed. Morley, p. 388). Cf. I Sam. xx. 40, 'Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad.'

223. *French dressing*. French cooking was fashionable at this time. See Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 'A French Cooke' (ed. Rimbault, p. 144); and XIX. (F.) 156.

B. SEJANUS

2. *jealousy of practice*: suspicion of treachery.

3. *Agrippina*: the widow of Germanicus, who was the son of the brother of Tiberius; so that her sons were strictly the grand-nephews of Tiberius.

5. *Sabinus*. Cf. Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 18. 1, 'qua causa C. Silius et Titius Sabinus adgreditur, amicitia Germanici perniciose utrique.' For an account of his death v. Tacitus, ib. 68-70. Arruntius and Gallus are mentioned together in ib. i. 8. 4, as proposing extravagant funeral honours for Augustus. In Chs. 12 and 13 their unwitting offence of Tiberius and the real causes of his jealousy are described. Asinius Gallus had married Vipsania, whom Tiberius had divorced; and Lucius Arruntius had been described by Augustus, when discussing the qualifications of his possible successors, as 'non indignum, et, si casus daretur, ausurum.'

9. *good vultures*: auspicious omens. One of Jonson's pedantries, from the Latin *bonis ausibus*, e.g. Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 513, 'este bonis ausibus uisi.' He was perhaps thinking of the vultures which appeared to Romulus and Remus, Livy, i. 7. 1.

14. *to stalk with*: i.e. as a stalking-horse, under cover of which we may securely aim at our game (G.).

Dearest head, a reminiscence of the Greek *φίλαρον κάρα*, and Horace's 'cari capitis,' *Odes*, i. 24. 2, not without a suggestion (not contained in the Greek and Latin idiom) of intellect.

16. This speech, and the next two, of Sejanus are taken almost literally from Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 39, where however, it should be noticed, the petition was addressed in writing.

Sir—Phave. So Jonson punctuates to mark the momentary hesitation of Sejanus before he states his proposal (S.).

27. *worthy his alliance*. From Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 29, we learn that the daughter of Sejanus was betrothed to the son of Claudius, who, according to Suetonius (*Claudius*, 27), died young. As they were both children at the time of the betrothal, the union was never effected.

30. *gentlemen of Rome*: i.e. knights. 'quoniam audierit Augustum in conlocanda filia non nihil etiam de equitibus Romanis consultauisse' (Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 39). We are told by Suetonius (*Augustus*, 63), that, after the death of Agrippa, Augustus looked round for a husband for Julia 'etiam ex equestri ordine.'

43. This speech is taken from Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 40.
piety, dutiful affection (Lat. *pietas*).

54. *a mother and a grandam*, i. e. Antonia and Augusta.

65. *Caius Caesar*. Livia, who was the daughter of Nero Claudius Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, married first Caius Caesar, the son of Augustus's daughter Julia by her first husband, M. Vipsanius Agrippa, and then, on his death, Drusus Caesar, the son of Tiberius.

76. *our father's*: i. e. Augustus's, the step-father of Tiberius.

thy scale: i. e. the rank of a knight. Tacitus has 'equestre fastigium.'

87. *aspire*: used transitively, as in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 122, 'that gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds.'

88. *on all watched occasion*: when an opportunity presents itself, 'dato tempore' (Tacitus).

94. *advice for leaving Rome*. Tacitus tells us that Sejanus 'altius metuens' tried to induce Tiberius to live in some charming spot at a distance from Rome.

110. *hemlock*. Cf. Greene's *Neuer too late*, Part ii, 1590, sig. H 2, 'you haue eaten of the rootes of Hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceipt vnseene objects' (S.).

111. *poppy and of mandrakes*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3. 330, 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou owedst yesterday.' Bailey has 'MANDRAKE [*mandragore*, F.; *mandragora*, L.; *μανδραγόρα*, Gr.] a Plant having a Quality of causing Sleep.' Cf. Xenophon, *Symposium*, ii. 24, *ὁ μανδραγόρας τοὺς ἀνθρώπους κοιμίζει*.

112. *security*: carelessness. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 5. 32, 'security is mortal's chiefest enemy.'

117. *the city business*, &c. 'So he began to declaim against the laborious life of the capital, the bustling crowds, and streaming multitudes, while he praised repose and solitude, with their freedom from vexations and misunderstandings, and their special opportunities for the study of the highest questions.'—Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 41 (translated by Church and Brodribb).

business. A trisyllable. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 1. 22, 'To groan and sweat under the business.'

128. *Draw all dispatches*, &c. 'Access to the emperor would be under his own control, and letters, for the most part, being conveyed by soldiers, would pass through his hands' (Tacitus, *l. c.*).

132. *wanting access to him*. Jonson has misunderstood his

authority here. Tacitus says, 'envy towards himself would be lessened when there was an end to his [i.e. Sejanus's] crowded levées, and the reality of power would be increased by the removal of its empty show' (ib.).

155. *Heat*. For -ed in participles dropped after -t, &c., v. A. § 342.

158. *flat*: used in the same sense as in Bacon's *Essay of Envy*, 'Envy is as the Sunne Beames, that beat hotter upon a bank or steepe rising Ground then upon a Flat.'

163. *allow*: approve.

164. *aconite*. Whalley quotes from Pliny, *Natural History*, xxvii. 2, 'hoc quoque tamen in usus humane salutis uertere scorpionum ictibus aduersari experiendo datum in uino calido.' Cf. Sylvester's Du Bartas, *The Third Day of the First Week*, p. 63:—

'What ranker poyson, what more deadly bane
Then *Aconite*, can there be toucht or taen?
And yet his iuice best cures the burning bit
Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.'

167. This line also comes from Pliny (l. c.), 'ea est natura, ut hominem occidat, nisi inuenerit quod in homine perimat. cum eo solo conluctatur ueluti praesentius inuento, mirumque, exitialia per se ambo cum sint, duo uenena in homine conmoriantur, ut homo supersit.'

wrastle: wrestle.

C. VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

21. *s'* *their garters*. 'Hanging in their garters' means suicide. Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 366, 'if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter.'

32. *salt*: salt-cellar. Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 368, 'The cover of the salt hides the salt.' H. quotes from Middleton, 'salts of pure beaten gold.'

51. *wittol*: one who connives at his wife's dishonour.

58. *diamant*. ME. form of diamond.

64. *Harlot*: originally used of either sex, but more commonly of men in ME.; without any bad sense, but merely meaning 'fellow.' Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol. 647, 'He was a gentil harlot and a kinde'; *C. T.* (D.), 1754, 'A sturdy harlot wente ay hem bihinde, That was hir hostes man.'

78. *marle*: marvel. Cf. X. (A.) 161.

80. *cry you mercy*. A common Elizabethan phrase, 'I beg your pardon,' in apologizing for a mistake, as in the proverb, 'cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool,' Shakespeare, *Lear*, iii. 6. 54.

95. *Conceive*: understand.

D. EPICOENE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN

13. *Whitemane*: a famous race-horse of the time.

37. Plutarch's *Morals*: recently translated by Philemon Holland (1603).

52. *Braveries*: beaux, men of fashion.

59. *ready*: dressed. The play opens with a stage-note, 'He [i. e. Clerimont] comes out, making himself ready.'

64. *Still to be neat*, &c. Upton discovered the original of this song in some Latin verses by an unknown writer at the end of early editions of Petronius. G. mistakenly attributed them to Jean Bonnefons, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century at Clermont in Auvergne. The Latin is as follows:—

'Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores,
Semper compositas arte recente comas,
Et comptos semper cultus, unguentaque semper,
Omnia sollicita compta uidere manu
Non amo. Neglectim, mihi se quae comit amica,
Se det; et ornatus simplicitate ualet.
Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,
Nec ceram in faciem; mel habet illa suum.
Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;
Quid quod saepe decor, cum prohibetur, adest?'

78. *nor is there one kind of it*, &c. From Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, iii. 135 seq., as pointed out by Upton:—

'Nec genus ornatus unum est: quod quamque decebit,
Eligat; et speculum consulat ante suum.
Longa probat facies capitis discrimina puri;
Sic erat ornatis Laodamia comis.
Exiguum summa nodum sibi fronte relinqui,
Ut pateant aures, ora rotunda uolunt.'

86. *Many things*, &c. All this also is from the same book of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, 217 seq.:—

'Ista dabunt faciem; sed erunt deformia uisu:
Multaque, dum fiunt, turpia, facta placent.'

93. *carvas hang afore Aldgate*. Aldgate, as Stow informs us,

'began to be taken down in 1606, and was very worthily and famously finished in 1609,' so that the *canvas hung before it* about two years (G.).

94. *the city's Love and Charity*. 'To grace each side of the gate, are set two feminine personages, the one southward appearing to be Peace, with a silver dove upon one hand, and a gilded wreath or garland in the other. On the north side standeth Charity, with a child at her breast, and another led in her hand.'—Stow (quoted by G.).

96. *servants*: lovers.

103. *the wrong way*. From Ovid (l. c.), 245:—

'Dictus eram cuidam subito uenisse puellae;
Turbida peruersas induit illa comas.'

114. *Sick o' the uncle*: perhaps suggested by the common phrase 'sick of the mother,' i. e. what Shakespeare calls 'hysterica passio' (*Lear*, II. 4. 37).

115. *his uncle, &c.* Theobald left a note in the margin of his folio that Jonson borrowed the name and character of Morose from a declamation of the sophist Libanius (c. 350 A.D.); G. adds that several of his shorter speeches also are imitated from Libanius. 'The declamation in question forms the sixth of what the Sophist calls his *Μελέται Πραγματικά*, and is labelled *Δύσκολος γήμας λάλον γυναῖκα ἑαυτὸν προσαγγέλλει*.'

turban: turban.

125. *costard-monger*: apple-seller, the origin of 'coster-monger.' Bailey, 'COSTARD, a Sort of Apple.'

129. *pewterer's prentice*. In the *History of the Pewterers' Company*, by C. Welch (1902), i. 102, is an entry, under the year 1516-17, referring to the riot known as Evil May Day, when the apprentices and journeymen attacked the foreign workmen and sacked their houses. Three hundred of the rioters were made prisoners, thirteen hanged, and the rest, after appearing before the king in Westminster Hall with halters round their necks, pardoned on the intercession of the queen.

Shrove-Tuesday. The disorderly conduct of the London apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday, which was regarded as their special Saturnalia, is frequently alluded to in the dramatists. See Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i. 88, where he quotes from Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 'they presently (like Prentices upon Shrove-Tuesday) take the lawe into their owne handes, and do what they list.'

180. *quit* I take in the sense of 'acquitted' (cf. note on

l. 129), not, as Whalley and Gifford, 'discharged from work. [After writing this, I find that Cunningham points out that Coleridge takes it in the same way.]

182. *waits*. Now only of Christmas singers, but cf. *Liber Albus* (ed. Riley, p. 244), 'to cause the watches and waits to be set,' where it is explained that 'in some instances they were minstrels or musicians who paraded the streets and sounded the watch.' When Will Kemp reached Norwich he was received by the City Waits, 'who, besides their excellency in wind instruments, and their rare cunning on the viol and violin, their voices are admirable, every one of them able to serve in any Cathedral church in Christendom for choristers.' — *Nine Days' Wonder* (Arber's *English Garner*, vii. 31).

186. *flourishing*: brandishing (a sword). Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, iii. 201, 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.'

142. *resty*: short form of *restive*, which originally means 'jibbing.' Cotgrave, 'Restif: m. iue: f. *Resty, stubborn, drawing backward, that will not go forward.*' Here the word means 'lethargic,' 'apathetic.' Cf. *Conflict of Conscience* (Hazl. Dodsl. vi. 31), 'a resty jade.'

143. *bearward*: keeper of a bear for baiting. The Shakespearean word is 'bear-herd' (Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*).

145. *windore*. A spelling based on the absurd etymology 'wind-door.' The word is really from the Icelandic *vindauga*, 'wind-eye' or hole to let in air and light.

148. *prise*: 'a Trial of Skill at Sword-playing' (Bailey). Cf. Dekker's *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 60), 'you may win or lose, as fencers do in a prize.'

153. *the sickness*. G. quotes from the City Remembrancer, 'in 1607 was a pestilential distemper at London; and the time so sickly in general, that sailors did not escape at great distance from land.'

159. *trunk*: speaking-tube. Bacon, *The New Atlantis* (Pitt Press, p. 42, l. 22), 'Wee have also meanes to convey Sounds in Trunks and Pipes.' Shirley, *The Traitor*, iii. 1 (ed. Dyce, ii. 129), 'are there no trunks to convey secret voices?'

E. THE ALCHEMIST

16. *the angry boys*. The terrible, angry, or roaring boys, were a set of young bucks, who, like the Mohawks described by the *Spectator*, delighted to commit outrages and get into quarrels

(N.). Wilson, *Life of James I*, 1653, p. 28, 'divers sects of vicious persons, going under the title of *roaring boys*, bravadoes, roysters, &c., commit many insolencies' (quoted by N.). Cf. Juvenal, iii. 278-301; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 500-2.

24. *he will*. So Jonson wrote with stress on 'he.' G. wrongly 'he'll' (S.).

88. *in diameter*: i.e. the lie *direct*; the others are the lie *circumstantial* (Whalley). Cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, v. 4. 70-108, where Warburton pointed out that Shakespeare is ridiculing a treatise on duelling, published in 1594 by Vincentio Saviolo, Italian fencing-master of the Earl of Essex.

85. *the eating academies*: i.e. the ordinaries. Hence *ordinarily* in l. 34 is a quibble. Scan 'académies'; cf. *The Sad Shepherd*, iii. 1. 3, 'Or governs but a country académy.' For the extra syllable at a break in the dialogue cf. *King John*, iv. 1. 91, and Milton's *Comus*, 662 (S.).

52. *fly*: a familiar spirit. Gamblers are still superstitious about the settling of a fly upon a card.

58. *unresistible*. This OE. prefix to Latin derivatives is common in seventeenth-century English. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 64, 'uncessant.'

55. *groom porter*: 'an Officer of the King's Court, who has the Direction of Games' (Bailey). According to N. his business was to see the king's lodging furnished with tables, chairs, stools, and firing; as also to provide cards, dice, &c., and to decide disputes arising at cards, dice, bowling, &c. Formerly he was allowed to keep an open gambling-table at Christmas. He is said to have succeeded to the office of master of the revels.

61. *partrich*: partridge.

69. *cast*: cashiered.

80. *perspective*: a glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical deception when looked through (Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*). Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard the Second*, ii. 2. 18.

88. *commodity*. Cf. note on VI. (B.) 2.

90. *woad*: 'The plant which supplied the old English blue dye. It has been superseded by indigo' (Cⁿ).

98. *suster*: the provincial way of pronouncing 'sister,' as in ME. *suster*, e.g. Chaucer, *C. T.*, A. 871.

100-1. A hurried parenthesis, in which the lines are roughly equivalent to the ordinary time of the verse (S.).

100. *cheese*. 'Milk, and all that comes of milk, as butter and

cheese, curds, &c., increase melancholy' (Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, sec. 2, mem. 2, subs. 1).

112. *Sea-coal lane* was in the Ward of Farringdon Without, leading from Newgate into Fleet Lane, next to the Little Bailey. 'The next is Seacoal Lane, I think called Limeburners' Lane, of burning lime there with sea-coal' (Stow, *Survey of London*, (ed. Morley), pp. 344, 358). Cf. *Liber Albus* (ed. Riley, p. 503), 'Writ for Repair of one foot of Flete Bridge, towards Secollane.'

113. *pellitory o' the wall*, or common pellitory, belongs to the genus *Parietaria* (of which the name is a corruption). According to *The English Physitian Enlarged*, p. 183, 'it groweth wild generally through the Land, about the borders of Fields, and by the sides of Walls, and among Rubbish.'

117. *the water-work* cannot refer, as G. points out, to the New River, which was not finished till 1613, three years after the play was first acted. The allusion is probably to Bulmer's water-work, as described by Stow in his account of *Queen Hithe Ward* (ed. Morley, p. 336), 'Within the gate of this house, . . . is lately, to wit, in the years 1594 and 1595, built one large house of great height, called an engine, made by Bevis Bulmar, gentleman, for the conveying and forcing of Thames water to serve in the middle and west parts of the city.'

127. *wrastle*. Cf. X. (B.) 167.

137. *errant*: in the sense of the variant 'arrant,' i.e. thorough-going, 'unmitigated.' Cp. *Robinson Crusoe*, 482, 'They are arrant cowards.' This meaning of the word appears to come from Lat. *errare*, to wander. But see *N.E.D.*, s. v. *arrant* and *errant*.

140. *abused*: deceived.

145. *foist*: cut-purse. 'He that picks the pocket is called a foist.'—Dekker, *Belman of London*, 1608 (H.).

146. *presently*: at once.

152. *mauthor*: a girl just growing into womanhood; especially, a great rough, awkward wench (*English Dialect Dictionary*). Still used provincially.

154. *swabber*: one who cleans the deck of a vessel. 'To swab is the most degrading employment in a ship, and to call a man a swabber is equivalent to calling him a sweep, a scavenger' (Cⁿ). Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, I. 5. 218.

155. *out of*: because of.

167. *valure*: valour.

168. *trig*: coxcomb. Perhaps *Kastril* means *rig*, a wanton.

169. *Amadis de Gaul*: a famous Spanish romance by Montalvo, written between 1492 and 1504, and translated into French and Italian. It is said to have been adapted from the Portuguese of Vasco de Lobeira, who died in 1403. See *The Later Renaissance*, by D. Hannay ('Periods of European Literature'), pp. 127-36; Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, i. 4. 70.

172. *Casting of dollars*. In Act iii, Sc. 2 Subtle had promised to turn pewter into Dutch dollars. But Tribulation Wholesome having a scruple about the lawfulness of coining, Subtle drew a distinction between 'coining' and 'casting,' and Tribulation decided to refer the case of conscience to the brethren.

174. *whit*: creature, thing. OE. *wiht*.

177. *slops*: wide, rounded breeches, in fashion under Elizabeth. Cf. Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, iv. 8, '*Jaques*. Stay, let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams them so? *Juniper*. Nothing but hair.'

180. *ruff of pride*. Cf. Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull), p. 40, 'They have great and monstrous ruffles. made either of cambrike, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe, yea, some more, very few lesse, so that they stande a full quarter of a yearde (and more) from their necks, hanging over their shoulder points in steade of a vaile.'—'A Merry Dialogue betweene Bande, Cuffe, and Ruffe,' 1615 (*Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, Part VII), Taylor's *Works*, Part II, p. 167.

182. *in seventy-seven*. There was a great comet in 1577, and it was the year of the terrible mortality at the Oxford Assizes (Cⁿ). [But the *unclean birds* must be the Spaniards. History seems to require 'sixty-seven,' the date of D'Alva's invasion of the Netherlands, or 'eighty-eight,' Armada year. But in a play so carefully edited by its author, no alteration of the text is possible (S.).]

192. *prevented*: forestalled.

199. *help*: further, promote.

200. *Hieronimo*: the hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

F. BARTHOLMEW FAIR

1. *foreright*: straight forward. 'Goe your waies to the litel towne that ye see yonder foreright against you.'—UDALL, *Erasmus Par.* (1548) Luke xix. 30 (*English Dialect Dictionary*). Still used in the South of England.

Heel and Joint of the Pastern' (Bailey). Cf. Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, III. i, 'They're mangy, And breed the scratches only.' As C^a. remarks, Knockhum's horsey language is very happily sustained.

81. *small printed ruffs*. Cf. Earle, *Microcosmography*, 'A She Precise Hypocrite.' 'She is a nonconformist in a close stomacher and a ruff of Geneva print,' where Dr. Henry Morley (*Character Writings of the Seventeenth Century*, p. 194) says, 'Strict devotees were, I believe, noted for the smallness and precision of their *ruffs*, which were termed *in print* from the exactness of the folds.' So in Mynshul's *Essays*, 4to, 1618, 'I vndertooke a warre when I aduentured to speake in *print* (not in *print as Puritans' ruffs* are set).' The term of *Geneva print* probably arose from the minuteness of the type used at Geneva; . . . and, that *small ruffs* were worn by the puritanical set, an instance appears in Mayne's *City Match*, a comedy, 4to, 1658:—

'O miracle!

Out of your little ruffe, Dorcas, and in the fashion!

Dost thou hope to be saved?'

88. *sorrel*, 'a dark reddish Colour in Horses' (Bailey).

G. THE SAD SHEPHERD

7. *sworh*: sward, from OE. *sweard*, the skin of bacon. 'The *green-sward* is the turfy surface of the land' (Skeat).

18. *pulled*. See note on II. (A.) 123.

22. *foams*: i.e. like a mad dog. Cf. Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, Prol. 3, 'The dog-star rages.'

25. *fire*: scanned as a disyllable. A. § 480.

26-7. Cf. *Iliad*, xxi. 342-82.

45. *her name*. Earine is from the Greek *ἐαρινός*, 'of the spring.'

49. *Venus led the Graces*. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 4. 5, 'Iam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus, imminente Luna, Iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes Alterno terram quatunt pede.'

54. For these tributaries of the Trent, cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, the six-and-twentieth Song, 32, 'Two neat and dainty Rills, the little *Snyte*, and *Deane*.' Ib. 55, 'Thus with her hand-maid *Sence*, the *Soare* doth easly slide By *Lecester*.' Ib. 100, 'Clear *Wreakin* coming in, from *Waltham on the ould*, Brings *Eye*, a pretty Brook, to bear her silver train.' Ib. 168, 'and as from thence [*Needwood*] she flows, She [*Trent*] takes into her train rich *Dove*.' Ib. 175, 'First *Erwash*, and then

Lyne, sweet *Sherwood* sends her in.' Ib. 281, 'she down from *Mansfield* sends To *Idle* for her aid.'

58. *cope*: firmament. Shakespeare, *Pericles*, iv. 6. 132, 'the cheapest country under the cope.'

61. *scritch owl*: screech-owl. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 365—

'Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.'

XI. GEORGE CHAPMAN

A. ALL FOOLS

22. *I am*. For the stress on the pronoun, cf. X. (E.) 24 (S).

29. *white*: favourite, darling. *Roister Doister*, i. 1. 49, 'be his nowne white sonne.' *Like Will to Like* (Hazl.-Dodsl. iii. 329), 'thou wast once a white son.' Greene, *Friar Bacon*, vii. 81.

36. *wife*. A twofold object to 'for' and the verb 'hold' in l. 37. Cf. note on II. (A.) 123.

58. *marriage*. A trisyllable.

95. *blowse*: 'a fat, red-fac'd, bloted Wench, or one whose Head is dress'd like a slattern' (Bailey).

101. *everted*: overthrown. Lat. *euerto*.

119. *move*: approach, petition.

141. *thongs*. 'TO CUT LARGE THONGS OUT OF ANOTHER MAN'S LEATHER. This Proverb is not only levelled at a *Cutter* to a Shoemaker, who does not *contrive* and *cut out* his Master's Leather to the best Advantage; but it aims at all those Persons, who, *niggardly* to an Excess of *their own*, would fain gain the Character of *Generous* or *Charitable* at other People's Expences and so are very *liberal* of other People's Pockets to save their own, either in *Donations of Amity or Alms*, and do, as *Erasmus* says, *Ex alieno tergo lala secare lora*, Latin; and the French, *Il coupe large curroye du cuir d'autrui*; and the Greek, *Τάλλοτριον ἀμῶν θέπος*' (Bailey). Cf. *Aristophanes, Equites*, 392.

155. *lyriopoepe*: originally the long tail of a graduate's hood. It afterwards came to be used for the amount of learning which qualified a person for wearing academic dress, and then for knowledge in general. Here it means 'she has been well coached in her part,' as *Cotgrave* says, 'Qui sçait bien son roulet. *That*

knowes his lirripoope, that's throughly provided to speak.' Lyly, *Mother Bombe*, l. 8. 128, '*Pris*. There's a girl that knows her lerripoope. *Spe*. Listen, and you shall hear my son's learning.'

176. *I*: for *me*. See A. § 209.

177. *politician*: used in a bad sense in Elizabethan English, 'Machiavellian.'

198. *bear a brain*: be shrewd, be wary.

B. MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

8. *presenting*: representing.

17. *tender*: offer.

89. From Ovid, *Tristia*, tti. 4. 25, 'Crede mihi, bene qui latuit, bene uixit.' Cf. Horace, *Epistles*, i. 17. 10, 'Nec uixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.'

45. *Gyges' ring*. The legend is given in Plato, *Republic*, 359, D, seq.; Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 9. 38; and frequently alluded to elsewhere, e.g. Lucian.

48. *galliasers*: heavy low-built vessels, larger than a galley, impelled both by sails and oars, and used chiefly in war (*N.E.D.*).

51. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, tti. 2. 393-9, and the closer parallel in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 2-14, where Antony compares himself to a changing cloud.

54. *burdello*: house of ill-fame.

55. *stammell*: 'a coarse kind of woollen cloth, of a red colour inferior to scarlet, used for petticoats.' (Dr. A. W. Ward, on Greene's *Friar Bacon*, l. 18.) The editor of Pearson's reprint quotes from Beaumont, *The Woman-Hater*, iv. 2, 'Is't not a misery to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herself in an old stammel petticoat?'

57. *Secure of*: careless about.

60. *predicables* '[in *Logick*] are called Universals, and are five, viz. *Genus, Species, Proprium, Differentia, and Accidens*' (Bailey).

66. Cf. Bacon, *Essays: Of Delays*, 'For Occasion (as it is in the common verse) *turneth a Bald Noddle, after she hath presented her locks in Front, and no hold taken.*' Cf. note on V. (A.) 41.

99. *flows*. For inflexion in -s with two singular nouns as subject, v. A. § 336.

125. Reminds one of Polonius (Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, ti. 2. 97), 'That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure.'

126. *within*. The Quarto reads 'in' (S.).

aristocratie: aristocracy. Cf. 'democratie' in Milton, *Par. Reg.* iv. 269.

131. *start*. For omission of *-ed* after *-d* and *-t*, v. A. § 341.

weaver. Weavers were mostly Calvinists, being refugees from the Netherlands. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 147, 'I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.'

133. Cf. Homer, *Iliad*, v. 801, *μικρὸς μὲν ἔην δέμας, ἀλλὰ μαχητής*.

138. *pushes*: pustules. *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, 'A PUSHE, *pustula*.' Minsheu, 'a PUSH, or little wheale.'

144. *Being in drink*: in a double sense; (1) literally, the tobacco being in process of being smoked ('drink' being the cant phrase for 'smoke'); (2) metaphorically, the tobacco being compared to a drunken man who dare not pass a narrow bridge. [There is a reference to the fashion of passing the smoke through the nose: cf. Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 4, 'There we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while th' other opened his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery' (S.).]

146. *in pet*: in anger.

148. *virginal jack*. Cf. notes on I. (C.) 66, 72.

151. *Geneva print*. Cf. note on X. (F.) 81, and add *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, ii. 1. 58, 'Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading little Geneva print' (where, as Hazlitt says, there is an equivocal on the redness of his eyes from having drunk too much, and the small type in which the Scriptures were printed in the common Geneva version).

one ear shorter. He had been 'cropped' in the pillory. Cf. Jonson, *Alchemist*, iii. 2, 'Subtle (to the Puritan pastor, Tribulation Wholesome). Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates, And shorten so your ears against the hearing Of the next wire-drawn grace.' William Prynne, the author of *Histriomastix*, is a historic instance.

152. *for a difference*. A play on the heraldic sense of 'difference,' viz. an addition to a coat of arms to distinguish the bearing of persons (e.g. older and younger brothers) which would otherwise be the same.

153. *note*. A play on note, in the sense of the Latin *nota*, 'a stigma'; cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 2, 'You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella.'

159-60. Cf. X. (E.) 177-8.

168-9. Cf. VI. (B.) 2.

174. *clove*: 'one of the small bulbs which make up the compound of garlic, shallot, &c.' (N.E.D.). OE. *clufu*.

187. The Quarto reads *noise*: it is tempting to emend into 'nose.' [Anticipated by C. W. Dilke (S.).]

189. *exercise*. A technical term for the week-day sermons of the Puritans.

194. *fleam*: phlegm.

202. *eloquar an sileam*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 39.

206. *claim our descent*. Chapman, forgetting for the moment that Monsieur D'Olive is a Frenchman, makes him speak as an Englishman. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth the earliest inhabitants of Britain were Trojans. Brut, the son of Silvius, the grandson of Aeneas, was supposed to have founded Troynovant 'New Troy,' afterwards London. Cf. Drayton, *Poly-olbion*. The First Song, 310 seq.

212. *fift element*. So Bacon, *Essays: Of Atheisme*, speaks of 'four Mutable Elements, and one Immutable Fift Essence.' Out of this the heavenly bodies were composed. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 716, calls light 'this ethereal quintessence of Heaven.'

fift: fifth.

want: do without.

230. *a world*: a common Elizabethan phrase, equivalent to 'a wonder,' 'a marvel.'

241. *ambassage*: accented here and in l. 243 on the second syllable.

249. *murr*: 'a Catarrhe' (Bailey). Huloet, 'Murre or reume in the heade, *gravedo*.' Skelton, *Phyllyp Sparowe*, 418, 'The woodhacke, that syngeth chur Horsly, as he had the mur.'

C. BUSSY D'AMBOIS

5. *bug*: 'an object of terror, usually an imaginary one' (N.E.D.). Wyclif uses it for 'scarecrow.' The *Promptorium Parvulorum* has 'Bugge, or buglarde, *maurus, ducius*.' Baret, 'Bugge, *spectrum, larva, lemures*.'

10. *very*: 'every' in the Quarto (S.).

12. *Foutir*: an expression of contempt. One of Pistol's phrases, Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, v. 3. 102, 'A foutre for the world and worldlings base!' ib. 120, 'A foutre for thine office!'

18. *malled*: felled, a metaphor from the 'shambles.' Cotgrave, 'Matrasser, *To malle, beat, or hew down.*'

28. *it*: the sword. At the word *here* D'Ambois thrusts at his heart, but cannot pierce his armour. Then he strikes at the face (S.).

29. *weed*: dress.

30. *speeding sleight*: a successful trick, the friar being cleverly personated.

35. *blistered*: with reference to the superstition that a lie caused a blister on the tongue.

38. *project*: fling away. Modelled on the Latin *proicio*: cf. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 435, 'lucemque perosi Proiecere animas.'

44. *wreak*: vengeance.

65. Cf. Pindar, *Pyth.* viii. 135, *οκιάς θραυ ἀνθρῳπος*.

68. *Vespasian*. Suetonius, *Diuus Vespasianus*, c. 24, 'imperatorem, ait, stantem mori oportere.' Bacon (*Essays: Of Death*) gives another and less accurate version.

71. *splinted*: supported like a broken limb. Sherwood, 'SPLINTS, for broken fingers.' Cotgrave, 'Hastelettes: f. Little splints, wherewith Faulconers bind up their hawks broken legs.'

77-84. Based on Seneca's lines about the dying Hercules, *Herc. Oct.* 1521-7—

'Dic sub Aurora positis Sabaeis,
Dic sub occasu positis Iberis,
Quique feruenti quatiuntur axe,
Quique sub plaustro patiuntur Vrsae,
Dic ad aeternos properare Manes
Herculem.' (S.)

79. *Sabaeon*: from Saba, a town of Arabia Felix. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 162, 'Sabeon odours from the spicy shore Of Araby the Blest.'

81. *Hecate*: the moon. According to the ancient mythology, she was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, Hecate in Hades.

82. *grove of oaks*. Cf. Catullus, xxxiv. 9-12, (of Diana) 'montium domina ut fores Siluarumque uirentium Saltuumque reconditorum.'

88. *The burning axletree*. 'The burning axletree' means the torrid zone, with reference to the chariot of the sun. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 22. 21, 'pone sub curru nimium propinqui Solis.' Milton also has 'burning axletree' in the *Ode on the Nativity*, l. 84.

83. *those that suffer*: (to) those that suffer—a good instance of the looseness of seventeenth-century syntax.

84. *the snowy Bear* is the 'gelidas Arctos' of Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 16; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 624.

86. *eternal dwellers*. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 356, 'O proud death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell?' where the suggestion has been made that 'eternal' is a euphemistic substitute for 'infernal.' Chapman's use of the epithet here, to translate *aeternus* in Seneca, tells strongly against this view (S.).

91. *fautor*: supporter. Lat. *fautor*.

114. *Pindus and Ossa*: famous mountains in Thessaly, often mentioned together, e. g. Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 281.

122. *express*: reveal, illuminate. His strength, valour, and virtue are compared to a fire kindled on the top of a beacon, which illuminates it with momentary splendour, but soon dies away into darkness.

123. *glanced*: glittered. His strength, &c., are again compared to a falling star which passed away in silent radiance, though it looked to have stuck and shaken the firmament like a thunder-bolt.

D. THE CONSPIRACY OF CHARLES, DUKE OF BYRON

The dialogue of the King and Byron and the emphatic warning against flatterers point back to the earlier portion of the play. In the opening scene Byron is described in one of those anticipatory sketches of characterization which Elizabethan playwrights were fond of using; and his special weakness is told in the following lines:—

'He is past measure glorious; and that humour
Is fit to feed his spirits, whom it possesseth
With faith in any error; chiefly where
Men blow it up with praise of his perfections,
The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate
And takes up all his appetite, that ofttimes
He will refuse his meat and company
To feast alone with their most strong conceit.
Ambition also cheek by cheek doth march
With that excess of glory; both sustained
With an unlimited fancy that the King,
Nor France itself, without him can subsist.' (S.)

1. *ill-aboding*: foreboding evil. The King had banished La Fin from the court.

8. *ravens*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, iv. 1. 21 :—

‘As doth the raven o’er the infected house,
Boding to all.’

7. *ugly*: weird, uncanny, hideous; like ‘ugglesome’ in Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 226), ‘the terrible companie of vgglesome deuilles.’

10. *femall*: the old spelling of *female*, accented on the first syllable. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Poetaster*, iv. 1, ‘To tell you the femall truth, which is the simple truth, ladies.’ Here, and in Field’s *Amends for Ladies*, iii. 2. 13, ‘the female hate,’ the word seems to mean ‘unrestrained,’ ‘unbridled,’ *impotens*, ἀκράτεια.

15. *I build not outward*. Cf. Chapman’s elaboration of this metaphor in *The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey*, v. 2, where Pompey, after his defeat, says :—

‘I will stand no more
On others’ legs, nor build one joy without me.
If ever I be worth a house again,
I’ll build all inward; not a light shall ope
The common outway; no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door will I use there,
But raise all plain and rudely, like a rampier
Against the false society of men.’ (S.)

24-5. *mere*: absolutely. *exempt*: either (1) free from the contamination of injustice; or, more probably, (2) picked, choice spirits. For this use, cf. Chapman’s *Iliad*, ix. 604, ‘One girl, Of whose fair sex we come to offer seven, The most exempt for excellence.’ In l. 25, however, *merely* signifies ‘only,’ ‘nothing more than.’ ‘The difference,’ Byron means, ‘between this higher type and those whom power has vindicated is simply one of degree; in the eyes of the world the former are merely the clearer of the two.’ The irony of the position is that La Fin has been dismissed by Henry for acts of injustice committed under cover of the royal favour but Byron does not know this (S.).

31. *He*: i. e. treason, personified.

33. *glorious*: vainglorious.

fronted. It was then the fashion for an author’s friends to prefix complimentary verses to his book. Drayton and Ben Jonson, for instance, were ‘heralds’ to Chapman’s *Hesiod* in 1618.

35-6. In this loosely constructed passage the ‘poem’ of l. 33 changes to the ‘poet,’ and at l. 41 the point of the comparison is

inverted. Chapman is so intent on working out the underlying notion of his simile that he lets the grammar go. He begins by subordinating the flatterers to the poet—'As a poet asks his friends to praise him.' But the effect of their praise is the chief point which he wishes to make, and he proceeds to put the flatterers in the foreground—'So flatterers puff up a man with empty praise.' Of course this is very bad writing (S.).

88. *holy fury*: the rush of poetic inspiration. The phrase goes back to the 'diuinus furor' of Seneca, the idea to Plato and Aristotle. Here, however, 'fury' is used with covert irony.

89-40. *with one eye . . . by a rule*. Like a mason shutting one eye to make sure of getting his rule straight. Chapman translates Persius, *Satires*, i. 65-6—the words of a poor client to a patron who dabbles in verse and wants to know what people think of him—'Scit tendere versum Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno' (S.).

48. *spirit*: literally in the sense of 'temper,' 'disposition,' and also with a suggestion of 'inspiration' in antithesis to the 'empty breath' of the flatterers (S.).

49. *worthy*: worthily.

67. *figure*: horoscope, a diagram showing the disposition of the heavens at the moment of his birth: see note on l. 195.

71. *censured*: judged, estimated. Lat. *censeo*.

108. *affected*: aimed at, desired.

125. *Caput Algol*: 'Algol' or 'Medusa's Head' is a star in Perseus. Both names mark its deadly character; 'algol' is from the Arabic *al-ghul*, 'destruction.' Cf. Fletcher, *Rollo*, iv. 2, 'And Caput Algol in the house of death'; George Daniel, *Trinarchodia*, *Henry V*, st. 82 (written 1649), 'in Great Designes Irresolution, doth as dreadfull rise As Caput Algol, in Nativities' (where 'Algol' is a misprint) (S.).

145. *hag*: used, like *witch*, l. 150, as a masculine.

154. *blue*: deadly. Cf. Cooke, *Green's Tu quoque* (Hazl.-Dodsl. xi. 270), 'Matter as poisoning as corruption, That will without some antidote strike home, Like blue infection to the very heart.'

157. *Remedy*: a curious inversion of the natural meaning, antidote to something evil or unhealthy; here virtually meaning 'poison.'

162. *bulls of Colchos*: the two fire-breathing oxen with brazen feet which Jason was to yoke to a plough as one of the conditions of receiving the golden fleece from Aeetes, King of

Colchis. For the form 'Colchos' cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, 1. 1. 171.

162. *his triple neck*: i. e. Cerberus. Cf. the description in Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, 795, 'uocis horrendae fragor per ora missus terna felices quoque exterret umbras.'

164. *strook*. Cf. V. (B.) 10.

the fowls. A reference to the account which the ancients gave of Lake Avernus, the fabled gate of hell: see Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 239-42.

165. *pitch*: the height to which a hawk soars before stooping on its prey (H.).

195. *houses*. Twelve divisions into which astrologers mapped out the sky. The first was the 'house of life,' the second the 'house of fortune' and so on. The position of the planets in these 'houses' determined the horoscope.

205. *Untruss*: untie, loose.

206. *reaches*: capacity, mental range. For the plural cf. *Hamlet*, 1. 4. 56, 'thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.'

207. *let*: hinder.

XII. THOMAS DEKKER

A. THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

4. *Master Eyre*. Simon Eyre was a real personage, an 'honourable and famous merchant, some time an upholsterer, and then a draper.' He became Mayor of London, died in 1459, and was buried in the parish church of St. Mary Woolnoth in Lombard Street. Stowe, *Survey of London* (ed. Morley, p. 171).

12. *new cart-wheel*. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, iii. 1. 132, 'Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.'

13. *bottle*: at this date usually made of leather.

15. *that humour*. Melancholy was an aristocratic affectation. In Lyly's *Midas*, v. 2. 100, when the barber Motto says he is melancholy, Licio retorts—'Melancholy? marry gup, is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? Thou shouldst say, "heavy," "dull," and "doltish"; melancholy is the crest of courtier's arms, and now every base companion, being in his muble-fubles, says he is melancholy' (S.).

24. *Me tanck you, vro*: 'I thank you, madam.'

31. *Yaw, ic sal, vro*: 'Yes, I will, madam.'

34. *cork*. Cf. Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 72), 'wherto they haue corked shoes.'

85. *wooden heel*. 'The high-heeled shoes are alluded to by Warner, in *Albion's England*, as being "inch-broad corked high."' Fairholt, *Costume in England*, p. 452.

88. *French hood*. Mentioned as early as *Roister Doister* (1552), ii. 8. 41, 'And we shall goin our frenche hoodes euery day;' and as late as Overbury's *Characters* (1615). N. quotes from Herbert's *Hygiasticon* (1636), 'For these loose times, when a strict sparing food More's out of fashion then an old French hood.'

40. *pillory*: see the illustration of Robert Ockam in the pillory during the reign of Henry VIII, Chambers' *Book of Days*, i. 830.

46. *false hair*. Cf. Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 61), 'thei are not simplie content with their owne haire, but buy other haire.'

50. *a mask*: ib., p. 76, 'When they vse to ride abroad, they haue visors made of veluet, . . . wherewith they couer all their faces, hauing holes made in them agaynst their eies, whereout they looke.'

57. *Ick bin vrolicke, &c.* 'I am merry, let's see you so.'

60. *babes*. Cf. V. (A.) 108.

90. *checked*: rebuked.

92. *ka me, ka thee*: a 'proverb implying, if you do me one favour, I will do you another' (H.). Cf. Heywood, *Poems on Proverbs*, 1546, 'Ka me, ka thee, one good tourne asketh another'; *Withal's Dictionary* (ed. 1634, p. 565), '*Manus manum fricat*: ka me, ka thee, one good turne requireth another' (quoted by N.). The *N.E.D.* compares the synonymous 'Claw me, and I'll claw thee,' found earlier in Tindale, 1531.

108. *brave*: fine, smart.

117. *smug up*. 'To SMUG up one's self, to trim, to set one's self off to the best advantage' (Bailey).

119. *sheriff of the city*. In Fabyan's *Chronicles* (ed. Ellis, 1811, p. 608), Symonde Eyre is mentioned as Sheriff of London in the thirteenth year of Henry VI.

122. *voices*: votes, as in Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, ii. 3, *passim*.

127. *Yaw, my meester, &c.* 'Yes, my master is the great man, the sheriff.'

134. *the rose*, on the obverse of the coin, as in the case of the Rose Noble, '*hauing the picture of the Rose thereupon*' (Minsheu).

142. *See, mine liever, &c.* 'See, my dear brother, Sir Count, my master.'

148. *flap*: the opposite to the 'knuckle end' of a shoulder of mutton. Eyre's homely comparison refers to the look of the French hood on the wearer's head.

151. *an hundred for twenty*. Hans had lent Eyre 20 'Portuguese' to enable him to buy the ship by which he made his fortune (III. 1).

159. *the gentle craft*. Cf. *George-a-Greene* (Robert Greene, ed. Dyce, ii. 202), 'Marry, because you have drunk with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledged you, you shall be no more called shoemakers; but you and yours, to the world's end, shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.'

B. OLD FORTUNATUS

7. *progress*: a king's journey through his dominions.

21. *eaten metals*. It was a popular belief that the ostrich ate iron. Cf. Skelton, *Phyllyp Sparowe*, 478, 'The estryge, that will eat An horshowe so great.' Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, The fift Day of the first Week, 'The mighty Estridge . . . whose greedy stomack steely gads digests.' Bartholomew (Berthelet, xii. 33), 'The Ostrich . . . is so hot, that he swalloweth, and defieth [digests] and wasteth iron.' Shakespeare, *2 Henry VI*, IV. 10. 30, 'I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich.'

42-58. The element of comic relief afforded by Shadow seems strange to us, but it was almost a stage-convention in Dekker's day. It is characteristic of Shakespeare that he often blends with it a subtle dramatic motive, as in the Grave-diggers of *Hamlet*, the Fool of *Lear*, and the drunken Porter of *Macbeth*. Shadow's joke on his own name, l. 51, is also typical: the audience took it much as a schoolboy takes a joke on a school-fellow's or a master's name when it crops up in his lesson (S.).

44. *Sempsters*. 'SEAMSTER, a Man or Woman that sews, or makes up linen Garments' (Bailey). The Three Destinies entered 'working.' They were Clotho, who spun; Lachesis, who assigned man's fate; and Atropos, frequently represented as cutting the thread. Roman poets spoke of their 'white' and 'black threads' in the sense of lucky and unlucky fate (cf. lines 28, 34).

51. *kinred*: kindred.

54. *Don Deigo*: a popular name for a Spaniard (N.). Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Constable*, II. 2. 292, 'S foot, how now, Don Deigo?' Ib., IV. 3. 135, 'I am kin to Don Deigo, the Spanish

adelantado.' Heywood, *The Fair Maid of the West*, iv. 4, 'But for these Spaniards: now, you Don Diegos.'

77. *wisdom*. 'Riches' in the Quarto: corrected by C. W. Dilke (S.).

81. *sacred death*. So in the original, but perhaps a misprint caused by the last word of the previous line. Mr. Rhys in the Mermaid Edition corrects to 'breath,' which is probable, but the lines need not rime. [Read 'sacred gift,' and punctuate with a colon after 'life' (S.).]

85. *Soldan*: same word as *Sultan*. Cotgrave, 'Soudan: m. (In the Egyptian, and Moorish tongues, doth signifie) a King, Prince, or Sovereign; a Souldan.'

90. *block*: (1) the wooden shape on which a hat was moulded, (2) the fashion of the hat.

C. SATIROMASTIX

7. *Eoan*: morning. Lat. *eous*.

19-20. In *Poetaster*, iii. 1, Horace comes on the stage composing a snatch of lyric ending with the words:—

'I drink, as I would write,

In flowing measure filled with flame and sprite.'

Jonson's enemies taunted him with his slow and laborious composition (S.).

21. *ningle*: for *ingle*, like *nuncle*, &c., by 'nunnation.' Emerson, *History of English Language*, § 289. Here used, incorrectly, in the sense of 'chum.'

44. *leaf*: one of the three kinds of tobacco in general use in England at the time. Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, Induction (ed. Giff.-Cunn: ii. 209), 'I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket.' Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook* (*Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, vii. 9), 'cunning in the distinction of thy roll Trinidado, leaf, and pudding.'

66. *case*: a pair. Seventeenth-century smokers often carried several pipes with them (S.).

67. *consort*: written, as frequently, for *concert*, though the words are etymologically distinct. Asinius speaks of his 'consort of pipes,' with a play on the musical meaning, 'band of musicians.'

69. *none of God's angels*. Mild expressions such as 'by this light' were invented to avoid profanity; the practice gave scope to much ingenuity on the part of the wits, and Asinius tries to ape the fashion (S.).

81. *farder*: further.

94. *mew*. It was customary for the 'groundlings' at a theatre to mew like cats when they disapproved of anything. In Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* (p. 61), the gallant is to 'mew at passionate speeches.' Day, *Parliament of Bees*: 'The Author's Commission to his Bees' (ed. Bullen, p. 7), 'If then they mew, reply not you but bring their names to me.'

95. *rook*: simpleton.

100-1. *palinode* . . . *Revels*. A reference to the 'Palinode' at the end of Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*.

104. *fardle*: bundle or packet. Old French *fardel*, later *fardeau*, diminutive of *farde*, burden.

109. *angels*. The angel, a gold coin worth about 10s., having as its device the archangel Michael quelling the dragon.

117. *neck-verse*: 'the verse read by a malefactor, to entitle him to benefit of clergy, and therefore eventually to save his life. Generally the first verse of the 51st Psalm' (N.). Cf. Nashe's preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (ed. Arber, p. 9), 'could scarcelie latinize their neck-verse if they should haue neede'; Middleton, *No Wit*, v. 1. 350, 'You can but put me to my book, sweet brother, And I've my neck-verse perfect here and there'; Overbury, *Characters*: 'A Creditour' (ed. Rimbault, p. 162), 'If he were to bee hang'd, unlesse he could be sav'd by his book, hee cannot for his heart call for a *Psalm* of mercy.'

[There is a personal allusion. In 1598 Jonson was indicted at the Old Bailey for killing a fellow actor in a duel, and escaped by benefit of clergy (S.).]

127. *sumpter horse*: 'a Horse which carries necessarys for a journey' (Bailey).

129. *horse's walking o' the top of Paul's*. Refers to Morocco, the famous performing horse of a Scotchman, named Banks, which, in 1600, rode over the vane of St. Paul's Cathedral. See Chambers' *Book of Days*, i. 225, where there is a copy of a contemporary wood-print showing the horse and his master.

134. *limping-tongued*. Captain Tucca is a character in *Poetaster*, and stammers; according to Dekker, he is a caricature of a Captain Hannam (S.).

135. *buff-jerkin*: originally leather buff was made of buffalo-hide, then a very stout leather made of ox-hide, worn by soldiers, sergeants and catchpoles (N.E.D.).

137. *dudgeon wit*. A metaphor from the 'dudgeon dagger,' or

dagger made with a hilt of 'dudgeon' (perhaps boxwood). See *N.E.D.*, s. v.

141. *bricklayer*. Ben Jonson was said to have worked as a bricklayer with his stepfather.

145. *copper-lacework*: the tinsel of the actors' dresses, which were decorated with copper lace instead of gold. Henslowe in his *Diary*, 1601, fol. 87 verso (Greg's reprint), enters £3, 13s., and 4d. as 'pd vnto the cope lace man for iiij score ownc of cope lace at x^d & ownc for the manes gowne & a sewte for the blind begger of elexsandria' [i. e. Chapman's play].

147. *unsalted*: witless. Lat. *sales*, witticisms.

151. *dor*: literally an insect (bee, fly, or beetle) that flies with a humming sound (*N.E.D.*).

153-5, 157-60. Quoted from Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, III. 2.

159. *puff*: a vain, puffed-up person. Cf. Shirley, *Love Tricks*, II. 2, 'A very puff, or weak animal.'

183. *hodes-head*: blockhead, like 'doddypate' in Skelton ('Why come,' 649) and 'doddye poulles' in Latimer (ed. Arber, p. 84). Of course there is a play on 'hogshead,' arising from the other sense of *pipe*, a measure of wine.

185. *burnt*: i. e. cleaned.

187. *pudding*: see note on *leaf*, l. 44. Tobacco is called 'Indian pudding' in *The Man in the Moone* (Percy Society), p. 13.

a lady. Cf. John Swan, *Speculum Mundi*, 1635, p. 266, 'The women of America . . . do not use to take *Tobacco*, because they persuade themselves it is too strong for the constitution of their bodies, and yet some women of England use it often, as well as men' (S.).

192. *take him in snuff*: a common phrase, meaning 'to be angry,' 'to take offence.' The double sense is obvious.

196. *hit me i' th' teeth*: as we say, 'cast in my teeth.' *Westward Ho*, III. 3, 'you shall not hit me i' th' teeth that I was your hindrance.'

198. *As in praesenti*: from the *Latin Grammar* by W. Lilly and John Colet, used exclusively at this time in England. 'He afterwards entered upon *As in praesenti*' (*Spectator*, 221).

207. *anatomy*: dead body used for dissection.

238. *swollen*. Supplied by the editor of Pearson's reprint.

244. *winch*: wince.

246. *our kingdom's golden chain*. Cf. Day, *Law-Tricks*, 1608, Sig. Bv.—

'*Lur.* Wrong not the Law. *Pol.* I cannot, 'tis divine:
And I'll compare it to a golden chain
That links the body of a commonwealth
Into a firm and formal union.' (S.)

259. Cf. Horace, *Satires*, ii. 1. 39, 'Sed hic stilus haud petet ultro Quemquam animantem et me ueluti custodiet ensis Vagina tectus.'

276. *style.* In *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 2, Benedick promises Margaret a sonnet in praise of her beauty 'in so high a style that no man living shall come over it' (S.).

D. THE SUN'S DARLING

18. *move all the spheres*: in reference to the fanciful 'music of the spheres.' Cf. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* ii. 22.

17. *have.* The plural idea is suggested by 'with.'

19. *shine.* Cf. III. (B.) 24.

26. *crowns*: takes the place of a whole foot (A. § 481).

30. *as.* Omitted in the Quarto (S.).

40. *nice*: delicate, sensitive.

50. *Terue*: should perhaps be spelt *Tereu*, with reference to the legend of Philomela and Tereus. It should be noticed that Dekker has 'conveyed' portions of Lyly's song in *Campaspe*, v. 1. 32:—

'What Bird so sings, yet so dos wayle?
O 'tis the rauish'd Nightingale.
Iug, Iug, Iug, Iug, tereu, shee cryes,
And still her woes at Midnight rise.
Braue prick song! who is't now we heare?
None but the Larke so shrill and cleare;
Now at heauens gats she claps her wings,
The Morne not waking till shee sings.
Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note;
Heark how the iolly Cuckoes sing
Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring,
Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring.'

55. *prick-song.* Music written down, sometimes more particularly music in parts; from the points or dots with which it is noted down (N.).

66. *repercussive*: reverberating, echoing.

69. *faced . . . laws*: with bright youthful looks.

74. *laurel.* Holland's translation of Pliny, ii. 55, 'Of all those

things which growe out of the earth, Lightning blasteth not the Laurell tree.'

84. *empress*. Scan 'emperess.'

97. *pomatum*: originally made of apples. 'POMADO [*pom-made*, F.; *pomatum*, L.] an Ointment made of Apples' (Bailey).

99. *hand*. Inserted by Gifford (S.).

109. *green-sickness*: a disease of women, characterized by a pale, lurid complexion (Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*).

110. *letter of attorney*: a legal document by which a person appoints one or more persons to act for him in business and legal matters (*N.E.D.*).

112. *sallets*: salads.

tansies. Tansy was a favourite dish in the seventeenth century. It seems to have been something like a sweet omelette, made green with the juice of certain herbs, such as endive, spinach, sorrel, and tansy. See the recipes quoted in Nares and Halliwell, s.v.

131. *heart-strings*. A term used in old anatomy to describe the nerves or tendons supposed to brace and sustain the heart. Here of course the context intends a quibble with 'tune' in 130.

148. *tires*: women's head-dresses.

150. *brave*: fine, smart.

154-5. Ladies gave feathers from their fans as favours. Fastidius Brisk in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, II. 1, boasts 'This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir; s'light, s'light, a foolish toy' (S.).

155. *paradise*'. The -s of the genitive and plural inflexion is often absorbed in a final sibilant.

166. *Spanish pike*: a cant term for a needle, because needles were introduced from Spain. Cf. Overbury's *Characters*: 'A Taylor' (ed. Rimbault, p. 78), 'He handleth the Spanish pike.'

167. *Wee*. A phonetic spelling of 'Oui.'

169. *stish de*: (I will) stitch thee. He goes on to criticize the cut of Raybright's collar, &c.

171. *into de toder hose*. The tailor plays on the proverbial expression 'I' my t'other hose,' used to denote something not forthcoming which the speaker does not intend to produce; equivalent in fact to 'Not if I know it.' Cf. Middleton and Rowley, *The Spanish Gipsy*, III. 2, [They come] 'to earn money, if any be here; But being asked, as I suppose, Your

answer, will be, in your t'other hose.' The tailor explains that, if an order is given him, he will purloin a portion of the cloth (S.).

178. *smickly*: trimly, gaily. Cf. the adj. 'smicker'; e.g. in Peele's *Eglogue* to the Earl of Essex, ll. 1-2:—

'Herdgroom, what gars thy pipe to go so loud?

Why bin thy looks so smicker and so proud?'

OE. *smicer*, elegant, beautiful.

179. *Lavolta*. See note V. (B.) 59.

180. *coranto*s, *galliarde*s: lively dances, frequently mentioned.

*capreolletta*s: from Ital. *capriola*, a caper; 'capeorettae' in the Quarto (S.).

181. *delectamente*: a confusion of Ital. *dilettamento*, and Lat. *delectamentum*, 'delight.' The Quarto reads 'declamente' (S.).

191. *panada*s. Mis-spelt 'ponadoes' in the Quarto. Florio in the Spanish vocabulary appended to his *Guide into Tongues*, 1617, s.v. *em-Panada* gives *panada* as the Italian form and explains 'a kinde of meat, made of grated bread, milke, sugar, and grated cheese, &c.' Cf. Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, l. 2, 'Furnace [the cook]. When I am three parts roasted . . . to prepare her viands, She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada' (S.).

192. *marablans*: a kind of plum. Cotgrave, 'Myrobalan: m. *An East-Indian Plumme; the Myrobalan Plumme*.' Recommended by Burton as a cure for melancholy and quartan agues.

Bergamotto: a kind of pear. Cotgrave, 'Bergamotte: f. *A yellow peare with a hard rind, good for perry; also, the delicate Italian small peare, called, the Bergamotte peare*.'

aranxues. 'Aranxuez, the name of one of the King's houses in Spaine' (Percivale and Minsheu, *Spanish Dictionary*, 1599).

193. *berenganas*. 'Berengéna, or Berenjéna, a kinde of fruile growing on the grounde like a Melon; it is fashioned like a peare, and is about that bignes; usually sodde in Spaine in the pot, and eaten with beefe or mutton' (ib.).

204. *punto*: a point in fencing (Italian).

vamp: mend, furbish up. Fencing experts taught how to 'take the lie' as well as to 'give' it: see X. (E.) 30-3.

208. *O yes!* See note on I. (B.) 1.

210. *thou and I*. For the neglect of inflexion, v. A. § 205.

234. *measures*: dances.

235. *spheres*. See note on l. 13.

242. *Peneian*: from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 452, 'primus amor Phoebi Daphne Penceia.' Peneus was a river in Thessaly, fabled to be the father of Daphne.

248. *as Delian king*: as Apollo, i.e. god of song.

249. *ballets*: ballads.

254. *They're all but books*. Resign yourself to 'Humour,' let her spirit you away into her airy region, and thenceforth all human effort and suffering (here typified in the 'armies fighting') will appear to you merely a delusion. Dekker just hints at the conception which Tennyson worked out so exquisitely in *The Lotos-eaters*: see especially the closing picture of the gods who 'lie beside their nectar' 'careless of mankind.' The Quarto reads *There all but books*, which Gifford, Dyce and others accept without attempting to explain (S.).

255. *Hippocrenian*. Hippocrene was a fountain near Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

261. *toys*: trifles.

268. *through*, Gifford; *tell*, Quarto (S.).

274. *go brave*: be finely dressed.

285. *his own man*: as we say, 'himself.'

288. *good morrows*, &c. 'The streets of London were grievously infested with *noises* (little knots) of fiddlers, who pressed into all companies, and pestered every *new-comer* with their salutations. Thus Withers:—

"O, how I scorn

Those raptures which are free and nobly born

Should, *fiddler-like*, for entertainment scrape

At *strangers'* windows!"

Motto. (G.)

298. *waving a crystal stream*. The reading is that of the Quarto. G. thinks something has been lost.

XIII. JOHN MARSTON

A. THE FIRST PART OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA

Stage-direction.] *sea-gown*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v. 2. 13, 'My sea-gown scarfed about me'; where Singer quotes Cotgrave, 'Esclavine: f. *A sea-gown, or a course, high-collered, and short-sleeved gown, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by sea-men, and Saylor.*'

18. *Conceit*: to imagine, fancy. It is pointed out that the same simile occurs in the *Colloquies* of Erasmus.

24. *speckling*: blighting.

25-27. The Quarto text, repunctuated; the printer seems to have wrecked the passage. He gave 'tender skinp,' which is evidently 'tender-skind' with the *d* inverted. *I have been that Morpheus*: he has visited Mellida in unhappy dreams, just as Ovid describes Morpheus visiting Alcyone to tell her the fate of her husband Ceyx (*Met.* xi. 633 seq.). *Tender-skinned* seems to refer to Mellida, but *cousin-german* makes no sense (S.).

42. *Give me assay*: taste it before I drink. The *assayer* in courts and baronial halls was the officer who tasted the dishes before the banquet, in order to make sure that no poison was concealed (B^a).

47. *tipstaves*: '[so-called from their Staves being tipt with Silver] Officers who take into Custody such Persons as are committed by the Court' (Bailey).

58. *maugre*: Fr. *malgré*.

66. *Genoways*: Genoese.

69. *make upon*, Mr. K. Deighton; 'made open' in the Quarto: 'slide upon' B^a. (S.).

glibbery: slippery. A favourite word with Marston, ridiculed by Ben Jonson in *Poetaster*.

76. *crased*: specially applied to tumble-down, ramshackle buildings. ME. *crasen*, to break, crack.

79. *houts*. In Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I. 2. 44, 'the rabblement hooted,' the first three folios give *howted*, and the fourth *houted*. Clearly an onomatopoeic word (B^a).

80. *lust*, Mr. K. Deighton; 'lost,' the Quarto (S.).

81. *throngs*— Mr. Deighton's punctuation. The speaker breaks off in loathing (S.).

87. *O lares, miseri lares!* From Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, 756.

117. *expostulate*: complain of, plead or remonstrate about.

147. *end . . . to begin*. For 'to' first omitted, then inserted, v. A. § 349.

B. ANTONIO'S REVENGE

8. *clutched*: another of Marston's mannerisms, ridiculed in the *Poetaster*.

11. *unpeered*: unequalled.

12. *triumphing*: with the accent, as usual, on the second syllable.

18. *tice*: entice. For omission of prefixes, v. A. § 460.

26. *wan*: won.

80. *belk*: belch; ME. *belken*, OE. *bealcan*.

88. *unseasoned*: may mean unseasonable, as in Shakespeare,

Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 2. 174, 'emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion'; or, 'unripe,' 'imperfect,' as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1. 80, 'tis an unseasoned courtier.'

40. *touch*: feeling, perception (Bⁿ).

45. *plunge*: difficulty, strait. *A Looking-glass for London* (ed. Dyce, 1831, p. 97), 'then be thou in these plunges A patron to thy mother in her pains.'

47. *claw*: flatter. Literally 'to scratch.' Palsgrave, 'I CLawe, as a man or a beest dothe a thyng softly with his nayles. *Je grattigne*.' 'Clawback' is a common word for 'flatterer.' Cotgrave, 'Adulateur: m. *A flatterer, cogger, smother, soother, sawner, claw-back*.'

48. *sweet*. An imperative, like 'right' in l. 44.

62. *fleering*: sneering. Palsgrave, 'I FLEERE, I make an yvell countenance with the mouthe by uncovering of the tethe.'

64. *clipt*: embraced. Palsgrave, 'I clyppe, I take in myne armes.'

77. *sinking thought*: deep discernment, penetrative shrewdness. Piero dreaded that his villanies would be detected by Feliche (Bⁿ).

80. *cut*. 'Eat' in the Quarto (S.).

81. *censure*: judgement.

86. *topless*: unsurpassed. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 152, 'thy topless deputation he puts on.'

92. *incubus*. Marston's use of this word is ridiculed in the *Poetaster* (Bⁿ).

C. THE DUTCH COURTEZAN

Stage-direction.] *obligation*: bond.

3. *good*: substantial. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 16, 'my meaning in saying "he is a good man" is to have you understand me that he is sufficient.'

4. *parcel gilt*: 'partly gilded; especially of silver ware, as bowls, cups, &c., having the inner surface gilt' (*N.E.D.*).

24. *Wun*: i.e. want.—Old eds. 'One' (Bⁿ).

27. *shaved*: cheated. 'Shaver' meant a cunning fellow. So in Plautus, 'adtondere, admutilare,' &c.

30. *rheum*: i.e. as we say, 'my mouth waters at.'

31. *gargalise*: properly *gargarise*, to gargle, or wash the throat or mouth. Greek γαργαρίσειν, Lat. *gargarisari*.

32. *shark*: swindle. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 1. 98.

34. *grogaran*: program. 'A coarse fabric of silk, of mohair

and wool, or of these mixed with silk' (*N.E.D.*). For the derivation cf. Cotgrave, 'Gros-grain. *The stuffe Grogeran.*'

85. *ten pigs' tails*: i.e. his tithes amount to no more than ten pigs a year. Cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I. 4. 79, 'And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep.'

86. *superarrogation*. A phonetic spelling, and near enough for Cocledemoy (*S.*).

87. *gouty*: swollen, and so ill-shaped, clumsy.

barm'd: frothy, fermenting, and so flighty. Cf. Marston's phrase, 'barmy-froths' for 'addle-pates,' and Scott's *St. Roman's*, xxii (quoted by *N.E.D.*, s. v. barmy), 'Cork-headed, barmy-brained gowks.'

41. *hang toasts*: one of Cocledemoy's favourite phrases.

proceed. There is play upon the term to 'proceed' to a degree at a university. For 'degrees' in the sense of 'steps,' cf. *Julius Caesar*, II. 1. 26.

42. *ladder*: the hangman's ladder, as 'carts' in the next line.

50. *proper*: handsome.

51. *Cheap*: i.e. Cheapside.

67. *cap's made of wool*. For the benefit of cappers, an Act was passed in 1571 that caps of wool ('statute-caps') should be worn by citizens on the Sabbath and on holidays (*Bⁿ*).

69. *bear a brain*. Cf. XI. (*A.*) 198.

75. *jole*: or 'jowl,' the head of a fish, and especially of a salmon.

88. *foyst*. See note on X. (*E.*) 145.

93. *Family of Love*. A sect founded by David George, an Anabaptist of Delft, who died in 1556. He claimed to be the restorer of the kingdom of Israel. He was succeeded by Henry Nicolas who wrote pamphlets translated into English by Christopher Vittel, a Southwark joiner. The sect was attacked by John Rogers, in *The Displaying of the Family of Love*, 1578, and in Middleton's play licensed 1607.

95. *arsy-versy*: 'Heels over Head, topsy-turvy, preposterously, perversely, without Order' (Bailey).

102. *winch*: wince.

105. *towards*: in preparation, at hand. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I. 5. 124, 'we have a trifling foolish banquet towards.'

150. *conjurer*. Astrologers were consulted about lost articles.

170. *figo*! : the same as *fico*! a term of contempt, like our 'not care a fig for.'

174. *aporn*: old form of 'apron.'

D. PARASITASTER, OR THE FAWN

2. *Gyges' ring*. See note on XI. (B.) 45.

24. *makes a leg*: a bending of the knee, as a courteous salute to a superior.

28-31. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. 2, 'Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.'

36. *affronts*: meets, encounters. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III.

I. 31, 'that he may here affront Ophelia.'

51-80. As prose in the Quarto (S.).

64. *we would not*: 'he would not' in the Quarto (S.).

78. *he*. 'You' in the Quarto, but the context requires 'he'; cf. II. 62, 70, 75 (S.).

88. *corruption*. A quadrisyllable.

85. *envied*: accented on the -i (v. A. § 490).

124. *Gradatio*: '[in *Rhetorick*] a Figure, the same that in Greek is called *Climax*' (Bailey).

127. *this*. 'His' in the Quarto (S.).

188. Cf. Bacon, *Essays: Of Truth*, 'And therefore Mountaign saith prettily, when he enquired the reason why the word of the Lie should be such a Disgrace, and such an Odious Charge, Saith he, *If it be well weighed, To say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a Coward towards Men.*' It was not Montaigne, however, but Plutarch (*Life of Lysander*), who was the author of the saying.

170. *Anechou e apechou*: i.e. ἀνέχου ἢ ἀπέχου, endure or refrain. 'The reference is to the maxim of Epictetus (reported by Aulus Gellius, xvii. 19)—ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου' (Bⁿ.).

172. *nose not stuffed*. The phrase goes back to Horace's 'homo emunctae naris,' *Sat.* i. 4. 8, lit. 'a man of well-wiped nose,' as an indication of keen perception and so of sarcastic power.

175, 176. Printed as prose in the Quarto. Scan 'Aposiōpēsis,' in spite of the Greek form ἀποσιώπησις. Greek in Marston's day was read by accent; of this there are some striking instances in contemporary writing. Cf. Ben Jonson's masque, *Time Vindicated* (where Jonson is satirizing the poet Wither):—

'Nose. H'as got a *Fame* on's owne, as well as a Faction.

Eies. And these will deifie him, to despite you.

Fame. I envie not the 'Αποβίωσις.'

Here Jonson prints the long vowel ω, but shortens it in scansion. Similarly in Bishop Joseph Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, *The three last Bookes*, 1598, p. 62:—

'But if thou chance cast vp thy wondring eyes,
Thou shalt descerne vpon the Frontispice
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ grauen vp on hye,
A fragment of olde Platoes Poesie.'

This is a parody of the famous formula *μηδεις ἀγασμέματος εἰσιτω*, and Hall scans *εἰσιτω* because of the accent (S.).

176. *quos ego*: from Neptune's address to the winds, Virgil, *Aeneid*, i. 135, '*quos ego—sed molos praestat componere fluctus*. A famous instance of aposiopesis. [The pause after *ego* is equivalent to a stress; to mark the rhetorical effect of the 'aposiopesis' the use of this metrical device is extremely neat (S.).]

177. *Aposiopesis*: 'a rhetorical artifice, in which the speaker comes to a sudden halt, as if unable or unwilling to proceed'—*N. E. D.*, quoting Pope's amusing comment, 'the Aposiopesis, an excellent figure for the ignorant, as "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say, or "I can no more," when one really can no more' (*The Art of Sinking in Poetry*). Marston himself affects the figure: see above (A.) 23, 81, (D.) 87.

Increpacio: chiding, rebuking (Latin).

208. *my self-good*: my personal goodness. Cf. Ford, *The Broken Heart*, i. 1:—

'So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him.'

B^a. reads 'myself good' (S.).

212. *To*: compared with. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 64, 'Impostors to true fear.'

218. *vild*: vile; 'almost as often spelt *vild*, or *vil'd*, or *vilde*, in old editions' (Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*).

234. *disgest*: digest. A parallel form frequent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and still found in dialects. See *N. E. D.*

252. *women's love*. So the Quarto; B^a. reads 'women, love,' but l. 254 is against the change (S.).

254. *Notumque*, &c.: Virgil, *Aeneid*, v. 6.

XIV. THOMAS MIDDLETON

A. BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE

7. *brims*. 'Camillo has his hat drawn over his eyes, as the *Inamorato* is represented in the engraved frontispiece of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*' (B^a).

13. *liquorish*. 'LICKORISH, loving Dainties, tid Bits, or sweet Things' (Bailey).

15. *sa, sa, sa, sa!* an exclamation of incitement to run or charge, as in Shakespeare, *Lear*, iv. 6. 207, where Lear uses it before running away.

49. *infective*. Cf. note on V. (C.) 54.

69. *incestancy*: impurity. 'A word coined by Middleton' (B^a).
rivelled: wrinkled. OE. *rifelede*.

72. The Quarto reads *guelderling*, 'native of Guelderland,' i.e. the Netherlands. Possibly the reading should be *guilderling*, from *guilder*, a corrupted form of *gulden*, a Dutch or German coin. [With the form, cf. Lodge and Greene, *A Looking-Glass for London*, 1598, sig. E, where Jonah pays 'ten silverlings' for passage-money to Tarshish (S.).]

94. *laugh and lie down*: an old game at cards, properly called 'laugh and lay down.' Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, v. 3. 64, 'At laugh and lie downe, if they play, What Asse against the sport can bray?' (H.).

102. *belman*. 'Here, perhaps, Middleton recollected *Macbeth*:—

"It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal belman,
Which gives the stern'st good night." Act ii. Sc. ii' (D.)

116. *parley*. The serenade is compared to a summons to a beleaguered city to surrender.

134. *owes*: owns.

148. *tit*: 'a little Bird; also a little Horse' (Bailey).

153. *toss-pot*: a hard drinker.

B. MICHAELMAS TERM

19. *commenced*: took the M.A. degree.

22. *whist*: hush!

27. *kersey*: 'a kind of coarse, narrow cloth, woven from long wool and usually ribbed' (N. E. D.).

31. *misty weather*. Dishonest tradesmen were accused of having dark or ill-lighted shops to enable them to cheat their customers by palming off inferior goods without detection. Hence the name 'Falselight' for Quomodo's attendant, and the joke in ll. 155-6.

85. *inward*: intimate friend.

57. *and*: if.

65. *I looked still, &c.* I was waiting for him to say that.

71. *bedfellow*. 'The simplicity of ancient manners made it

common for men, even of the highest rank, to sleep together; and the term *bedfellow* implied great intimacy. . . . Letters from noblemen to each other often began with the appellation *bed-fellow* (N.).

86. *stands upon*: involves, concerns. Cf. l. 219. *Roister Doister*, III. 3. 105, 'the matter standeth upon your marriage.'

walk: go away.

101. *Brainford*: Brentford, 'a noted place for assignations' (Bⁿ). In Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the old editions have Brainford where the modern texts print Brentford.

105. *persuade with*: prevail with.

108. *commodity*. See note on VI. (B.) 2.

114. *since*: already. Cf. *Roister Doister*, III. 3. 147, 'But lo, how well Merygreeke is returned sence'; ib. III. 5. 5, 'But lo and Merygreeke haue not brought him sence.'

115. *diseased*: troubled, put out.

120. *iwis*: assuredly. OE. *gewiss*, ME. *ywiss*.

122. *Middleburgh*. Middelburg in Holland, situated in the island of Walcheren, was the ancient capital of the province of Zeeland. At one time it enjoyed an extensive trade with England, Flanders, and the East and West Indies. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* Prol. 276, 'He wolde the see were kept for any thing Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.' Overbury, *Observations upon the State of the XVII Provinces* (1626), ed. Rimbault, p. 230, 'Middleborough . . . is their second mart towne, to which is appropriated our English cloth.'

125. *foot-cloths*. The foot-cloth was 'a richly ornamented cloth laid over the back of a horse and hanging down to the ground on each side. It was considered as a mark of dignity and state' (N.E.D.).

128. *take me with you*: understand me. A common phrase, found as late as Swift, *A Tale of a Tub* (Selections from Swift, ed. Craik, i. 136), 'Pray, said Peter, take me along with you.'

139. Dyce thinks the allusion is to the execution of Sir Everard Digby, who, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, was drawn, hanged, and quartered, at the west end of St. Paul's Church, January 30th, 1606.

142. *confusion*: ruin, destruction.

158. *wale*: the ridge of threads in cloth. Hence used generally for texture (H.).

171. *scrivener*: 'one who draws up, and engrosses Writings' (Bailey).

187. *inn*: lodge.

195. *three hundred pound*: i. e. land bringing in that rent.

207. *goosecap*: still used provincially for a foolish person. Among many synonyms for *fol*, Cotgrave gives, 'noddy, cokes, goosecap, coxcomb.'

212. *Cuds me*: an oath—one of the many ways of suggesting, while at the same time avoiding, the sacred name.

240. *Dustbox*: so called from the 'pounce,' or fine sand, used before the invention of blotting-paper, for drying ink.

248. *wild*: i. e. Weald.

255. *piece*: Dyce's emendation for 'price' of the old editions.

260. *Push*: push.

285. *Poultry*. 'Some four houses west from this parish church of St. Mildred is a prison house pertaining to one of the sheriffs of London, and is called the Compter in the Poultry' (Stow, *Survey of London*, ed. Morley, p. 251). Dekker, in the *Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 58), punningly speaks of being 'served up in the Counter amongst the Poultry.'

Wood Street. 'On the east end of this street is one of the prison houses pertaining to the sheriffs of London, and is called the Compter in Wood Street, which was prepared to be a prison house in the year 1555' (*ib.* p. 284). Cf. *The Counter-rat*, 1658, 'In Wood Street's hole, or Poultry's hell.' Gascoigne, *Steel Glas*, 791, 'In Woodstreet, Bredstreet, and in Pultrey.'

817. *new setter up*: i. e. a beginner in business.

831. *want*: lack.

888. *he*: i. e. Quomodo (B^a).

845. *springall*: 'a Stripling, or young Man' (Bailey). Dyce's emendation for *springfull* of the old editions.

858. *livery*: company, guild. Cf. *Liber Albus*, p. 22, 'attended by the Sheriffs and as many as were of the Mayor's livery and of the several mysteries.'

C. THE CHANGELING

2. *a'late*: lately. In Shakespeare, *Lear*, l. 4. 208, the Quartos have *alate*, the Folios *of late*.

18. *had*: omitted in the Quarto (S.).

21-2. The Quarto reads 'pluckt' and 'has.' Bullen reads 'plucks,' 'has,' and retains the original reading in l. 13 (S.).

86. *since*: already. See note on XIV. (B.) 114.

55. *Garden-bull*. Bulls were baited at Paris Garden (on the Bankside) (B^a).

56. *lugg'd*: dragged by the ear. The term '*lug*' is usually found in connexion with bull-baiting or bear-baiting. Falstaff protested that he was 'as melancholy as a gib cat or a *lugged* bear' (B^a).

59. *chops*: chops; 'the Mouth, Cheeks, &c., the lower Parts of the Face' (Bailey).

74. *complete*. Disyllabic adjectives and adjectives with prefix *un-* shift their accent to the first syllable when they precede a noun stressed on the first syllable: see Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, 3rd ed., Appendix I.

81. *bring*. The Quarto has 'bringa.' For '*em*' in place of a co-ordinated relative cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Polity*, i. 1, 'Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; *whom* although to know be life, and joy to make mention of *his* name . . .'

91. *Nor no*. Double negative (A. § 406).

108. *that's*: should be 'that are,' as the antecedent is 'you,' but influenced by the proximity of 'action' (A. § 412).

104. *danger's*. 'Danger,' like *periculum* in Latin, sometimes means 'liability to prosecution.' Chaucer, *C. T.*, A. 1849, 'withouten raunson or daunger.' *Roister Doister*, l. 2. 42, 'Are ye in daunger of debte to any man?'

182. *but*. 'From' in the Quarto, caught up from the following 'from him' (S.).

145. *pruned*: trimmed, plumed. A technical term in falconry for a hawk picking her feathers.

146. *amorously*: attractively. Dyce quotes from Richard Middleton's *Epigrams and Satyres* (1608), 'amorous in his Maias eie.'

147. *physnomy*: contraction of 'physiognomy.' Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 5. 42, 'his fisnomy is more hotter in France than here.' Skelton, *Against Garmesche* (ed. Dyce, i. 119), 'The facyoun of your fysnamy.'

153. *amber*: i. e. amberggris, 'long known, and formerly much used in wines, sauces, and perfumes' (N.).

169. *Oh!—my De Flores!* I have ventured to change the ordinary punctuation, 'O my De Flores!' 'Oh!' represents her first sigh, the second being expressed by 'Oh!' in l. 172, which makes De Flores say, 'There 'tis again, the very fellow on 't.'

180. *well said*. Cf. note on VII. 98.

198. *Rise, De Flores*. 'De Flores' is omitted in the Quarto.

D. WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

12. *unvalu'dst*: most invaluable. Shakespeare, *Richard the Third*, I. 4. 27, 'unvalued jewels.' For the double superlative v. A. § 11.

57. *check*: rebuke.

63. *has*. 'Means' is frequently used as a singular noun in Shakespeare.

90. *swinge*: swing.

102. *perfit*: perfect.

118. *worth*: in a social sense, 'rank.' So 'worthy' in Chaucer.

130. *successes*. Used like the French *succès* of 'result,' good or bad.

144. *turn*: 'turn up' in the Quarto (S.).

147. *more*: a disyllable.

E. A GAME AT CHESS

Bullen's text is followed throughout this extract with one exception in l. 69 (S.).

5. *a-life*: i.e. as life. Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 264, 'I love a ballad in print a life.'

7. *treacher*: traitor. Shakespeare, *Lear*, I. 2. 133, 'knaves, thieves, and treachers.'

11. *crudity*: indigestion. Cf. Lat. *crudus*, 'undigested.'

13. *wamble*: 'to move or stir as the Guts do with Wind, &c.' (Bailey).

18. *gulled*: swallowed. Halliwell gives as one meaning of *gull*, 'to guzzle, or drink rapidly,' referring to Stanihurst's *Ireland*, p. 16.

20. *rear*: undercooked. 'REAR, thin, rawish, as Eggs, &c. boiled rear' (Bailey). Still used provincially of underdone meat.

poached: still keeping up the metaphor from eggs. Bailey gives as one meaning of *poach*, 'to boil eggs.'

28. *stare*: 'a Starling, a Bird kept for whistling' (Bailey). Shakespeare, *Henry IV* (A), I. 3. 224, 'I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak.'

29. *swapping*: large, huge, strong (Westmoreland). 'A filchman in his hande, a swapping ale dagger at his back'—*A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior*, 1589 (H.).

37. *a leaf wind-stirring*. The Lansdown MS. reads 'I never feele a Tempest, a leaffe-wind stirring' (B^a).

89. *huff*: 'to puff or blow' (Bailey).

40. *groom-of-the-stole*. Middleton is borrowing from Thomas

Scott's tract, *The Second Part of Vox Populi*:—'I [Gondomar] sold moreover the place of Groomess of her highness' stool to six several English ladies, who were eager of it only because they might take place before their fellows' (p. 10) (B^a). *Groom-of-the-stole*, is defined by Bailey as 'an Officer who takes the Charge of the King's Wardrobe.' It should be noticed that Scott has 'stool,' which is probably the right reading here.

44. *mothership o' the maids*: also from Scott, who makes Gondomar say that he borrowed £300 from some Lady W., 'and, for the use thereof, I promised to make her mother of her [the Infanta's] maids' (B^a). The chief of the ladies of honour was so called (H.).

47. *venting*: selling.

48. *Veronica's heads*: i.e. vernicles. 'VERNICLE [of *St. veronica*, whose Handkerchief is reported by the Papists, to have the Impression of Christ's Face upon it, by wiping his Face upon it as he was carrying to the Cross] a Cloth or Napkin, wherein is represented the Figure of Christ's Face' (Bailey). See Skeat's note on Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol. 685.

55. *chare*: 'a Jobb, or small Piece of Work' (Bailey). It literally means 'a turn,' from OE. *cierran*, to turn, and is seen in 'charwoman,' 'ajar' (literally, 'on the turn').

61. *platform*: a model, pattern. The whole of this passage is taken from Thomas Scott, *The Second Part of Vox Populi* (quoted by B^a).

65. *murderers*. 'MURDERING Pieces, small Pieces of Cannon, chiefly made use of in the Fore-Castle, Half-Deck, or Steerage of a Ship' (Bailey).

69. *best*: so Quartos A and B. Bullen follows the MSS. in reading 'breast-inhabitants,' but the corresponding passage in *Vox Populi* has 'for there was never a shire in England but I better know the estate, power, and quality thereof, than the Inhabitants, even the best, themselves did.'

75. *oil of toad*. Cf. *Pasquil and Katherine* (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*), 343, 'venom'de with this oile of Toades.'

81. *Taxa Poenitentiaria*. B^a refers to Gibbings' edition of *Taxae Sacrae Poenitentiariae Apostolicae*, 1520 (*The Taxes of the Apostolic Penitentiary; or the Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome*. Dublin, 1872, 8vo).

100. 'The allusion is, I suppose, to the assassination of Henry IV of France by Ravallac' (B^a).

102. *doctor Lopez*. 'Physician to Queen Elizabeth. He was hanged in 1594 for attempting to poison the queen' (B^a).

Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, xl. 46, 'mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor.' See Dr. Ward's note thereon.

106. *at use*: put out at interest.

107. *town-house at Antwerp*. This passage is borrowed from Thomas Robinson's *Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 1622 (p. 2): 'It is well known they [the English Nuns] have *ten thousand pounds at use in the town-house at Antwerp* . . . Likewise when they remained in France they had the custody of no small sum of money which was sent to keep for Doctor Lopez, the Portuguese, as his reward for poisoning our late Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, which, after that traitor (having missed of his intent) was executed, was remitted unto them as an alms, as the register-book of their house (from whence I had it) shameth not to make mention' (Bⁿ).

111. *fact*: evil deed.

129. *Bishop Bull-beef*, i. e. Archbishop Abbot.

XV. WILLIAM ROWLEY

A. A NEW WONDER, A WOMAN NEVER VEXT

A valuable passage for showing the rough-and-ready methods of a seventeenth-century playwright. Notice the heavy proportion of riming lines, broken at desultory intervals by an attempt at blank verse. The probability is, as Mr. Fleay suggests, that Rowley retouched an old riming play, and that the rimeless lines mark his insertions. Thus l. 22 originally read 'son,' as the rime with 'run' proves. Such lines as 35-6, 125, 127-8, which roughly approximate to blank verse and have a loose running rhythm, are typical of Rowley (S.).

9. *make*: do.

17. *cut large thongs*: see note on XI. (A.) 141.

29. *frets*: the points at which a string is to be stopped in a lute or guitar (H.). Constantly punned on, e. g. Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 150; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 388. Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 61), 'There is no music without frets.' 29. *racked*: screwed, tightened.

36. *Master Brewen's hospital*. 'In the year 1197, Walter Brune, a citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, founded the hospital of Our Lady, called Domus Dei, or St. Mary the Spittle, without Bishopsgate in London,' Strype, ii. 260 (quoted by Dilke in his preface to the play, Hazl.-Dodsl. xii. 93). Cf. Stow, *Survey of London* (ed. Morley, p. 181), 'Then have

you the late dissolved priory and hospital, commonly called St. Mary Spital, founded by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife, for canons regular. Walter, Archdeacon of London, laid the first stone in the year 1197.' Cf. *Liber Albus* (ed. Riley), p. 25; Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*, 118.

39. *sit*: obsolete form of 'set.'

59. *the Counters*: i.e. the prisons. Cf. note on XIV. (B.) 285.

82. *choose*: sc. but rave.

87-8. The Quarto reads 'salt tears Thy malice draw'; perhaps we should read 'fall' for 'salt'; the tailed initial 's' of old handwriting would account for the corruption. For the transitive use cf. Shakespeare, *Lucrece*, 1551, 'For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds'; and the *Tempest*, v. 1. 63-4, 'Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops' (S.).

89. *Tell*: count.

98. A line of six stresses.

98. This rough and excessive line is one of Rowley's insertions.

119 seq. Sir Stephen Foster was Sheriff of London in 1444, and Lord Mayor in 1454. According to Strype he was once a prisoner in Ludgate, but released by a rich widow whom he afterwards married. 'He forgot not the place of his captivity, but mindful of the sad and irksome place wherein poor men were imprisoned, bethought himself of enlarging it, to make it a little more delightful and pleasant for those who in after times should be imprisoned and shut up therein.' His wife 'promised to expend as much as he should do for the carrying on of the work.' Stow tells us 'the said quadrant strongly builded of stone, by the fore-named Stephen Foster, and Agnes his wife, containeth a large walking place by ground, . . . the like roome it hath over it for lodgings, and over all a fayre leades to walke upon, well imbattayled, all for ease of prisoners, to the ende they shoulde have lodging and water free without charge.' Cf. Heywood, *If you know not me, &c.*, second part (ed. Collier), p. 96.

120. *rooms*: a disyllable.

B. A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT

Stage direction.] *making themselves ready*: i.e. dressing.

7. *Refuse them*: a common oath, 'refuse me,' or, in full, 'God refuse me.'

9. *bloat*: smoked.

12. *goody*: a corruption of good-wife, a popular term for matrons in the lower classes (N.).

85. *foretop*: an erect tuft of hair. Cf. Jonson, *Every Man*

out of his Humour, iii. 1 (ed. Gifford-Cunningham, ii. 91), 'You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or *foretop*; because, when you come at the presence-door, you may with once or twice *stroking up* your forehead, thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is, standing up stiff.' *The Man in the Moone* (Percy Society), p. 18, 'stroke up your fore-toppe' [of a serving-man].

42. *sumner*: 'a petty Officer who calls a Man to any Court of Justice, especially the Ecclesiastical Court; an *Apparitor*' (Bailey).

43. *noble*: worth 6s. 8d.

59. *fool* and 'fowl' are often played on, e.g. *Roister Doister*, i. 4. 96, '*Roister*. What is that? a moate? *Mery*. No, it was a fooles feather had light on your coate. *Roister*. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed. *Mery*. No, sir; it was a haire that was fall from your hed.' Shakespeare, *Henry VI* (C.), v. 6. 18, 'Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl!'

77. *bumming*: booming, i. e. projecting like a boom, a long pole or spar used for extending sails.

82. *spar*: thin, lean.

84. '*strained*: distrained.

XVI. THOMAS HEYWOOD

A. THE FIRST PART OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

5. *courtnoi*: a contemptuous or familiar name for a courtier (H.).

15. *bag-pudding*: a pudding made evidently of flour and suet, with plums, and of an elongated shape. It probably represented our roly-polly puddings, and seems from the frequent allusion to it to have been a very popular dish at the tables of the middle and lower classes (N.).

17. *posset*: 'Milk turn'd with Ale, &c.' (Bailey).

37. *Believe, ye that list*: added to form a Skeltonian couplet with the previous line.

47. *probicality*: a malapropism for 'prodigality.'

65. *dicker of leather*: 'is a Quantity consisting of ten Hides' (Bailey).

76. *three-men song*: a song for three voices; as a catch, glee, madrigal, &c. (N.).

100. *condition*. It was not uncommon, in familiar language, to omit the word *upon* (Barron Field).

105. *breaks*: breeches. Skelton, *Elynour Rummyng*, 452, has *breke*, which is etymologically more correct, the OE. singular being *brēc*, which forms its plural *brēc* by mutation. 'Holinshed blames men at this time for spending most money on this article of dress, which was sometimes very elegantly cut and embroidered,' Fairholt, *Costume in England* (1846), p. 463.

114. *bills brown*: halberds, used by English foot-soldiers, which used to be bronzed to prevent rust.

116. *Morris-pikes*: a formidable weapon, used often by the English mariners, and sometimes by soldiers. Supposed to be of Moorish origin (N.).

B. THE SECOND PART OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

Stage direction.] *Parators*, i.e. apparitors. 'APPARATOR, one that summoneth Offenders, and serves the Process, in a Spiritual Court' (Bailey).

7. *of putrefaction*: i.e. 'than snow deserves to be condemned (as guilty) of putrefaction, for covering, &c.'

8. *To cover*: v. A. § 356.

16. *grudge*: bear a grudge, ill-will, against.

18. *edict*. Accented on the second syllable.

59. *is his*. Omission of relative (A. § 244).

67. *Stranguidge*: -s of the inflexion absorbed in the final sibilant.

76. *lin*: cease. OE. *linnan*.

80. *prayer*: a disyllable.

100. *slubber*: disfigure with weeping, like 'blubber.' Palsgrave, 'SLUBBER, I fyle a thyng or beray it.' 'Sloubberde with wepyng—m. et f. *esplouré s*.'

108. *rebatoes*: a kind of plaited ruff which turned back and lay on the shoulders (H.). 'Menage saith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders,' Hawkins' note to *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. 4 (Fairholt, *Costume in England*, p. 588). Cf. Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 12), 'your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print.'

Stage direction.] *clap-dish*, a wooden dish carried by beggars, with a movable cover, which they clapped and clattered to show that it was empty. In this they received the alms. It was one

mode, among others, of attracting attention (N.). See the figure of Poverty from illuminations in the *Romaunce of the Rose* in Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 234. Cf. *clapper-dudgeon*, V. (D.) 70.

141. *quean*: 'a Drab, a Jade, a nasty Slut' (Bailey). OE. *cwene*, woman, female serf.

159. *Pack, counterfeit pack*; I punctuate thus, taking the first 'pack' as a verb, the second as a noun. The two clauses are symmetrical, the first 'pack' corresponding to 'away,' the second to 'drab.' Barron Field reads:—'Pack, counterfeit! pack away, dissembling drab!'

pack: a term of reproach, generally applied to a woman (H.). It is especially common in the phrase 'naughty pack.' Cotgrave, 'Putain: f. *A quean, drab, flurt, . . . naughty-pack, light huswife.*'

186. *cates*: 'dainty Victuals' (Bailey). OF. *acat*, a purchase.

208. *Whereas*: where.

C. THE SECOND PART OF IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NOBODY

2. *the Stocks*: the stocks, as it was called, stood on the ground now occupied by the Mansion House. Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 2nd ed., p. 473 (Collier).

13. *Crack*. A nickname, like 'Nimblechaps' in L 43. 'Crack' is a 'pert boy,' a 'wag.'

16. *Deepe*: i.e. Dieppe.

18. *Bristow*: the old name of Bristol.

28. *stretch-halter*: knave, gallows-bird. Cf. 'wag-halter.'

85. *beholding*: the usual form in Elizabethan English, where we should use 'beholden.' It seems to arise from confusion with *behold*, 'to see.'

45. *mop-eyed*: short-sighted (H.). The *English Dialect Dictionary* gives it as used in North Yorkshire, and cites Coles's *Dictionary* (1677), 'Mopsical, mop-ey'd, which cannot see well.' Bailey has 'MOPSICAL, mope-eyed.'

46. *Letter I*. In contemporary printing 'I' and 'J' were one letter. In the Catalogue of the British Museum Library names beginning with 'J' have still to be looked out under 'Letter I.'

66. *make . . . hair to grow through his hood*: a common phrase, equivalent to 'bring to beggary.' In Skelton's *Bowge of Courte*, 350, Riot is described as having 'his here growen thorowe oute his hat.' Ray (*Proverbs* (1768), p. 57) explains 'His hair grows through his hood,' as 'He is very poor, his hood is full of holes.'

The Pryde and Abuse of Women (Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iv. 236), 'The scole house of women is now well practysed, And to moche put in use, Whych maketh manye a mans hayre to growe Thorowe his hooode, you maye be verye sure.' *Like Will to Like* (Hazl.-Dodsl. iii. 325), 'Make them spend all they have unthriftilly, That in short space their hair grows through their hood.' Cf. *Nice Wanton* (ib. ii. 169); *Disobedient Child* (ib. ii. 301).

70. *hoyden*: 'a rampant, ill-bred, clownish Wench' (Bailey). But, as H. says, it is applied to the youth of both sexes.

74. *Jacks*: is a play upon 'knave' in l. 72, the knave of cards being sometimes called the jack. Here it means 'coxcombs' as in Marlowe, *Edward the Second*, i. 4. 411, 'a dapper Jack'; Shakespeare, *Richard the Third*, i. 8. 53, 'silken, sly, insinuating Jacks.' 'To play the Jack with one' was a proverbial phrase, Ray's *English Proverbs*, 1768, p. 197.

75. *with a wanion*: with a curse, bad luck to you. Explained by Skeat (*Etymological Dictionary*, s. v.) as from *waniand*, the northern form of the present participle of the ME. *wanien*, 'to wane,' regarded as a substantive.

86. *chaffer*: wares.

99. *potting-sticks*. See note on IX. (A.) 100.

110. *Sumner*. See note on XV. (B.) 42. The edition of 1606 has 'Summer.' The allusion has not been understood. [But read 'sumner' and explain simply of the unpopular character of the office. Precisely in the same way 'varlet,' meaning a city bailiff or serjeant-at-mace, came to mean 'knave.' 'Your' is the colloquial use noted in A. § 221 (S.).]

111. *telling*: counting.

120. *dickens*: the devil. 'Odds dickens,' a kind of petty oath. The term is occasionally so employed in old plays (H.). Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 3. ii. 19, 'I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.' Heywood, First Part of *King Edward the Fourth*, iii. 1 (ed. Barron Field, p. 40), 'What the dickens!'

189. *Foot!* i.e. God's foot. Oaths by parts of the body were common. Cf. *The Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous* (Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iv. 43), 'With horyble othes swerynge as they were wood, Armes, nayles, woundes, herte, soule, and blood, Deth, fote, masse, flesshe, bones, lyfe, and body, With all other wordes of blasphemy.' Cf. *'slid*, X. (A.) 2.

188. *doit*: 'a small coin in *Holland*, in Value less than our Farthing' (Bailey).

Stage direction.] *Pursuivant*, 'a Messenger attending upon the King in an Army; also at the Council Table, in the Exchequer, and elsewhere to be sent upon any Message' (Bailey).

D. A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

19. *most perfectest*. For the double superlative v. A. § 11.

80. *cross*: any piece of money, many coins being marked with a cross on one side (N.).

65. *bring him on his way*: escort, accompany. Acts xxi. 5, 'they all brought us on our way.'

86. *stigmatic*: 'branded with Infamy or Disgrace' (Bailey).

98. *sounds*: a corruption of 'God's wounds.' Cf. note on l. 139 of the last extract.

127. *table*: i.e. tablets. Cf. Aeschylus, *Prometheus*, 789, μνήμοισιν δέλτοις φρενῶν.

E. THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

16. *prune*. Cf. XIV. (C.) 145.

25. *stare*: starling. Cf. XIV. (E.) 28.

58. *the porch*: i.e. the mouth.

61. *rough-cast*: a kind of plaster, mixed with pebbles. Here it means the outer walls, i.e. the skin of the body. Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 71, 'Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall.'

70. *jewel*: should perhaps be plural, as it is followed by 'their' and 'them.'

78. *frolic*: gay, merry. Germ. *fröhlich*. A favourite word with Greene.

95. *runagate*: 'a rambling or roving Fellow' (Bailey).

XVII. JOHN DAY

A. THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES

8. *as*: for 'that' (A. § 109).

20. *passing-bell*: tolled when one was 'passing,' i.e. dying. Brand (ii. 203) quotes from the Advertisements for due Order, in the seventh year of Elizabeth: 'Item, that when anye Christian bodie is in passing, that the bell be tolled.' It is still tolled in many places at the death of a notable townsman.

28. *illustrate*. Cf. IX. (B.) 8.

33. *arrested*. Death is often spoken of as a 'fell sergeant,'

e.g. Chapman, *All Fools*, i. 2, 'If [Dame Nature] do but send her Sergeant, John Death, to arrest his body.'

68. *Paphian*. Paphos was a city in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

90. *statue*. A trisyllable, or we must emend *statua*. Cf. III, (B.) 140 (S.).

96. *word*: legend, motto.

108. *the turtle-dove*. Cf. Bartholomew (Berthelet), xii. 34, 'if he loseth his make [mate], he seeketh not company of any other, but goeth alone, and hath mind of the fellowship that is lost, and groaneth alway, and loveth and chooseth solitary places, and flieth much company of men.'

B. HUMOUR OUT OF BREATH

5. *Still*: distill.

aquavitae: '[i.e. Water of Life] a sort of Cordial Water, made of Beer strongly hopp'd and well fermented' (Bailey).

stamp crabs. Cf. Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4, 'It was crabs she stampt,' where Fairholt comments 'Verjuice is made by stamping or pounding the crab-apple.'

14. *ad unguēs*: perfectly, exactly, lit. 'to the nails,' from the Latin phrase *ad unguem*, Greek *eis ὄνυχα*, said to be taken from sculptors who, in modelling, give the finishing touch, or joiners who test the accuracy of joints, with the nail. Cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 84.

remedium: perhaps refers to Ovid's *Remedia Amoris*.

15. *to a hair*: the English equivalent of *ad unguem*.

16. *traversed*. 'Traversing of an Inditement, is to take Issue upon the chiefe matter thereof: which is none other to say, then to make contradiction, or to denie the poynt of the Enditement.' Cowell, *The Interpreter* (1637).

love's court. Cf. note on V. (B.) 85.

44. *circles*: with reference to the phrase 'conjured up.' It was believed that if the conjuror overstepped the circle he had drawn he was carried off by the spirit he had raised. See Brand, *Popular Antiquities* (1888), iii. 56.

58. *spilled*: destroyed. OE. *spillan*.

68. 's: third person singular through the influence of the immediately preceding word 'yourself.'

70. *and*: if.

106. *dump*: was a slow dance (Bⁿ).

107. *French brawl*. Cf. Cotgrave, '*Bransle*, a brawle or daunce, wherein many (men and women) holding by the hands

sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length moue altogether.' It is elaborately described in Marston's *Malcontent*, iv. l. 73 (ed. Bullen, i. 276). Cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. l. 9.

111. *minnikins*: a play upon the two meanings of the word. Bailey has 'MINNEKIN, a nice Dame, a mincing Lass, a proud Minks.' 'MINNIKINS, . . . a sort of small Catgut Strings for Violins, &c.'

C. LAW TRICKS

14. *horse and foot*: completely. Cf. *The Play of Stucley* (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*), 311, 'She's mine, horse and foot.'

15. *rosa solis*: 'a pleasant Liquor, made of Brandy, Cinnamon, &c.' (Bailey). Cf. Cooke, *Green's Tu quoque* (Hazl.-Dodsl. xi. 190), 'Bub. How, stark dead! and could not *aqua vitae* fetch him again? *Blank*. No, sir; nor *rosa solis* neither'; *A Warning for Faire Women* (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*), 177, 'Why, *Aqua coelestis*, or the water of balm, Or *Rosa Sôlis*, or that of Doctor Steevens, Will help a surfeit.'

17. *hot shot*: a foolish inconsiderate person (H.).

21. *Cedant arma togae*. From Cicero's epic *De temporibus suis*. The line ends 'concedat laurea laudi.' Cf. *The Second Philippic*, § 20; *De Officiis*, i. § 77; *In Pisonem*, § 73.

50. *spurling*: smelt.

57. *St. Luke's day*, October 18.

60. *terms*: a play upon the two senses, (1) language, especially abusive expressions; (2) law-terms, with reference to Westminster Hall.

77. *termers*: 'persons who visited the metropolis at term-time, which was formerly the fashionable season. The term is generally applied to those who came for intrigues or tricks' (H.).

92. *child's part*: i.e. a child's portion. Cf. *The Play of Stucley*, 588, 'I hope to have a child's part by your last will and testament.'

105. *hay*: a country dance having a winding movement, or being of the nature of a reel. *N.E.D.* quotes Sir John Davies, *Orchestra*, stanza 64:—

'He taught them Rounds and winding Heyes to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings.'

Cf. Marlowe, *Edward the Second*, i. l. 60, 'the antic hay'; Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. l. 161.

111. *tick-tacks*: or 'tric-trac,' a kind of backgammon.

philip: 'a gold Coin worth 3s.' (Bailey). Minshew has

'a PHILLIPS *dollar worthe about foure skill. sterling*,' and explains as a coin of Philip II of Spain.

118. *Erinny*s: an avenging deity, Gk. *'Epnís*.

119. *pyromantic*. *Pyromancy* is divination by fire, as *aeromancy* is by air, and *geomancy* by earth. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon*, ii. 15, 'In pyromancy, to divine by flames; To tell by hydro-mancy, ebbs and tides; By aeromancy to discover doubts.' In scene ix of the same play is an abstruse argument as to 'whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic.' See Dr. Ward's notes on these passages.

126. *house*: see note on XI. (D.) 195.

156. *Proteus*: a sea-god who could change his shape.

XVIII. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

A. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

17. *presage*: accented on the last syllable (A. § 490). In Shakespeare the accent on the substantive varies.

33. *clear*: spotless, irreproachable. Duncan was 'so clear in his great office,' *Macbeth*, i. 7. 18.

42. Amintor's anguish is finely rendered by the irregular rhythm, stressing the word 'violently' and then closing the sentence with a sharp monosyllable. There is a momentary pause before the speaker relapses into the quiet despair of 'this keeps night here.' Usually a nine-syllable line opens with a stressed monosyllable, as in the grave lingering rhythm of Shakespeare's 'Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since' (S.).

43. *wilderness*: 'bewilderment' as well as the literal meaning.

51. *all*. Inserted by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

71. *stark*: 'stiff, weary' (Bailey).

80. *discourse*. (1) Reasoning faculty, as in *Hamlet*, iv. 4. 36; hence, as here, (2) the act of reasoning about a thing (cf. l. 82).

106. *expiate*. Seward's conjecture for the 'excuse' of the old texts.

120. *sounds*: swoons. Spelt 'sowne' in XX. (B.) 61, 73.

B. PHILASTER

1. *my*. Inserted by Theobald.

35. *passion*: sorrowful outcry.

36. Stress 'Hé was yóur boy, and yóu put him' (S.).

41. *um*. This form of 'em occurs frequently in the text of Beaumont and Fletcher (S.).

52. *sad bell*: i.e. like a dying man, that hears his own passing bell.

59. *your joy*: i.e. Bellario.

62. *For bursting*: for fear of bursting; cf. IV. (C.) 52. It was popularly supposed that there were districts where no venomous creature could live (B^a).

67. *like scorpions*. 'To a man smitten of the Scorpion, ashes of Scorpions burnt, drunk in wine, is remedy. Also Scorpions drowned in oil helpeth and succoureth beasts that be stung with Scorpions'—Bartholomew (Berthelet), xviii. 98. 'They which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recouered but by the Scorpion'—Lodge's *Rosalynde* (Appendix to Furness's *Variorum As You Like It*, p. 377).

C. THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

[*Stage direction*.] *Palmerin of England*: a famous romance, once attributed to a Portuguese, Francisco de Moraes, but probably written by a Spaniard, Luis Hurtado of Toledo. See Hannay, *The Later Renaissance* (Periods of European Literature), p. 130; Hallam, *Literary History*, ii. 313. It was the sequel to *Palmerin d'Oliva*, and was translated into French in 1555, and into English, by Anthony Munday, in 1588. It was abridged by Southey. For a list of favourite popular romances, see *Lingua* (Hazl-Dodsl. ix. 365).

6. The quotation is from *Palmerin d'Oliva*, not from *Palmerin of England* (Reed, quoted by D.).

21. *Rosicleer*, brother to the Knight of the Sun, and celebrated along with him in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, begun by Diego Ortunez, continued by Pedro de la Sierra and Marcos Martinez. A complete English translation appeared in 1602.

26. *ettins*: giants. OE. *eoten*, ME. *eten*. Connected with Old Norse *iötunn* (Stratmann). Spelt *etin* in *Legends of the Holy Rood* (ed. Morris, p. 118). *Ettin* is given in the *English Dialect Dictionary* as used in Northumberland; also in the form *yetun*, meaning a 'boggle,' a hobgoblin.

36. *flappet*: diminutive of 'FLAPPE, instrument to smyte wythe flyys [i.e. to smite flies with]. *Flabellum, muscarium*' (*Prompt. Parv.*).

37. *mithridatum*. 'MITHRIDATE [called after its Inventor, *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*] a Confection that is a special Preservative against Poison' (Bailey).

dragon's water: i.e. water distilled from the plant called

Dragon. 'Also the distilled Water being dropped into the Eyes, takes away Spots there, as also pin and web, and mends the dimness of Sight ; *it is excellent good against the pestilence and poyson*'—*The English Physitian Enlarged*, p. 91. Cf. Dekker and Webster, *Westward Ho*, II. 2, 'send her a box of Mithridatum and dragon water.'

87. *visited*: plague-stricken.

51-8. A gibe at Thomas Heywood's *Four Prentises of London*, in which Eustace bears the Grocers' arms upon his shield.

70. *pricking*: riding quickly; lit. spurring. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. I. 1, 'A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine.'

90. *true man*, i. e. no thief.

102. '*A merry heart, &c.*' Cf. Autolycus's song in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 3. 134, 'A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

105. *bessle*: 'to guzzle, tippie, or drink hard' (Bailey).

123. *chops logic*: argues, disputes, wrangles. A common phrase for 'quibbling,' 'hair-splitting.' Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. 5. 149.

126. *flea*. Old form of 'flay.'

halter-sack: a term of reproach, intimating that a person is fit for the gallows. *N.E.D.* quotes Florio, 1598, '*Capestro*, a rope, a halter, a headstall.' Also a wag, a haltersack, or gallows-clapper.'

137. *Nose, nose, &c.* Taken from a song in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609 (D.).

139. *hoiting*. 'HOIT, to indulge in riotous and noisy mirth' (N.). The *English Dialect Dictionary* gives it as a Yorkshire word in the sense of 'to act or play the fool,' and quotes from Fuller's *Pisgah* (1650), 'Let none condemn them [the girls] for Rigs, because thus hoiting with boys.'

155. *eleven and six o'clock*: i. e. dinner and supper time. Cf. IX. (B.) 119.

163. *cony*: a common term of endearment; lit. 'rabbit.'

182. *foul chive him*: ill luck to him. Originally a personal construction, 'may he chieve [i. e. prosper] ill.' See Nares, s. v. *Prompt. Parv.* has 'CHEVYN, or thryvyn. *Vigeo.*' Roister Doister, I. 3. 98, 'ill chieve it, doting fool.'

198. *husband*: economist.

201. *But yet, or ere you part, &c.* A variation of a song in Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Aires*, published in 1597 (D.).

226. *rebecks*. The rebeck was 'an instrument of music, having catgut strings, and played with a bow; but originally with only two strings, then with three, till it was exalted into the more perfect violin, with four strings' (N.).

230. *ride the wild mare*: i. e. play at sea-saw. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry the Fourth* (B), II. 4. 268, 'rides the wild mare with the boys.'

D. THIERRY AND THEODORET

8. *hooded hawk*. Falconers preferred the 'haggard' or wild hawk which had been reclaimed. But when she was taken abroad for sport her old habits made it necessary to 'hood' her lest she should 'bate' (beat about and flutter), for struggles of this kind would spoil her training. A 'hooded' hawk would be on the alert, knowing instinctively that the moment for a 'flight' was near (S.).

8. *lettice-caps*: caps, made of lettice, a whitish grey fur obtained from a kind of polecat. Der. O.F. *letice*. See *N.E.D.*, which quotes an excellent parallel from Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, III. 1, '1st Physician. Bring in the lettice-cap. You must be shaved, sir, And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep.' (There is no connexion with 'lettuce,' and its use as a soporific.)

19. *Endive*. Cf. *The English Physitian Enlarged*, p. 94, 'The Decoction of the Leaves, or the Juice, or the distilled Water of Endive, serveth well to cool the excessive heat in the Liver and Stomach, and in the hot fits of Agues, and all other Inflammation in any part of the Body.'

succory. 'The distilled Water of the Herb and Flowers (if you can take them in time) hath the properties, and is especial good for hot Stomachs, and in Agues, either Pestilential, or of long continuance, for Swoonings and Passions of the Heart, for the Head and Headach in Children, and for the Blood and Liver.'—*Ib.* p. 239.

20. *mallow-roots and butter-milk*. 'The dried Roots boiled in Milk and drunk, is special good for the Chin-cough.'—*Ib.* p. 152. Bartholomew says that the broth of mallows 'maketh sleep.'

26. *primmer*: prayer-book, originally one which contained the office of the Virgin.

48. *patient*: in the literal sense of 'sufferer.'

49. *garded*. Gards, or (as it was often spelt) guards, were an ornamental border or trimming on a dress. 'The original notion may have been that of a binding to keep the edge of the cloth from fraying' (*N.E.D.*).

49. *footcloth*. Cf. XIV. (B.) 125. 'Physicians particularly affected foot-cloths; see Middleton and Rowley, *A Fair Quarrel*, I. 1, 'Russell. Ha! not well, my girl? Thou shalt have a physician then, the best that gold can fetch upon his footcloth.'

51. *proclaim*: appoint you by royal warrant. There is a further suggestion of 'publish,' 'advertise.'

55. *reclaimed*. A technical term in falconry for taming and training a wild hawk. Cf. note on I. 3.

94. *swinge*: 'to whip or bang soundly, to chastise severely' (Bailey).

109. *imp out*: renew. 'The loss of a principal feather from a falcon's wing seriously interfered with her high-flying powers. And as the falconer would have his falcon fly the highest pitch, it was part of his art to repair occasional mishaps by the process known as "imping." The stump of the broken feather was joined either to the separated fragment, or to a similar feather, of which the falconer was careful to keep good store. This was commonly effected by inserting into the pith of both feathers a slender piece of iron called an "imping needle," steeped in brine, which forthwith rusted, and incorporated both parts into a single feather.' Madden, *Diary of Silence*, p. 160. Cf. *Richard II*, II. 1. 292, 'Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.'

116. *liberal*: sensual. 'Liberal shepherds,' *Hamlet*, IV. 7. 171.

124. *millions of her mischiefs*. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, IV. 2. 51.

127. *defeat*: ruin, destruction. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 598.

E. THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

4. *Boötes*: the constellation so called. 'Boötes was either wagoner to Charles' Wain, or Keeper (Arctophylax) to the Great Bear, according to the name given to the chief northern group of fixed stars' (Kitchin, on Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. 2. 1).

50-51. For a bracelet of a man's hair cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. 1. 33 (S.).

84. *to the most*: to the uttermost.

98. *grooms*: 'in the pastoral poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries frequently applied to shepherds (cf. Herdgroom).' *N.E.D.*

106. *Dearer*: might be omitted with improvement to the metre.

110. *that coy swain*: i.e. Narcissus, a beautiful youth, beloved by the nymph Echo, who died of grief, because he rejected her.

He pined away with love for his own reflection in a fountain, and was changed into a flower.

114. *willow*: worn by forsaken lovers. See Brand, *Popular Antiquities* (1890), i. 121-4, for examples.

152. *home*: i.e. if it had been given home, a fatal stroke.

184. *wood*: mad.

191. *keeps*: dwells. Still used at Cambridge.

F. THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

8. *sets in blood*. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. 3. 60—

‘O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius’ day is set.’

25. *Ye*: the ‘ethic dative,’ or ‘dative of the person interested in the statement’ (A. § 220).

80. *clouted*: knocked about. Common, provincially, in the sense of ‘beaten,’ ‘struck,’ especially about the head. See the *English Dialect Dictionary*.

84. *curries*: beats. Palsgrave, ‘I CURRY, or beate. *Je bas*.’ A metaphor from dressing leather.

42. *text*. The metaphor from a rambling sermon is here very incongruous.

51. *search*: probe.

68. *tainture*: defilement. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry the Sixth* (B), II. 1. 188.

104. *hang*. Cf. note on V. (C.) 116.

128. *start*: startle.

G. THE SPANISH CURATE

The stage direction at the head of this scene is modern. To show the simplicity of our early theatre, it is worth pointing out how the Folio of 1647, which contains the earliest text of the play, really marks the stage arrangements; it was evidently printed from the playhouse copy. At l. 6 it notes ‘Diego ready in bed; wine cup.’ This is the actor’s cue, and the wine is wanted for ll. 62, 88. At l. 20 there is a note, ‘Table out. Standish, paper, stools.’ The table was at this point quietly pushed out on the stage. The ‘stools’ is the first hint which the audience would get that the scene was in a room. At l. 40 ‘Enter Diego (in a Bed), Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners’; then at l. 42 ‘Bed thrust out.’ Four serving-men in blue coats would carry on the stage an old-fashioned ‘four-post’ bed, set it down, and go out

again; the scene was then, *ipso facto*, a bedroom. When a play was performed under these conditions, the dramatic merit and the quality of the acting were severely tested (S.).

Stage direction.] *Standish* 'a standing Ink-horn for a Table' (Bailey). 'Calamar, *m. a standish, a pen and inkehorne*' (Percivale).

6. *good fellow*: boon companion.

12. *from a silly calf*: i.e. from carrying a calf; but the addition of 'with your worship's reverence' slyly points the reference to Bartolus. Milo, the famous athlete of Crotona, was said to have injured himself to carry a bull, by beginning to carry it when it was a calf.

17. *where*. Theobald's correction for 'there' of the Folio (S.).

18. A line thoroughly typical of Fletcher. Beaumont would have written 'There he would play the tyrant and devour.' Notice similarly in this scene the otiose 'sir' added for rhythmical effect after the fifth stress of the line in ll. 5, 13, 46, 82, 86, 131, 142. Line 74 again, in any other writer, would have run 'And pray it may be mended: to the poor' (S.).

20. *chameleon*. Cf. Bartholomew (Berthelet), xviii. 21, 'it is said that the Chameleon liveth only by air'; and Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 1. 178, 'though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals.'

21. Dyce compares *Women Pleased*, I. 2:—

'Hadst thou not
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boiled my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?'

brewis: liquor in which beef and vegetables have been boiled.

47. *fumbles with the sheet*. So the Hostess in Shakespeare, *Henry the Fifth*, II. 3. 14, of the dying Falstaff, 'for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way.'

65. *neighbour*. So Dyce suggested, but did not print, for the 'neighbours' of the Folio (S.).

98. *lockram*: a kind of linen. An adaptation of the French *locrenan*, from Locronan (lit. 'cell of St. Ronan'), the name of a village in Brittany where the fabric was formerly made (*N.E.D.*). Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, II. 1. 225.

105. *take heed*. A good instance of the freedom with which

earlier English interchanged the parts of speech. A familiar parallel is the noun 'farewell.'

108. *Jews-trumps*. Now called Jews' harps.

122. *moveables*: personal goods. '*Movable good*, as cuppe, or chalice, mytir, bacul, or *unmovable good*, as house, feeld, wode'—Pecock's *Repressor*, ii. 386 (quoted by Skeat on *Piers the Plowman* (B-text), iv. 267).

136. *packed*: plotted, schemed in an underhand manner.

140. *baffled*: subjected to public disgrace. Literally, of the punishment of a recreant knight who was hung up by his heels. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 7. 24:—

'And after all, for greater infamie,

He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

And baffuld so, that all which passed by

The picture of his punishment might see.'

bored: more correctly *borded*, mocked, flouted. Palsgrave, 'I BOURDE, or jape with one in sporte. *Je truffle* . . . Borde nat with hym, for he can abyde no sporte.' Final -d or -t is often absorbed in a preceding dental. [The *N.E.D.* refers to 'bourd,' but queries the connexion as doubtful. Perhaps a clue to the original meaning is supplied by Middleton, *The Widow*, ii. 1, where the Second Suitor, thinking that the First has supplanted him, says 'Is my nose bored? I'll cross ye both for this.' This phrase seems a variant of 'led by the nose,' and the reference may be to the farmer's habit of putting a ring through a bull's nose in order to lead him about with safety. Arsenio's reply shows that it connotes something more than 'fooled'; it seems rather to mean 'swindled,' tricked into losing something, in circumstances where the victim could easily have asserted himself if he had only known. The *N.E.D.* quotes *Henry VIII*, i. 1. 127:—

'At this instant

He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;

I'll follow and outstare him.'

Arsenio's reply will then mean:—"Baffled," "bored"—you speak as if it was some open infamy or fraudulent loss. Cheer up; it's not so bad as that—only a hoax!' (S.)]

143. *noses wiped*. 'To wipe the nose' is to cheat. Cf. the Gk. ἀρπάζειν, Lat. *emungere*.

145. *quiddit*: or 'quiddity,' a captious nicety in argument. Here, of legal quibbles. Der. Latin *quid*? 'what?' from scholastic arguments on the 'quiddity' or real essence of a

thing (*N.E.D.*). Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 107, where the folios have *quiddits*, the quartos *quiddities*.

155. *maggot-pate*. The *English Dialect Dictionary* gives the phrase as used in Cheshire, as 'an opprobrious term,' applied to a red-haired person, and quotes from an old school-book, in use some two hundred years ago, 'Mr. — is an old maggoty-pate.'

159. *puts powder*, &c.: like Overbury's Horse-courser, (*Characters*, ed. Rimbault, p. 121), 'for powdring his eares with quicksilver . . . he's expert.'

161. *cataplasm*: poultice.

165. *May-game*. H. quotes from the *Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialect*, p. 370, 'A may-game or simpleton.' Sometimes corrupted to 'make-game.'

171. *have an oar in*: as we say, 'to have a finger in every pie.' In *The Returne from Parnassus* (ed. Arber, p. 11), Lodge has 'his oare in euery paper boate.'

H. THE BEGGARS' BUSH

2. *upright*. An 'upright man' is one of the second order in the begging fraternity, the first being called 'rufflers,' when they first go abroad. 'These Rufflers, after a year or two at the farthest, become Upright Men, unless they be prevented by twined hemp.' Harman, *Caveat for Cursetors*, ed. Hindley, p. 15.

4. *Jarkman*: one who 'makes writings and sets seals for [counterfeit] licences and passports.' *Jark* 'is a seal, in their language' (*Ib.* p. 114). Cf. Ben Jonson, *The Metamorphosed Gipsies* (ed. Giff.-Cunn. vii. 354).

patrico: the mock-priest of the gang. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Bartholmew Fair*, II. 1 (ed. Giff.-Cunn. iv. 409), 'You are the Patrico, are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses?'

cranke. 'These that do counterfeit the Crank be young knaves and young harlots, that deeply dissemble the falling sickness. For the Crank in their language is the falling evil.' *Caveat for Cursetors*, p. 55. On p. 54 is an old woodcut of a 'counterfet Cranke.'

clapperdudgeon. 'These Palliards be called also Clapperdudgeons; these go with patched cloaks, and have their Morts with them which they call wives: and if he go to one house to ask his alms, his wife shall go to another; for what they get, as

bread, cheese, malt, and wool, they sell the same for ready money, &c.' (*Ib.* p. 44). Cf. note to V. (D.) 70.

5. *Frater*: a beggar with a false paper. 'Some of these Fraters will carry black boxes at their girdle, wherein they have a brief of the Queen's Majesty's Letters Patents, given to such poor spital house for the relief of the poor there; which brief is a copy of the Letters Patents, and utterly feigned, if it be in paper or in parchment without the great seal, &c.' (*Ib.* p. 46).

abram-man: one who feigns himself to be mad. 'These Abraham men be those that feign themselves to have been mad, and have been kept either in Bethlehem [Bedlam], or in some other prison a good time,' &c. (*Ib.* p. 50). Called 'Bedlam beggars,' in Shakespeare, *Lear*, II. 3. 14, where there is a good description of them. See also Dekker's *Belman of London*.

9. *dommerer*. 'These Dommerars are lewd and most subtle people: the most part of these are Welchmen, and will never speak unless they have extreme punishment, but will gape, and with a marvellous force will hold down their tongues doubled, groaning for your charity and holding up their hands full piteously, so that with their deep dissimulation they get very much.'—Harman, *Caveat*, ch. xii.

12. *say up*: decide.

18. *hum*: very strong ale.

19. *lour*: money. *bouse*: drink. 'Why hast thou any lowre in thy bouge to bowse?' is explained as 'Why hast thou any money in thy purse to drink?' in the *Caveat for Cursetors*, p. 117.

22. *eye*: a brood of pheasants. An erroneous form of 'nye' or 'neye'; 'a neye' having become 'an eye' (*N.E.D.*).

25. Scan *révénues*.

27. *dead arms*. So in *Lear*, II. 3. 14, 'Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms, Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary.'

31. *make you an old sore*. Harman (*Caveat for Cursetors*, p. 45) says that the Palliards or Clapperdudgeons 'will either lay to their legs an herb called spearwort, either arsenic, which is called ratsbane. The nature of this spearwort will raise a great blister in a night upon the soundest part of his body; and if the same be taken away, it will dry up again, and no harm. But this arsenic will so poison the same leg or sore, that it will ever after be incurable. This they do for gain and to be pitied.'

82. *falling-sickness*: i. e. epilepsy. See note on *cranke*, l. 4.

84. *eschated*: forfeited.

85. *barn*. Harman (ch. xxiv) describes how the beggar's wife 'shuffles up a quantity of straw or hay into some pretty corner of the barn where she may conveniently lie,' &c.

42. *I find myself there*: the position suits me, I feel at home in it.

46. *sort*: company.

49. *Uprightest* plays on the meaning of 'upright' in l. 2.

call: calling, vocation.

51. *dissolved*. Cf. Dogberry's 'Is our whole dissembly appeared.'

57. *seven wise masters*: the seven sages of Greece—Bias, Chilo, Cleobulus, Periander, Pittacus, Solon and Thales.

70. *gratuling*: congratulating.

75. *maunders*: beggars.

76. *nab-cheats*: hats or caps (Harman). 'His watch shall feng a prounces nobchete'—*The Hye Way to the Spyttel Houes* (Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iv. 69).

77. *filches*: staves. Cf. Dekker, *English Villanies*, 1632, sig. M 3, 'Euery one of them carries a short staffe in his hand, which is called a *Filch*, hauing in the *Nab* or head of it a *Ferme* (that is to say, a hole), into which, vpon any piece of seruice, when hee goes a *Filching*, he putteth a hooke of yron, with which hooke hee angles at a window, in the dead of night, for shirts, smockes, or any other linnen or woollen; and for that reason is the staffe tearmed a *Filch*.'

fambles: hands (Harman).

82. *bouzing-ken*: ale-house (Harman).

106. *kembed*: combed. OE. *cemban*.

108. *owes*: owns.

112-14. Dyce notes the mock-echo of Cranmer's prophecy over the infant Elizabeth in *Henry VIII*, v. 5. 33:—

'In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.'

115. *purchase*: a cant term among thieves for 'plunder.' Cf. *Henry V*, iii. 2, 'They will steal anything, and call it purchase.'

belly chetes: aprons (Harman). *back chetes* would therefore be coats, or shirts.

116. *purveyors*: court officers sent out to provide food for the sovereign when on a journey. People were forced to sell at a

nominal price what the king wanted. The right of purveyance, till Charles II abandoned it, was a constant source of complaint; Magna Carta, for instance, tried to check it.

116. *prop*: perhaps the same as Bacon's 'his own particular,' i.e. private benefit.

119. *path and circuit*. In Overbury's *Characters* (ed. Rim-bault, p. 143), the canting Rogue 'will not beg out of his limit though hee starve.'

120. *maund*: beg. See note on *maunders*, I. 75.

pads: a cant term for the highway.

122. *cut bene whids*: speak good words. 'Cut benar whyddes, speak better words.' Harman, p. 120. 'This doxy dell can cut been whids,' *Canting Songs*, 1725.

137. *cove*: person. '*Bene cove*,' good fellow (Harman).

155. *subsidy*. See note on I. (D.) 12.

XIX. PHILIP MASSINGER

A. THE VIRGIN MARTYR

4. *Stage direction*] *A scaffold thrust forth*. Cf. introductory note to XVIII. (G.)—(S.).

12. *Cimmerian*. In Homer (*Od.* xi. 14), οἱ Κιμμέριοι were a mythical people dwelling beyond the Ocean in perpetual darkness. Later, in Herodotus (i. 15), they lived about the Palus Maeotis. To Virgil and the Augustans, followed by Pliny, they were a fabulous people dwelling in caves between Baiae and Cumae. Later 'Cimmerian darkness' became proverbial, e.g. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 10, 'dark Cimmerian desert.'

13. *changed his shafts*. 'This is a most beautiful allusion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus [author of Latin amatory poems in imitation of Catullus, 1511-36]. Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the shafts of the other. Lib. ii. Eleg. 6' (G.). Mr. Arthur Symons compares Fairfax's *Tasso* (1600), ii. 34:—

'Death hath exchanged again his shafts with Love,
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly.'

16. *On me they are cast*. Not, as G., 'on me they're cast'; the stress on the pronoun carries the anapaest in the following foot. Cf. note on X. (E.) 24 (S.).

62. *apostata*. 'Our old writers usually said, *apostata*, *statua*, &c. where we now say, *apostate*, *statue*' (G.).

64. *prevent*: forestall, anticipate.

hangman: executioner.

84. *Tempe*: a valley in Thessaly, proverbial for its beauty.

85. *Hesperian orchards*. The Hesperides, daughters of Hesperus, were fabled to dwell on an island beyond Mount Atlas, watching a garden, in which were golden apples, guarded by a dragon. It was one of the labours of Hercules to win these apples.

102. *harbingers*. 'HARBINGER [Herberger, *Teut.* and *Du.*] an Officer of the Court, who provides Lodgings in a Prince's Progress' (Bailey).

106. *pittance*: 'properly, an additional allowance served out to the inmates of religious houses at festivals' (Skeat, *Glossary to Chaucer*).

128. *Gives*. See A. § 333.

125. *I see nothing*. 'It appears that Angelo was not meant to be seen or heard by any of the people present, but Dorothea. In the inventory of the Lord Admiral's properties, given by Mr. Malone, is "a roobe for to goe invisibell"' (G.).

142. *Angels*, &c. Hebrews xiii. 2.

184. *but*: i. e. rather than not.

B. THE DUKE OF MILAN

The scene here given, on which the plot of the play turns, is borrowed from the story of Herod and Mariamne in Josephus (S.).

26. *fleshed*: hardened. Shakespeare has 'the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart' (*Henry the Fifth*, iii. 3. 11); and 'fleshed villains, bloody dogs' (*Richard the Third*, iv. 3. 6).

35. *impertinencies*: irrelevancies. Shakespeare, *Lear*, iv. 6. 178, 'O matter and impertinency mixed!'

50. *quick*: alive.

95. *purser*: 'used in perfect concurrence with the practice of Massinger's contemporaries, for *pure*, the comparative for the positive.' G. in a note on *The Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1. 23, supports this use by sufficient examples, otherwise it would be easy to read *pure* pronounced as a disyllable (A. § 485).

his: i. e. its, referring to *soul*.

96. *Indian princes*, &c.: referring to the Suttee. So Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, i. 442, 'In death undaunted as an Indian wife.'

C. THE BONDMAN

18. *sea-mark*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cxvi. 5-6; *Coriolanus*, v. iii. 74-5.

14. *luxurious*: licentious.

18-23. Leosthenes' weakness shows itself in this bald and business-like enumeration of the motives which have made him turn soldier. To such a man the unworthy suspicion of Cleora would come quite naturally by a process of reasoning. Contrast the cavalier spirit of a Lovelace in the lyric 'To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars':—

'I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.' (S.)

57. *Sibylla's golden bough*: which Aeneas was to pluck and present to Proserpina. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 136-48.

69. *philtres*. 'PHILTER, a Medicine or Charm to procure Love, a Love Potion or Powder' (Bailey).

92. *owe*: own.

104. *birthright*: an illusion to Jacob and Esau.

D. THE MAID OF HONOUR

85. *thou*. The change from *you* to *thou* marks the increasing severity of the rebuke. In l. 46, when Camiola regains her calmness after merging her personal grievance in the general, she recognizes the excuse for Adorni's conduct with *you* and *your*.

52. *under your correction*: correct me, if I am wrong. 'Correction' is a quadrisyllable.

81. *Wait*: attend upon.

97. *abuse*: practise on my credulity with a forged tale (G.).

98-107. Massinger's plays frequently have an undercurrent of political allusion; see on this point Prof. S. R. Gardiner's paper in *The Contemporary Review*, August, 1876. *The Maid of Honour* and *Believe as you List*, the play which immediately preceded it, both refer to the abandonment by Charles of the Palatinate which his brother-in-law Frederic claimed. The special reference of the present passage is to Charles's failure to support the Marquis of Hamilton, who had levied volunteers to serve under Gustavus Adolphus in the Protestant cause. The remark on extravagance in court masques is startlingly plain; 'minion' must refer to Buckingham (S.).

102. *pretty*. G. corrects to *petty*, but remarks, 'the old copies read a *pretty* sum; and are probably right: *pretty* is often used in the sense of trifling, inconsiderable, &c. by our ancient writers.'

114. After *break* there is an emphatic pause. G. supplied 'and' (S.).

181. *atheism*. Such words as *profaneness*, *blasphemy*, *atheism*, &c., as G. remarks, are applied by old writers to 'any extraordinary violation of moral or natural decorum.'

169. *Take me with you*: i.e. hear me out, understand my meaning fully, before you form your conclusions (G.). Cf. XIV. (B.) 128.

E. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

6. Greedy had been in despair because the cook refused to roast a fawn

'With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.'

Overreach had therefore given orders for the dumpling.

17. *Put on*: i. e. your hat, be covered.

89. *tissues*. 'TISSUE, rich Stuff made of Silk and Silver, or Gold woven together' (Bailey).

scarlet: Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, pp. 69, 70), speaks of scarlet gowns, petticoats, and kirtles, as worn by 'euery poore yeoman his daughter, and euery husbandman his daughter, and euery cottager his daughter.'

49. *barathrum of the shambles*: from Horace, *Epistles*, i. 15, 31, '*barathrumque macelli*.'

51. *Edwardi quinto*. So Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, i. 147—
'Consult the statute, *quart*. I think it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.'

52: *mainprise*: 'the action of procuring the release of a prisoner by becoming surety for his appearance in court at a specified time' (N. E. D.).

87. *I am a dolt*, &c. Marrall is quoting Overreach's contemptuous incredulity when he told him of the change in Wellborn's fortunes.

88. *Patch*: fool. Perhaps an anglicized form of Ital. *passo*, 'fool.' According to T. Wilson, *Rhetoric*, 1553, and John Heywood, *Epigrams*, 1562, the nickname of Cardinal Wolsey's jester, his real surname being 'Sexton.' Later the word was associated with a 'patch' of cloth, and explained of the fool's parti-coloured red and yellow; Shakespeare's 'patched fool' in *Mids. N. Dr.* iv. 1. 215 points to this (N. E. D.).

91. *prevent*: anticipate.

120. *This is rogue Wellborn*. Marrall is again quoting Overreach.

147. *tatterdemalion*: a ragged fellow.

bug words. Fierce, high-sounding words. 'Cheval de trompette. *One thats not afraid of shadows; one whom no big, nor bugs words can terrifie*' (Cotgrave).

178. *Pasiphae*: Virgil, *Eclogues*, vi. 46, 'Pasiphaen niuei solatur amore iuueni.'

208. *yield*: admit.

215. *shape*: dress.

F. THE CITY MADAM

1. *the Pool*, i.e. the Pool of the Thames, from the Tower to Limehouse (*Liber Albus*, p. 230).

2. *fraught*: freight.

11. *scandalum magnatum*: '[i.e. Scandal of great Men] an Offence done to the Person of any Peer or great Officer of the Realm, by scandalous Words or Reports, &c.' (Bailey).

22. *precedency for my mistress*. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol. 373-7.

24. *bravery*: finery.

35. *Counter*: see note on XIV. (B.) 285, and cf. XV. (A.) 59.

36. *Hole*: 'one of the wretched departments of a gaol, in which prisoners, who could not afford to pay for better accommodations, were obliged to take up their residence. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers' (G.).

37. *hell*: a cant name for a dungeon. In Overbury's *Characters* (ed. Rimbault, p. 167), the jailor's house 'is the picture of hell in little.' Cf. 'In Wood-Street's hole, or Poultry's hell,' *The Counter-rat* (1658).

40. *Beneath the salt*. 'A large salt-cellar was usually placed about the middle of a long table, the places above which were assigned to the guests of more distinction, those below to dependants, inferiors, and poor relations' (N.).

Stage direction.] *looking-glasses*. 'It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that it was customary, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen, to carry mirrors about them. The former, we see, wore them at their girdles' (G.).

62. *curiosity*: scrupulous attention, anxiety (G.).

64. *church-book*: i.e. parish register.

84. *glibly*: smoothly. Provincially, smooth ice is still called 'glib.'

97. *Spanish skins*. Stubbes, *Anatomic of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 72), speaks of women's shoes as 'some of Spanishe leather, and some of Englishe.' Howell, *Familiar Letters* (ed. Jacobs, p. 87), 'they ruffle in Silks and Sattins, and wear good Spanish leather shoes.'

106. *frillery*: second-hand clothes shop. G. quotes from Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, 'As if I were a running frippery.'

114. *sheriff's basket . . . broken meat*. 'The poorer sort of prisoners,' says Stowe, 'as well in this Counter, as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the sheriff's table of all the broken bread and meat' (G.).

115. *festival-exceedings*. So in *The Picture*, v. l. 15, where G. quotes Mason's note on Hoccleve's *Poems* (1795), p. 67, 'At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called *exceedings*.'

128. *Old Exchange*: 'a street so called of the King's Exchange there kept, which was for the receipt of bullion to be coined,' Stowe (ed. Morley), p. 306. Henry III, in the sixth year of his reign, ordered that none should change plate or other mass of silver, but in his Exchange at London, or at Canterbury. It was situated in Castle Baynard Ward. 'By the east end of St. Mary Magdalen's Church runneth up the Old Exchange Lane, by the west end of Carter Lane to the south-east gate or chain of Paul's Churchyard' (*Ib.* p. 342). The Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566.

132. *roses*: 'knots of ribands to be fixed on the shoes' (G.).

140. *fur*: to act as a sort of shoe-horn. Cf. *The Play of Stucley* (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*), 321, 'As a squirrel's skin will draw on a Spanish shoe.'

152. *Fleet-lane* was in the ward of Farringdon Without, 'in which lane standeth the Fleet, a prison house so called of the Fleet or water running by it, and sometime flowing about it, but now vaulted over.' Stowe, *Survey of London* (ed. Morley), p. 359. It was beneath St. George's Lane, 'winding south by the prison of the Fleet into Fleet Street by Fleet Bridge' (*Ib.* p. 358).

Pie-corner was in the same ward, 'a place so called of such a sign, sometimes a fair inn for receipt of travellers, but now divided into tenements' (*Ib.* p. 345). Cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, II. l. 27.

XX. NATHANIEL FIELD

A. A WOMAN IS A WEATHERCOCK

12. *superficies*: exterior.

13. *gilded tombs*, &c.: St. Matthew xxiii. 27.

21. *business*: A trisyllable.

25. *basilisk*: an imaginary creature, sometimes called a *cockatrice*, half cock and half serpent, supposed to be hatched from a cock's egg. Cf. 'He is of so great venom and perilous, that he slayeth and wasteth him that nigheth him by the length of a spear, without tarrying,' Bartholomew (Berthelet), xviii. 8; Shakespeare, 2 *Henry VI*, iii. 2. 52, 'come, basilisk, And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.'

28. *acclamations*: exclamations. In republican Latin *adclamatio* meant a cry of disapprobation.

64. *liberal-talking*: talking licentiously.

66. *painted*: feigned. Cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, i. 1, 'leave your painted comforts.'

79. *convented*: assembled. Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, ii. 2. 58, 'We are convened upon a pleasing treaty.'

108. *Ha, ha!* exclamation outside the metre (A. § 512).

185. *crocodiles* were supposed to attract their victims by weeping. Cf. 'His nature is ever when he would have his prey to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatcheth at them; and thereupon came this proverb that is applied to women when they weep, *Lachrymae crocodili*, the meaning whereof is, that as the Crocodile when he crieth goeth then about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth'; Hawkins, *Hakluyt's Voyages* (1598), p. 534; Shakespeare, *Othello*, iv. 1. 256, 'If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile'; Tennyson, *A Dirge*, iv. 1, 'Crocodiles wept tears for thee.'

B. AMENDS FOR LADIES

2. *coped withal*: met with. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 60 'as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.'

80. *dubbed*: titled.

48. *oak*: i. e. oaken cudgel.

44. *put him to't*: drive to straits. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 233, 'they have a leader that will put you to't.'

61. *sowne*: swoon. Cf. XVIII. (A.) 120.

65. *wink*: shut the eyes.

70. *Your*: 'used to appropriate an object to a person addressed' (A. § 221).

78. *overseen*: mistaken, imprudent. Palsgrave, 'I oversee my selfe, I advyse nat well before what shulde come after.' More, *Utopia* (Collins's edition, p. 58, l. 26), 'as one that wolde not for shame (which is a verye folyshe shame) be cowntede annye thyng overseen in the matter at the fyrste.'

92. '*Twas e'en now*: taking *innocent* in the sense of 'fool.'

96. *me*. See A. § 220.

110. *Princox*. 'PRINCOCK, a Youngster too soon ripe-headed' (Bailey).

116. *in capite*. 'A Tenure *in Capite* is when Lands were held immediately of the King, whether by Knight's Service or Soccage' (Bailey). In l. 118 there is a quibble on the translation 'in my head.'

142. *entertain*: engage as a servant.

146. *frumping*: jeering.

150. *set the hare's head against the goose giblets*: a proverbial phrase for balancing things, setting one against another (Ray's *English Proverbs*, 1768, p. 195). Cf. Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, iv. 4. 200, 'set the hare's head to the goose-giblet, release her of her words, and I'll release you of your debts, sir'; Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, v. 4.

155. *occupy*: practise, to busy one's self about a thing.

162. *lover light*. See note on IX. (B.) 158. Cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 56, 'doctus spectare lacunar.'

XXI. JOHN WEBSTER

A. THE WHITE DEVIL

82. *yew*. The Quarto spells '*Eu*,' italic and with capital letter, throughout the passage. Similar devices of typography occur elsewhere; e. g. in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, xx. 7, 'A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,' and the '*Will*' sonnets, cxxxv-vi. These seem a punning reference to a person's name. To us such quibbling seems unliterary, but it was a fashion of the time, and I think Webster meant his 'yew-tree' to convey an echo of the pronoun 'you.' Line 39 irresistibly suggests it: the Duke queries '*That tree (of your dream)?*' and Vittoria replies '*This harmless yew*,' clinging to him as she speaks or perhaps kissing him. An actress would make the point easily (S.).

89. Even without Flamineo's interpretation, the meaning of

the dream is clear; Webster's tragic power is shown in every turn of the imagery. 'Harmless' as an epithet for the yew is a subtle instance. The tree had fatal associations. Later in the play, Count Lodovico, hearing a vow of murder, asks—

'like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves
And prosper?'

And apart from any reference to the graveyard, sleep in the shadow of a yew was supposed to end in death, and the leaves were considered poisonous. So, at first hearing, Vittoria's epithet sounds affectionate and almost playful, as if, in comparing her lover with the tree of death, she wished to obliterate a shade of ominous suggestion. But in reality 'harmless' is a covert reproach—'The yew is deadly: be like it, and not as you are now.' It is her first hint of murder (S.).

58. *base shallow grave that was their due.* So the adulteress speaks to the adulterer of the wronged wife and husband. The intensity of her passion, overbearing all obstacles that confront it, transforms her in her own eyes to an injured and innocent woman. And her pitiless hatred outlasts the death of her victims; the bleak, inhuman touch, 'a shallow grave,' grudges them a secure resting-place even when she has struck them down (S.).

72. *Thessaly* was famous for witches. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 27. 21, 'Thessalis magus uenenis'; *Epodes*, v. 21, 'Iolcos uenenorum ferax.' Cf. Ovid, *Amores*, iii. 7. 27.

88. *she had been better*— The brief, unfinished words reveal more eloquently than passionate speech the first working of Vittoria's venomous hint (S.).

138. *crook*: adjective. Cf. *crook-back*, *crook-kneed*.

143. *winding*. Cf. Bacon, *Essays: Of Truth*, 'these winding and crooked courses are the Goings of the Serpent.'

149. *winding of*. 'Winding' is a verbal noun, = in winding, therefore followed by 'of' (A. § 178).

158. *traverse*. 'Beside the principal curtains that hung in the front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes, which were denominated *traverses*.' Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 88, ed. Boswell (D.).

160. *rosemary*. 'The plant was considered as a symbol of remembrance, and used at weddings and funerals' (N.). Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 175, 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.'

164. *lightning*. See note on XII. (D.) 74.

165. *twenty year*. In OE. *gfar*, being a strong neuter with long final syllable, takes no inflexion in the nom. and acc. plur. Cf. 'a two-year old.'

171. *rue* was called 'herb of grace.' Cf. Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 74, 'For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long: Grace and remembrance be to you both'; *Hamlet*, iv. 4. 181.

172. *Heart's-ease*: pansies. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 176, 'there is pansies, that's for thoughts.'

176. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. 1.

178. *scritch-owls*. Cf. X. (G.) 61.

188. *Cowslip-water*. 'Cowslips . . . strengthen the Brain and Nerves' (*The English Physitian Enlarged*, p. 77).

189. 'I never saw anything like this dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates' (C. Lamb).

Stage direction.] *cassock*: 'a cloak or long coat worn by some soldiers in the 16th and 17th centuries' (*N. E. D.*).

B. THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

5. *buntings*. The *Emberisina miliaria*, a bird allied to the lark family. Cf. Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 5. 7, 'I took this lark for a bunting.'

18. *wild benefit of nature*. From Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1598, iv. p. 414, where outlaws, living a brute life, are described as having 'framed their gluttonish stomachs to haue for foode the wilde benefites of nature.' Mr. C. Crawford has pointed out Webster's close familiarity with the *Arcadia*; its phrases and reflections are often woven into his work. Here he has reset Sidney's expression, and added a touch of pathos not to be found in the original (S.). D. compares Middleton, *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, iv. 1, 'Think how compassionate the creatures of the field, that only live on the wild benefits of nature, are unto their young ones.'

53. *adamant*: the loadstone. Cf. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Crëssida*, iii. 2. 184, 'As true . . . as iron to adamant'; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 195, 'You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron.'

58. *bottom*: hull of a ship. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 42, 'My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.'

68. *In the eternal church.* Another phrase from the *Arcadia*, 1590, p. 159, 'when she thought him dead, she sought all meanes (as well by poyson as by knife) to send her soule, at least, to be married in the eternall church with him.' But what in Sidney is no more than a dainty turn of phrase rises to tragedy in Webster when the forlorn wife speaks it to the husband she will never see again (S.).

72. *cassia.* Cf. Bacon, *Essays: Of Adversitie*, 'Vertue is like pretious Odours, most fragrant, when they are incensed, or crushed.'

89. *sound:* in the nautical sense, 'fathom,' 'try the depth of.'

98. *Fortune's wheel.* Cf. the description in *The Kingis Quair*, 159-65 (Skeat, *Specimens of English Literature*, 1394-1579, pp. 43-5).

97. *counterfeits.* A common form of the second person singular; see A. § 340, and cf. XXIII. (C.) 23, 'Thou interrupts.'

108-10. Cf. the *Arcadia*, iii, 'with the same pity as folks keep fowl when they are not fat enough for their eating' (S.).

125. *state of floods.* D. compares Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV*, v. 2. 132, 'Where it shall *mingle with the state of floods*.'

C. THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE

17. *case:* dress, with a play on the other sense in l. 18.

26. *dormouse:* 'a Field Mouse that sleeps all the Winter' (Bailey).

87. *commence:* see note on XIV. (B.) 19.

88. *word:* motto.

47. *speak:* i. e. the 'last dying speech and confession,' customary at an execution.

61. *security:* carelessness.

D. APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

17. Scan *révenues*.

88. *To maugre:* 'i. e. to defy. I know no other instance of this word being used as a verb: as an adverb, with the sense *in spite of*, it often occurs' (D.).

49. *misprized:* slighted, undervalued.

57. *gifts:* Dyce's correction of *guests*, the reading of the old copies. He adds that the same misprint occurs in Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, iv. l. 12, 'Then, as my *guest*, and thine own acquisition.'

65. *insculp'd:* engraved, carved. A curious metaphor from a votive inscription.

98. *misprision*: 'a Neglect or Oversight' (Bailey).

101. *remit*: forgive, excuse.

105. *Morrow*: i. e. good morning. 'To express a kind wish at meeting or parting in the morning, *good morrow* and not *good morning*, is the ordinary form' (Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*).

108. *shall*, for *will* (v. A. § 315).

XXII. CYRIL TOURNEUR

A. THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY

Much of the verse is printed as prose in the Quarto, but has been restored by Mr. Churton Collins (S.).

25. *fry*: 'the Spawn of young Fish; a Multitude, or Company' (Bailey).

51. *needs*: omitted in the Quarto (S.).

61. *exigent*: 'a writ commanding the sheriff to summon the defendant to appear and deliver himself upon pain of outlawry' (*N.E.D.*). Cf. Cowell, *Interpreter*, s. v. The honour of the victory to which Charlemont aspires lies (is domiciled) beyond the jurisdiction of any writ issued by the present court.

76. *anatomy*: subject for dissection.

100. *efficient cause*: a philosophic term for the cause which immediately produces the effect.

160. *shag-haired*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 83, 'thou shag-hair'd villain' (the folios have 'shagge-ear'd').

B. THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY

7. *skin of gold*: i. e. thin as 'goldbeater's skin.'

8. *set by*: set aside, ignore.

19. The speaker, with characteristic arrogance, stresses the word 'duchess.' Metrically this produces a slight pause, which completes the time of the verse and modifies the harsh effect of the final sibilants of 'duchess' meeting with the *s* of 'sons' which follows (S.).

46. *impudent*. As there seems to be no instance of this word accented on the second syllable, we must read *that that* for the single *that* of the Quarto.

48. *found*. So I read here and in l. 86 for the *sound* of the Quarto. Confusion between *f* and *s*, owing to the similarity of the symbols in the old typography, is very common. The meaning of the word, 'approved,' is the same as in Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 1. 105, 'In what he did profess, well found.'

62. *block*. See note on XII. (B.) 90. The play on words is here

very grim. Compare for tragic significance, Lady Macbeth's

'If he do bleed,
I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their *guilt*.' (S.)

72. *bankrout*: bankrupt.

117. *stinted*: checked, stopped.

121. *Duns*. John Duns Scotus, one of the leading schoolmen, flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century. His dialectical subtlety was so great that he was called the *Doctor Subtilis*. His great controversy was with Thomas Aquinas, the rival schools being called respectively the Scotists and the Thomists. *Dunce* was originally *Duns-man*, a term of contempt used by the Thomists of the Scotists. Duns Scotus wrote commentaries on Aristotle, and the *Sentences* of Lombard, hence 'exposition' here.

124. *trick* .. *four cards*: as in *Primero*. See Nares, s. v.

XXIII. JOHN FORD

A. THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY

22. *lee*. This colloquial form of 'ye' often appears in the texts of Ford and Shirley.

31. *consort*: playing in harmony.

47. *pass your ear* in the Quarto; 'pass, sir, from your ear,' Gifford (S.).

61. *greatness*: power, monarch. Abstract for concrete.

64. *Cruel-mercy*. Cf. note on IX. (B.) 178. The punctuation here and in l. 116 is Ford's (S.).

68. *are*: 'confusion of proximity' (A. § 412).

76. *shape*: the green-room term for a dress or disguise (G.).

109. *in my bosom, &c.* 'The allusion is to the miniature which the prince wore, and which he here proposes to compare with the lady before him' (G.).

B. THE BROKEN HEART

2. A line of monosyllables broken by sharp pauses. The rhythm suggests the effort to control intense pain. *Speaks lee* runs on from l. 1; *lee* is equivalent to two faintly sounded syllables. There is a pause after 'Dear' as well as at the obvious breaks. Stress—'Speaks *lee* | why do you weep | Dear | turn not from me' (S.).

42. *gray dissimulation*: borrowed by Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 493.

48. *motion*: puppet-show, marionette.

54. *My heart too*. So G. The Quarto reads 'Paine my heart to Complaine not' G. was probably influenced by *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 115-16, 'Cassius. Give me your hand. Brutus. And my heart too' (S.).

62. *points*: see note on IX. (A.) 91.

bride-laces: 'fringed strings of silk, cotton, or worsted twist, given to the friends who attended the bride and bridegroom to church, to bind up the rosemary sprigs which they all carried in their hands. After the ceremony, these bridal favours were usually worn as ornaments, sometimes in the hat, at other times twisted in the hair, or pendent from the ear' (G. quoted by Nares).

67. *tutored me*: i.e. by repeatedly pointing out Ithocles to his resentment (G.).

96. *plurisy*: plethora. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 118, 'goodness, growing to a plurisy, dies in his own too much.'

C. PERKIN WARBECK

8. *usquebaugh*: 'a certain Cordial made in Ireland' (Bailey). The modern 'whiskey.' From Irish *uisge beatha*, lit. 'water of life'; cf. Lat. *aqua vitae*, F. *eau-de-vie* (Skeat).

bonny-clabber: 'an Irish term for sour buttermilk. Swift uses it' (N.). Cf. Ben Jonson, *The New Inn*, i. 1 (ed. Giff-Cunn., v. 310), 'To drink such balderdash, or bonny-clabber'; *The Play of Stucley* (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*), 845, 'Shamrocks are no meat Nor bonny clabbs.'

23. *interrupts*. Cf. note on XXI. (B.) 97.

88. *forethink*: expect, anticipate.

101. *perfit*: perfect.

109. *presenters*: masquers.

111. *bug's-words*. See note on XIX. (E.) 147.

Stage direction.] *accordingly*: i.e. characteristically.

trowes: 'drawers closely fitted to the shape, which, together with the long shaggy hair of these people, are often made the subject of mirth by our old dramatists' (G.).

118. *Take your own shapes*: i.e. resume your ordinary dress (G.).

114. *Particular*: i.e. individual.

D. THE LADY'S TRIAL

14. *Beso las manos*: kissing the hands.

cringes: bowings, bendings.

32. *skipt*: evaded. Still used provincially.

41. *mockado*: 'a stuff made in imitation of velvet, and sometimes called *mock-velvet*' (N.).

42. *quellio*. 'Cuello, *m.* a necke, the collar of a garment, or cape of a cloke' (Percivale's *Dictionary in Spanish & English*, Minsheu, 1599). N. quotes the word from Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, 1633.

43. *callamanco*: 'a woollen stuff of Flanders' (N.E.D.).

47. *Larded with pearls*: imitated from Marlowe, *Edward the Second*, I. 4. 413, 'a short Italian hooded cloak, Larded with pearl.'

47. *cacique*: a West-Indian prince.

50. *pistolets*. 'Pistolet, the golden coin termed a Pistolet' (Cotgrave). It is diminutive of *pistole*, which, according to Bailey, was worth 17s.

55. *top-gallant*. 'TOP-Gallant-Masts [in a Ship] are those Masts which are over the Top-masts of the Main and Fore-masts' (Bailey).

80. *th' Arabian bird*: i.e. the phoenix. Herodotus, ii. 73; Tacitus, *Annals*, vi. 21; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xii. § 85, 'cinnamomum et casias fabulose narravit antiquitas princepsque Herodotus auium nidis et priuatim phoenicis.' Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, The Fifth Day, 'With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm, By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room) Her Vrn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Tomb.' In Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 2. 12, Agrippa calls Antony, 'O thou Arabian bird!'

90. *buff*. Cf. note on XII. (C.) 135.

98. *companion*: see note on II. (A.) 114.

Stage direction.] *Spanish pavin*: 'a grave and majestic dance; the method of performing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long robe, in their gowns; by princes, in their mantles; and by ladies, in gowns with long trains.' Sir John Hawkins (G.).

144. *duck, or doe*. Cf. Plautus, *Asinaria*, 667, 'agnellum, haedillum me tuom dic esse uel uitellum'; 'dic igitur med anaticulam, columbam, vel catellum' (*Ib.* 693).

148. *Habs-nabs*: get or lose, hit or miss, however it may turn out. 'Conjectured to represent some part of the verb HAVE, presumably the present subjunctive, OE. *habbe*, early southern ME. *habbe*, in conjunction with the corresponding negative form OE. *naebbe*, ME. *nabbe*' (N.E.D.). The common forms are 'hab

or nab,' and 'hab nab,' and G. reads 'Hab-nab's good.' The earliest instance quoted in the *N.E.D.* is from Udall's *Apophthegms of Erasmus*, 1542, 'Put to the plounge of . . . habbe or nhabbe to wyne all or to lese all.' Cf. Cotgrave, 'Conjecturalement. *Conjecturally, by ghesse, or conjecture; hab-nab, hitty-missy*'; 'A pierre perduë. *Hab-nab, even as they fall, one with another*'; Heywood's *Dialogue on Proverbs* (ed. Spenser Society, 1867, p. 7), 'Best sticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.'

148. *wink*: close the eyes. 'One may wink and choose,' is given as a proverb by Ray, *English Proverbs* (1768), p. 271.

155. *Bilbo*. 'The town of Bilboa, in Spain, being famous for the manufacture of iron and steel, a fine Spanish blade was called a *bilbo*' (N.).

159. *truncheon*: 'A Battoon or kind of short Staff, us'd by Kings and Great Officers' (Bailey).

168. *I know on which side, &c.* Among the proverbs in Camden's *Remaines* (1637), p. 297, is 'He knowes on which side his bread is buttered on.'

169. *Dutch again!* A Dutchman is called 'a butterbox' in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley), p. 32.

181. *the Nine*. 'The Nine WORTHIES [of the World]. Three of them were *Jews*, viz. *Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus*: Three Heathens, viz. *Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar*: And three Christians, viz. *Arthur of Britain, Charles the Great of France, and Godfrey of Bouillon*' (Bailey).

XXIV. JAMES SHIRLEY

A. THE BROTHERS

19. *overtake*. Dr. Postgate, on Lucan, vii. 125, has noticed the same tendency among the Greeks and Romans to mix up the two parts of a simile, especially if the same verb could be used in both. Here the latter part of the sentence, which really belongs to 'a warm sigh,' is assimilated to 'curls of holy incense.' Cf. III. (B.) 24.

24. *Ambition*: four syllables (A. § 479).

164. Cf. Psalm lxxviii. 19.

180. *as I*, i. e. will pray for thee.

B. THE TRAITOR

8. *dog-bolt*: a term of abuse, equivalent to 'contemptible fellow.' Cf. Lyly, *Campaspe*, i. 2. 8, 'that Diogenes, that dogge, should haue *Manes*, that dogbolt.'

21. *snaffle*: 'a sort of Bit for a Horse' (Bailey).

43. The line opens with an emphatic monosyllable.

44. Cf. Horace, *Epistles*, i. i. 46, 'Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.'

48. *and*: if.

50. *come together again*. It was believed that 'if you cut a serpent, or worm, asunder, there is such an unctuous quality in their blood, that the dismembered parts, being placed near enough to touch each other, will cement and become whole again'—Theobald, *Shakespeare Restored*, 1726, p. 185.

109. *parricide*. *Parricida* in Latin meant not only a killer of parents, but also of the chief magistrate (as *parens patriae*), and thus a traitor generally.

111. After *purpose* comes a significant pause which completes the foot. G. read 'purposes' (S.).

C. HYDE PARK

1. *Yet*. In the Quarto this word begins l. 2; the metre suggests that it 'dropped' in the printing (S.).

5. *masty*: mastiff.

32. *hold*: wager. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 86, 'I hold you a penny.'

44. *syllabub*: 'a Potable made by milking a Cow into Cyder, Sugar, Spice, &c.' (Bailey).

56. *curiosity*: 'over much Care, Niceness' (Bailey).

59. *the fountain*: i. e. Hippocrene, fabled to have been produced on Mount Helicon by a blow from the hoof of the winged horse Pegasus.

61. *firked*: moved briskly. H. quotes from *Morte Arthure*, *MS. Lincoln*, 'The kyng ferkes furthe on a faire stede.' According to the *English Dialect Dictionary*, 'firk' is still used, meaning 'to move in a jerking manner.'

79. *Shotten*: '(spoken of *Fish*) having spent the Roe, spawned' (Bailey). Cf. *The Ball*, i. 1 (ed. Gifford, iii. 9, 'The shotten herring is hard by.'

100. *Like Jupiter*, &c.: according to the legend, Hephaestus (Vulcan) clove open the head of Zeus (Jupiter) with an axe, on which Athene (Minerva) sprang forth in full armour.

117. *his Excellence' head.* The 'lodge' had for a sign the head of Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange. Cf. *iv. 1 (ad fin.)*, 'I have sent my footman To the Maurice for a bottle.'

188. *questioned*: tried. 'Question' means a judicial trial, as in Shakespeare, *Henry the Fourth*, *l. 2. 68*, 'he that was in question for the robbery.'

189. *a jury*: i.e. twelve.

pass upon: i.e. pass sentence upon.

140. *upon the matter*: about. H. quotes the phrase, 'What is the matter of your age?'—how old are you? 'About a matter'—very nearly (*English Dialect Dictionary*).

141. *noddy*: an old game of cards. From this passage it seems to have been played with fifteen, and, according to H., Carr mentions *noddy-fifteen* in his *Craven Glossary*. 'This game, mentioned by Sir John Harington in one of his *Epigrams* (1615), is supposed to have been a childish pastime, possibly akin to the more recent *Beat the Knave out of Doors*; it is mentioned by Strutt under the name of *Seize-Nody*, in company with *Maw*, *Jick Jack*, and *Ruffe*' (Dr. A. W. Ward, on *A Woman killed with Kindness*, *iii. 2. 142*).

145. *flush*: as a noun means 'a hand of cards all of one sort'; but I have not met with the verb in this connexion.

152. *skills*: matters.

158. *Virgo . . . Libra* were adjacent signs of the zodiac; and *Libra* meaning the Balance, the pun is obvious.

168. Cf. Overbury's Character of *A faire and happy Milkmaid* (ed. Rimbault, p. 118), 'though she be not arrayed in the spoile of the *silke-worme*, shee is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing.'

202. *perfumed gloves*. In XIX. (F.) 97 we have had shoes made of 'Spanish perfumed skins.' Queen Elizabeth was fond of scented gloves; when she visited Cambridge in 1578, the Vice-Chancellor presented her with a pair.

227. *domineering ripe*. 'Ripe' in these compounds expresses 'in prime condition for,' 'ready to.' Cf. *The Tempest*, *v. 1. 279*, 'Trinculo is reeling ripe'; Fletcher, *The Woman's Prize*, *l. 1*, 'Being drunk and tumbling ripe.'

282. *mortarified*: Gifford's ingenious conjecture for *mortified* of the old copy.

284. *Bucephalus*: the name of the famous horse of Alexander the Great.

241. *Thus Caesar fell*: a reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, *iii. 2. 193*, 'great Caesar fell.'

D. THE LADY OF PLEASURE

29. *addition*: honour, distinction. To be pronounced as four syllables (A. § 479).

34. *heard*: i. e. attended lectures on. So in Latin *audire*, e. g. Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 1, 'audientem Cratippum.'

42. *black*. Cf. Marlowe, *Edward the Second*, ii. 1. 33, 'Tis not a black coat, and a little band [of a scholar].'

54. *commendable*: another reminiscence of Shakespeare. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 87, 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father.'

58. *wear his lock*. Cf. *The Bird in a Cage*, i. 1 (ed. Gifford-Dyce, ii. 372), 'Your amorous lock has a hair out of order'; where G. says, 'This was worn on the left side, and was considerably longer than the rest of the front hairs' It is called 'the Parisian lock' in *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 55).

59. *shape*: dress.

60. *wag his feather*. Cf. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 39), 'And an other sort (as phantasticall as the rest) are content with no kinde of hat withoute a greate bunche of feathers of diuers and sondrie colours, peakyng on top of their heades.' In *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 54) the gallant is called 'our feathered ostrich.'

61. *cringe*: bow.

62. *ay forsooth and no forsooth*. 'The best part of his [a serving-man's] rhetoricke is, "I forsooth," and "no forsooth."' *The Man in the Moone* (Percy Society), p. 19. Cf. XVI. (A.) 11.

99. *state*: estate.

148. *Monsieurs*. In *The Gull's Hornbook* (ed. Hindley, p. 43), the gallant is to go to the ordinary attended by 'your French lackey, carrying your cloak and running before you.'

151. *beaver*. Cf. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 39), 'some of a certaine kinde of fine haire; these they call beuer hattes, of xx. xxx. or xl. shillings price, fetched from beyonde the seas.'

E. THE CARDINAL

88. *poesy*: '[q. d. *poesis*, i. e. Poetry] the Inscription of a Ring' (Bailey).

58. *red cock*: referring to the cardinal's red hat. Cf. Skelton, *Why Come Ye*, 278, 'Whiles the red hat doth endure'; Caven-

dish's *Wolsey* (ed. Singer, 1827), p. 105, 'Wearynge on his hed a red hatt.'

59. Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid* ix. 62, 'ille asper et improbus ira Saeuit in absentes; collecta fatigat edendi Ex longo rabies, et siccae sanguine fauces.'

94. *tarantula*: '[so called of *Taranto*, a City of *Naples*, where they abound] a venomous Ash-coloured Spider, speckled with little white and black, or red and green Spots, whose Bite is of such a Nature, that it is said to be cured only by Musick' (Bailey).

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serve equally for the text and for the notes.

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